

HAPPY TIMES AT HOME



PROFUSELY

ILLUSTRATED



Class P29

Book M356H

Copyright N^o _____

COPYRIGHT DEPOSIT.



Copr. 1911, J. C. W. Co.

ARE THESE IN YOUR COLLECTION?

1. Spotted cone. 2. Giant sea star. 3. Rosy coral. 4. Pearly nautilus. 5. Sea urchin. 6. Red ear. 7. Giant conch. 8. Brain coral. 9. Marlin spike. 10. Trapeze shell. 11. Turk's cap. 12. Bleeding tooth. 13. Red spotted mitre. 14. Black rock shell. 15. Pearl oyster. 16. White rock shell.

HAPPY TIMES AT HOME

FOR OUR BOYS AND GIRLS

AMUSING AND INSTRUCTIVE WAYS OF ENTER-
TAINING THE CHILDREN OF OUR OWN
LAND AND STORIES ABOUT
CHILDREN OF OTHER
LANDS

By LOGAN MARSHALL

Author of "Myths and Legends of All Nations,"
Editor of "Fairy Tales of All Nations," etc.

ILLUSTRATED

PZ 9
.M 356
H

COPYRIGHT, 1914
By L. T. MYERS

8/20
DEC -4 1914

© CL A 387806

420 /

Contents

	PAGE
Making Collections	5
The Home Carpenter.....	8
Making Friends of the Birds.....	11
Bead Work and Basketry.....	13
The Doll's Dressmaker.....	17
Artist, Actor, Publisher and Traveler.....	22
Everyday Pastimes	26
Parties	34
Poems for Recitation.....	37
England's Sons and Daughters.....	44
Children of Australia and South Africa.....	52
Little Ones of Sweden, Norway and Denmark.....	64
Quaint Little Children of Holland and Belgium.....	79
Child Life in France.....	89
Sturdy German Children	100

Boys and Girls of Austria and Hungary.....	111
Youthful Redskins of North and South America.....	124
Brave Little Mountaineers of Switzerland.....	135
Children of Spain and Portugal.....	146
Native Kaffir Youths and Other Strange Children.....	156
Children of Sunny Italy.....	167
Young Natives of Egypt and the Barbary States.....	175
The Little Turkish and Arabian Children	188
The Rich and the Poor of Russia and Poland.....	198
Chinese Boys and Girls	204
The Little Children of India.....	212
The Quaint, Brave Youths of Japan.....	220
Little Brown Cousins of the Philippines and Hawaii..	227
The Strange Little Eskimos of Alaska.....	236
Boys and Girls of Cuba and Porto Rico.....	245

Making Collections

MAKING collections is always good fun, and any of the following will afford pastime for many delightful tramps through wood and field:

Butterflies or various insects, mounting each carefully and learning the name of each.

Flowers, finding the name of each from a book.

Ferns, finding the name of each from a book.

Leaves, learning the names of common trees.

Fruits of trees—button balls, balls of sweet gum, acorns, chestnuts, etc.

Birds' nests, being careful to take only the abandoned nests of last year.

Pictures of birds you have seen.

Drawings of flowers, ferns, leaves, etc., you have recognized.

Minerals, learning the names of different kinds of stone you have found and labeling each.

Shells, learning the names of the animals who once lived in them.

Cocoons, which will open to your amazement in the spring.

During the long winter days you will be very glad to have these collections to remind you of pleasant summer rambles.



EOCENE MOL-
LUSC

And then you will enjoy making books or boxes or cabinets in which to keep them.

If you want your specimens of flowers, ferns and leaves to look really nice, it will be necessary to take a little trouble in collecting as well as in arranging them.

Before setting out for the woods and lanes procure some sheets of spongy, light-brown paper (such as grocers use) about fourteen inches long and nine inches broad; also two deal boards, not very thick, and just a little larger than the paper, for which they will serve as covers; and lastly, a strap to keep paper and covers firmly together.

Suppose you begin by collecting ferns, as they are the easiest to dry. Select the most perfect fronds, not the largest, and take care to break them off near their root-stocks. Put them into your collecting case carefully. If a stem is too long, bend it back near the lowest leaflets of the frond. It is best to take two or three fronds of the same kind of fern, so that when they are dry the best can be chosen.

Of course, you will always be on the look-out for new specimens, and if you are going away from home on a visit, or for your holidays, it is as well to take your collecting case with you. Ferns that are rare in one part of the country are quite common in another, so that there is no saying what treasures you may find in a new neighborhood.

When you have gathered and brought home your specimens, the first thing is to dry them. Take them out of the case and put them between sheets of fresh blotting-paper, either ordinary white or what is called botanical paper, in this way: Place some fronds carefully on a sheet, put three or four sheets over them, then more ferns and more paper. On the top of the pile put some heavy article, to weigh it down, and

leave them like this for twenty-four hours; then transfer them to fresh paper, putting the weight on again. The damp sheets can be dried and put aside for further use. After a day or two of this treatment you will find your ferns are dry, and you can then proceed to arrange them.

A small scrap-book with plenty of "guards" does very well for keeping ferns in. Place two fronds of the same sort of fern close together, one showing the under and one the upper surface. The under part contains the little seed-cases, and you will be surprised to find how these differ in the different kinds of fern, especially if you look at them through a magnifying glass. Keep each frond in position with very narrow strips of gummed paper, using no more of these than are absolutely needed. In the right-hand lower corner of the page write the name of the fern, the place where you found it, and the month and year. If you are not sure of the name write it in pencil until you have either compared it with the pictures in a book of ferns, or a friend has told it you.

Wild flowers should be treated in just the same way, only they will take a longer time to dry. If you should find an unusual flower pick one of its green leaves as well, dry it, and put it beside the flower in your book of specimens—it will probably help you in finding out the name.



CHESTNUT LEAF AND BURR

Leaves are either simple or compound; that is to say, they are either all in one or are divided into two or more parts, like the horse-chestnut and ash. In arranging these leaves in your book, put the simple ones at the beginning and the compound ones at the end—you

will find it both interesting and useful to know the difference between the two.

BUTTONS

“Button, button, who has the button?”

No doubt you have all played this game. But are you all sure that you know just how very much fun you can get out of buttons? They are good as money in playing store, of course, and good to fasten clothes together, and splendid decorations for uniforms in playing soldier, but they are also worth while for collections.

Little girls of a generation or two ago had great fun gathering together especially odd or beautiful buttons. These they would stow away in small boxes or string upon heavy cord or ribbon.

See if your friends will not join you in the occupation of making button collections. Have special “spring exhibitions” occasionally.

The Home Carpenter

You can easily make the doll's bureau shown on page 10. For it you will need two cigar boxes. Remove the lid of one box and the lower end.

Stand it on one side, first pushing this side in about one inch, and nailing it in again. (Small “sprigs,” which you can buy at any hardware store, will be best for this thin wood.)

The sides are then curved at the bottom with a penknife. Small strips of wood nailed to the sides will hold the drawers.

Drawers and back are easily made by following the drawing. Push pins will make beautiful glass knobs.

TABLE DESK

This desk any little boy or girl can have with very little trouble. Buy a kitchen table, and if it is varnished remove the varnish by washing it in a liquid composed of three table-spoonfuls of soda and a pint of water.

Next cut the curves, "A," in the sides, and add the braces, "B." The detail of the brace is shown in Fig. 3.

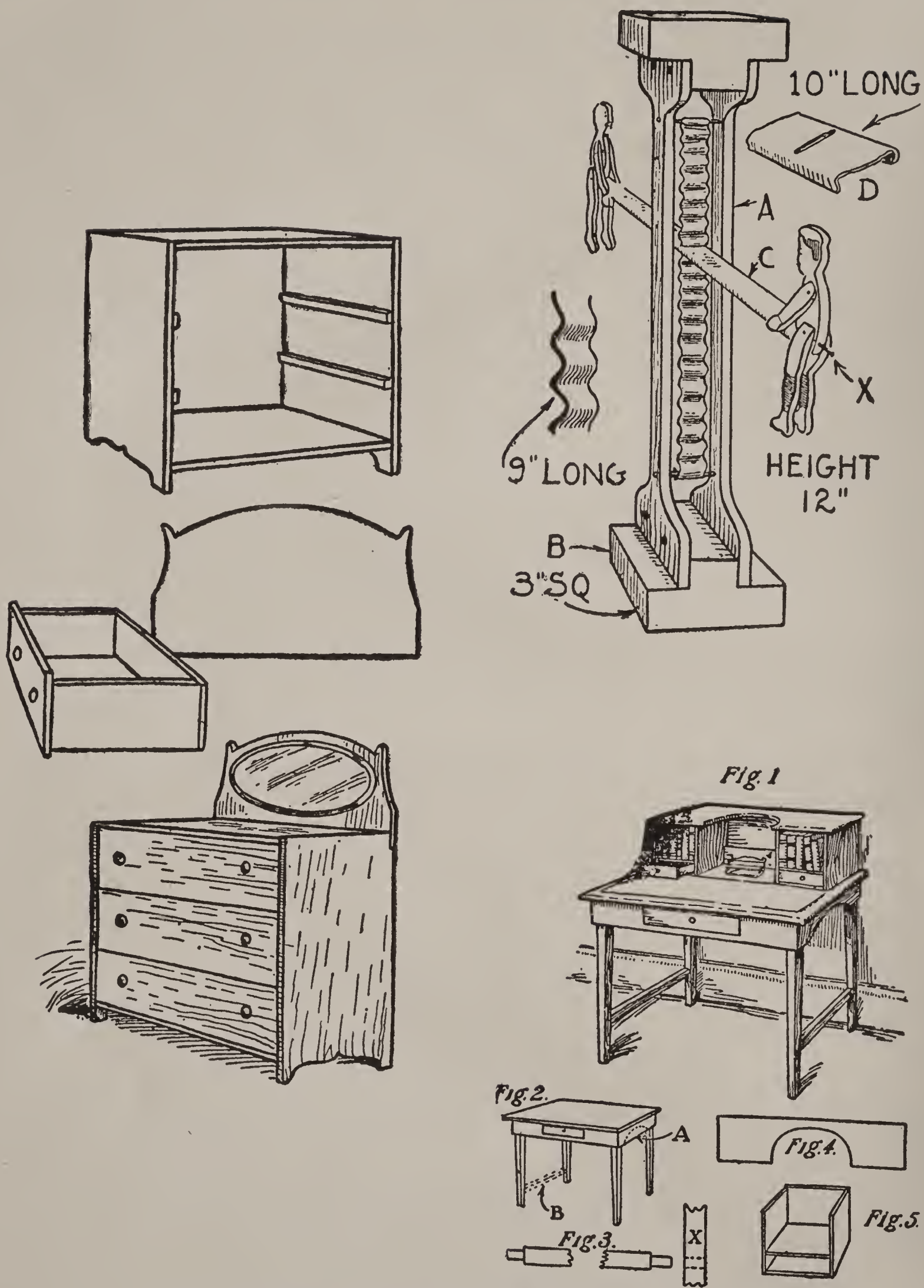
On each side of the top of the desk is placed a compartment like Fig. 5, made of half-inch pine fastened with light nails. The piece shown in Fig. 4 rests over the top of these compartment boxes, extending one inch over the front and sides.

Finish with two coats of mission oak stain, and when the second coat is dry polish with wax.

AUTOMATIC SEE-SAW

This is a toy which you can make for your little brother if you are skilful with your tools. The figures move up and down and at the same time descend to the bottom. Once there, the toy is turned over, the figures twisted by the pin in the center until they are right side up, and then made to drop again.

Make the top and bottom blocks as shown and fasten them together by means of thin strips of wood, one on each side. These strips can be whittled from an old cigar box.



DOLL'S BUREAU, AUTOMATIC SEE-SAW AND TABLE DESK

Then take a strip of tin nine inches long and bend it as shown in the illustration on page 10. For the teeter board use a cigar-box strip with a cross slot in the center. Around it put another strip of tin with a corresponding slot. (See "D.")

Insert the curved strip of tin through the slot and paste the whole to the frame by bending each end over a heavy pin as shown in the illustration.

The figures are cut from light wood and pinned to the ends of the teeter board. If made heavier at the feet they will remain upright.

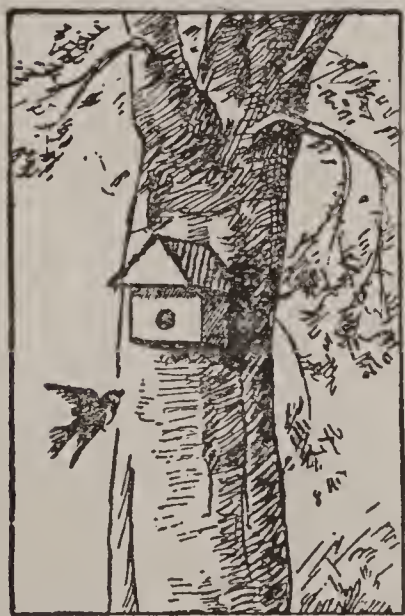
Making Friends of the Birds

Do you feed the birds in the spring and fall? If you don't you should do so, as you know birds do not freeze to death; they starve to death. There is a great advantage in putting out feed and bird baths, as by so doing you not only can hold many beautiful birds with you all winter, but when spring comes you will not have to enter into competition with your neighbor. When the birds come up from the South, if they find food and water at your place they will stay with you, and if you have houses up they will say: "These people love and will protect us. We will go no farther."

Bird baths are almost as essential as food. If you will just think it over, where is a bird going to get water? He is afraid of large bodies of water and prefers shallow drinking places.

Do you want to build a bird house? It may be very rough and plain; but it must be weather-proof. You may cut down a small box that you have at home or get from the grocer's, adding a slanting or arched roof so that the little bird's enemy, the cat, may not rest upon it. Perhaps you can copy the style of some bird house you have seen, although birds are not at all particular about the *appearance* of their dwellings, so long as they are comfortable. There is nothing much better than a simple house fastened to the side of a tree from eight to twelve feet above the ground. A broad band of

zinc around the tree will prevent cats and other enemies from climbing up.



NESTING-BOX IN POSITION

The round hole in the front, which is the doorway to Mr. Bird's house, is best made by an auger. It should be about one inch in diameter for wrens; about $1\frac{1}{4}$ inches for bluebirds; and about $1\frac{1}{2}$ inches for robins.

Wrens raise two broods of young each year, frequently commencing to build the second nest before their young can fly. Blue birds raise two broods of young each year and often three. Rarely, if ever, do they occupy the same nest a second time; so, if you have houses up they will surely be occupied. It is a fact that the only way you can attract the song birds around you is by erecting the proper houses for them.

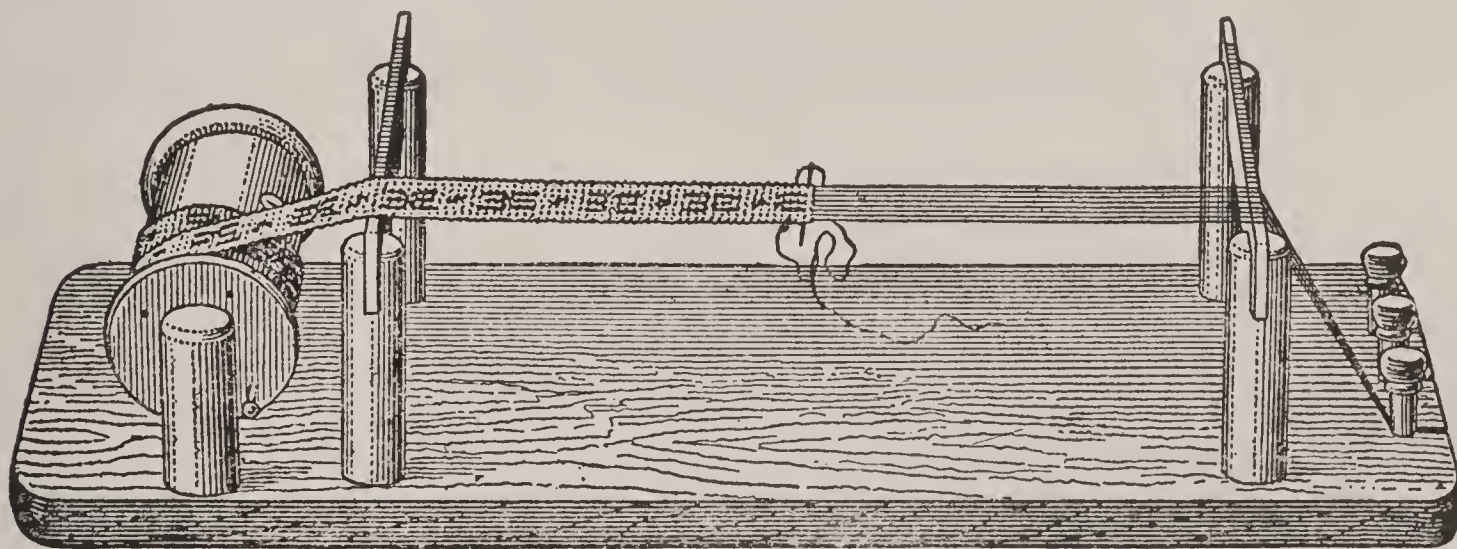
But you mustn't be disappointed if the birds do not "walk into your parlors" right away. They are much more likely to take possession of a house that is not brand new. Birds are particular little fellows, and you may be surprised to know that you must not paint the inside of the compart-

ments or even the edge of the doorway leading to the compartments until the house has once been occupied. After that it doesn't seem to make any difference.

As birds usually come year after year to the same spot to make their nests you may expect to see your little friends returning to the summer home that you have built for them. And I'm sure father and mother bird and all the little baby birds will be grateful to you.

Bead Work and Basketry

Bead work is interesting and the Camp Fire Girls have given it a new significance. Each girl must wear her own ceremonial head-band before she may become a Wood-gatherer,



LOOM FOR BEAD WORK

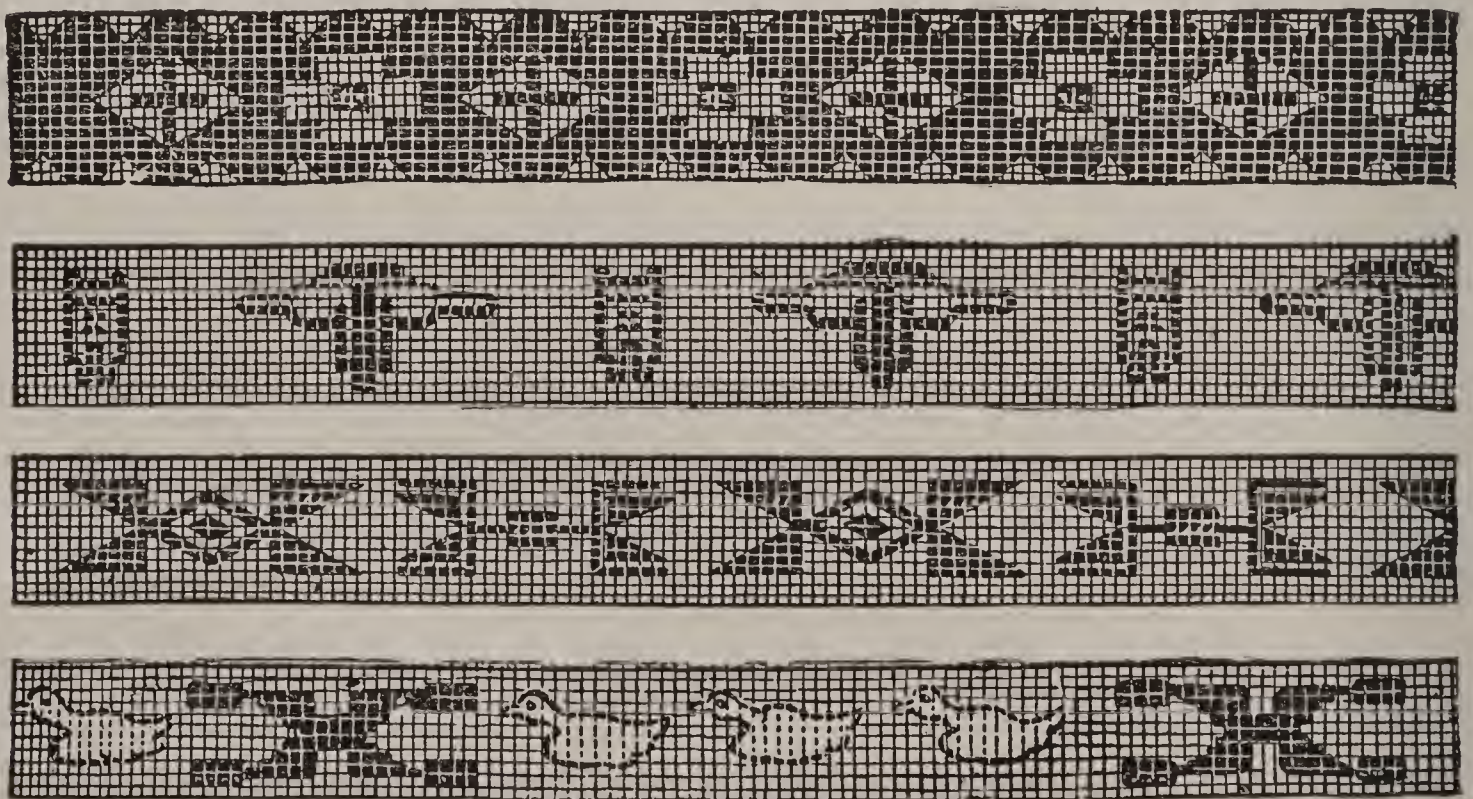
working into it her own particular symbol. The designs here shown were made and used by Camp Fire Girls of New York.

Looms may be purchased for twenty-five cents or less, but can be made following the drawing or using a cigar box.

Remove the lid from the box; with a pen knife cut notches one-sixteenth of an inch apart in the two short ends; then cut down the other two sides to within a half inch of the bottom. On each of the short ends nail three or four brass-headed tacks upon which to fasten the thread of the warp; or use push pins for this purpose. Heavy linen thread, a bead needle, size No. 11, and loom beads about No. 4-o will be needed. Many of the designs of the American Indian women are quaint and beautiful, and well worth imitating.

To make a band, which will be, say, eleven beads wide, you fasten to the loom twelve warp threads about twenty-six inches long. The two outer ones are to form the edges of the band.

First you take a needleful of white linen thread and tie it to the left top warp thread, and then thread eleven beads onto it, according to the pattern.



BEAD BANDS DESIGNED BY CAMP FIRE GIRLS

Now comes the important thing in bead loom-work. You carry the needle with the string of beads *under* the warp

thread, so that when the fingers press the beads upward from underneath, they come up through the spaces between the warp threads. To keep them in place you pass the needle through the beads from right to left *over* the warp threads this time. The row of beads is now secure. You proceed with the other rows, picking up the blue, white or amber beads according to pattern. The woof thread is fastened off by passing it through two or three rows of beads. Having made the band the desired length, you gather the warp threads into four bundles of three each and tie these up close to the beads. They can be stitched on to a piece of silk or ribbon if desired, and then easily tied.

WEAVING

On large looms, which, like the looms used for Indian bead work, can be either bought or made at home, it is possible to make mats, pillow tops, wash cloths, table covers and even rugs. Cotton or linen thread (colored or white) may be used for the warp and thread, jute rags, etc., for the woof. A flat wooden needle can be purchased or made out of soft wood, such as bass or orange, and the woof thread tied to a hole in it to prevent slipping. Weave in and out the warp threads, over one, under one, all the way across.

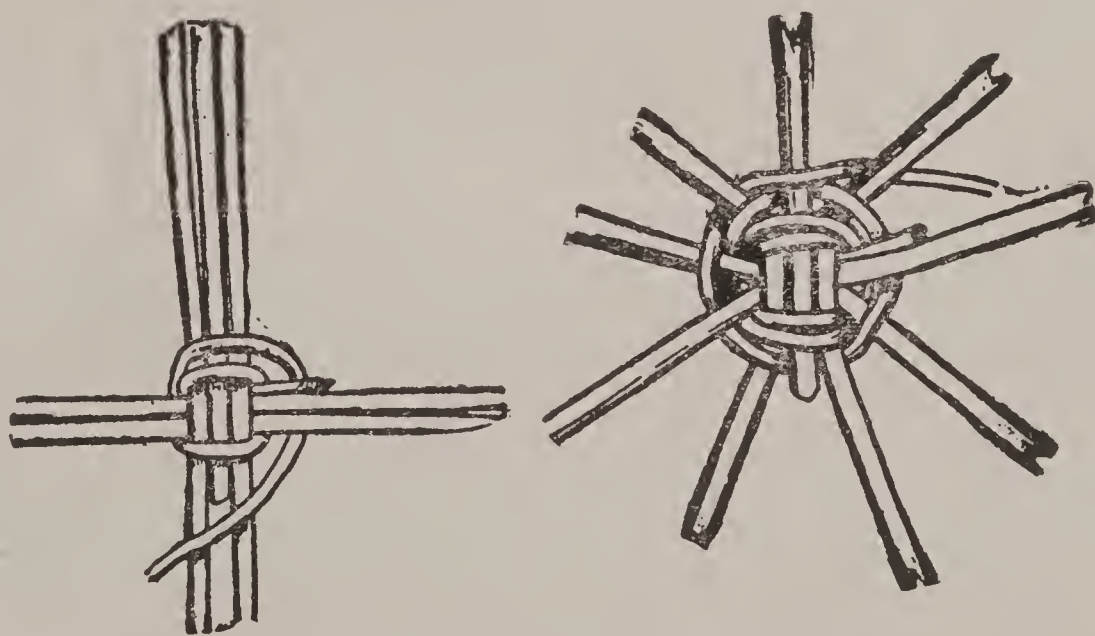
MAKING BASKETS

The making of baskets is always a fascinating occupation, and there is nothing nicer than a dainty basket for a gift. When once you have learned to make one kind you can invent others, and make all sorts of baskets for your mother and friends. Diamond dyes are excellent for staining them.

Here are directions for making a basket. The materials needed are four 16-inch spokes of No. 3 rattan; one short 9-

inch spoke of No. 3 rattan; several weavers of No. 2 rattan. Hold the four spikes crossed as shown in the illustration, the vertical ones nearest to you. Between the upper halves of these vertical spokes insert the short spoke, holding all firmly with the left hand.

Place one end of the weaver along one of the horizontal spokes with the end toward the right. With the forefinger of the right hand press the weaver across the upper vertical spokes and down behind the horizontal ones on the right, as shown in the illustration; then over the lower vertical spokes and behind the horizontal ones on the left. Repeat this and then begin weaving over one and under one, having the spokes at all times evenly separated.



CORRECT POSITION OF THE SPOKES

When the bottom is about three inches in diameter, wet the spokes and turn them up carefully so that they will not break. Continue weaving until the spokes are about four inches long. Soak them thoroughly. Cut off the weaver, leaving just enough to go once around. After going under one spoke and over another, pass the weaver under the last row of weaving just before it reaches the next spoke, then behind

that spoke, in front of the next and under the last row of weaving before the next spoke.

When a row of this binding is completed the mat is finished off with a border as follows:

Let spoke No. 1 cross No. 2 and be pushed down into the basket beside No. 3. Let No. 2 cross No. 3 and be pushed down beside No. 4; and so on around the basket.

The Doll's Dressmaker

Every little girl likes to be her own doll's dressmaker; but she doesn't always know just how to go about it—how to make the various stitches and seams and how to cut the patterns. Below are directions for making the most common stitches (it will not be necessary to master all at once) and instructions for making a few doll's clothes.

RUNNING STITCH.—This is the simplest of all stitches and should consequently be learned first. Begin at the extreme right of the material, push the needle into it from above, bring it to the top again a short distance farther on toward the left, and pull the thread through. Continue doing this until you reach the extreme left, making the stitches small, in a straight line, and of equal length on both sides of the material. (See Fig. 1.)

BASTING STITCH.—This stitch is used to hold the pieces of material together for real sewing, and differs from the running stitch only in that the stitch appearing on the upper side of the material is twice as long as that on the under side. After you have acquired a reasonable proficiency in making this stitch, lay the material to be basted flat on the table.

OVERCASTING STITCH.—This stitch is used to keep material from raveling, and, as it is used almost from the beginning, should be one of the first learned. Bring the needle up from the under side of the goods, close to the edge; pull the thread through; then bring the needle up again from underneath, a little farther on toward the left, and pull the thread through again. The thread will then lie diagonally across the raw edge of the goods.

OVERSEAMING STITCH.—This stitch is used in damask hemming, in sewing on lace and in some kinds of patching. It is like the overcasting stitch except that the stitches are close together and the thread is drawn tighter, and should be made

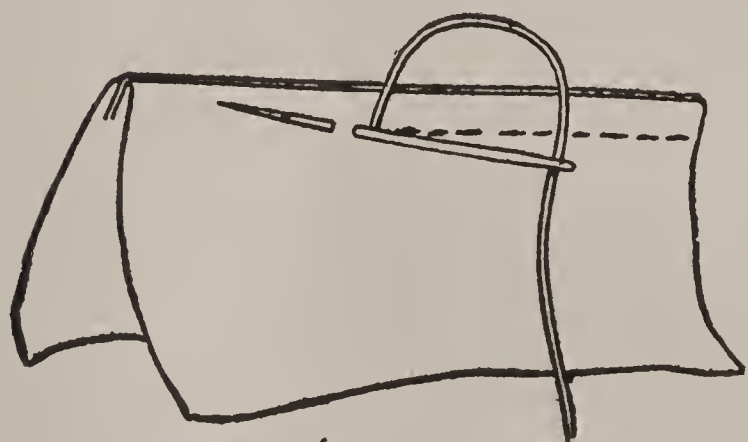


Fig. 1.

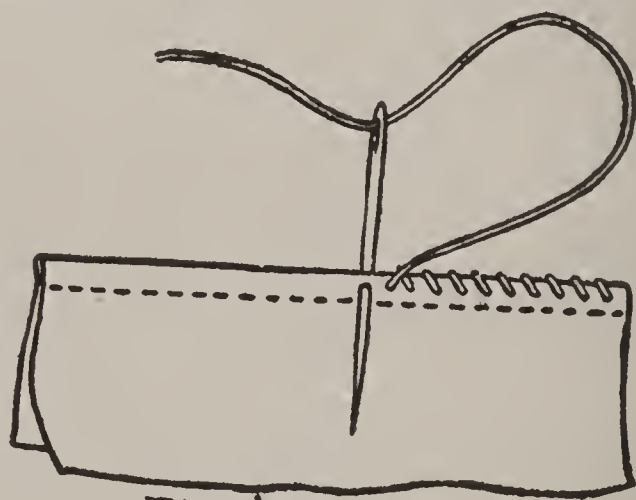


Fig. 2

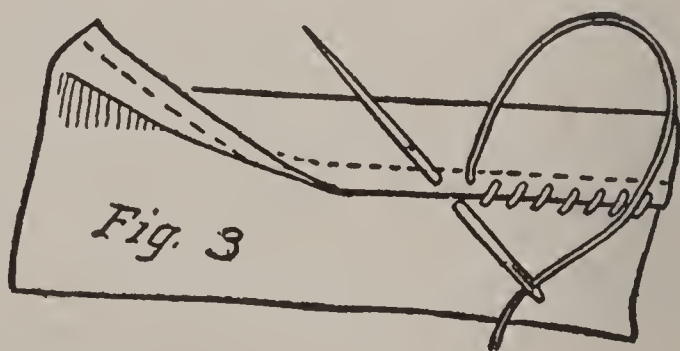


Fig. 3

COMMON STITCHES

according to the directions given for the overcasting stitch. Fig. 2 illustrates the method of making the stitch and its appearance when done.

BACK STITCH.—The stitch is used where an unusually strong seam is needed. Bring the needle up from below and

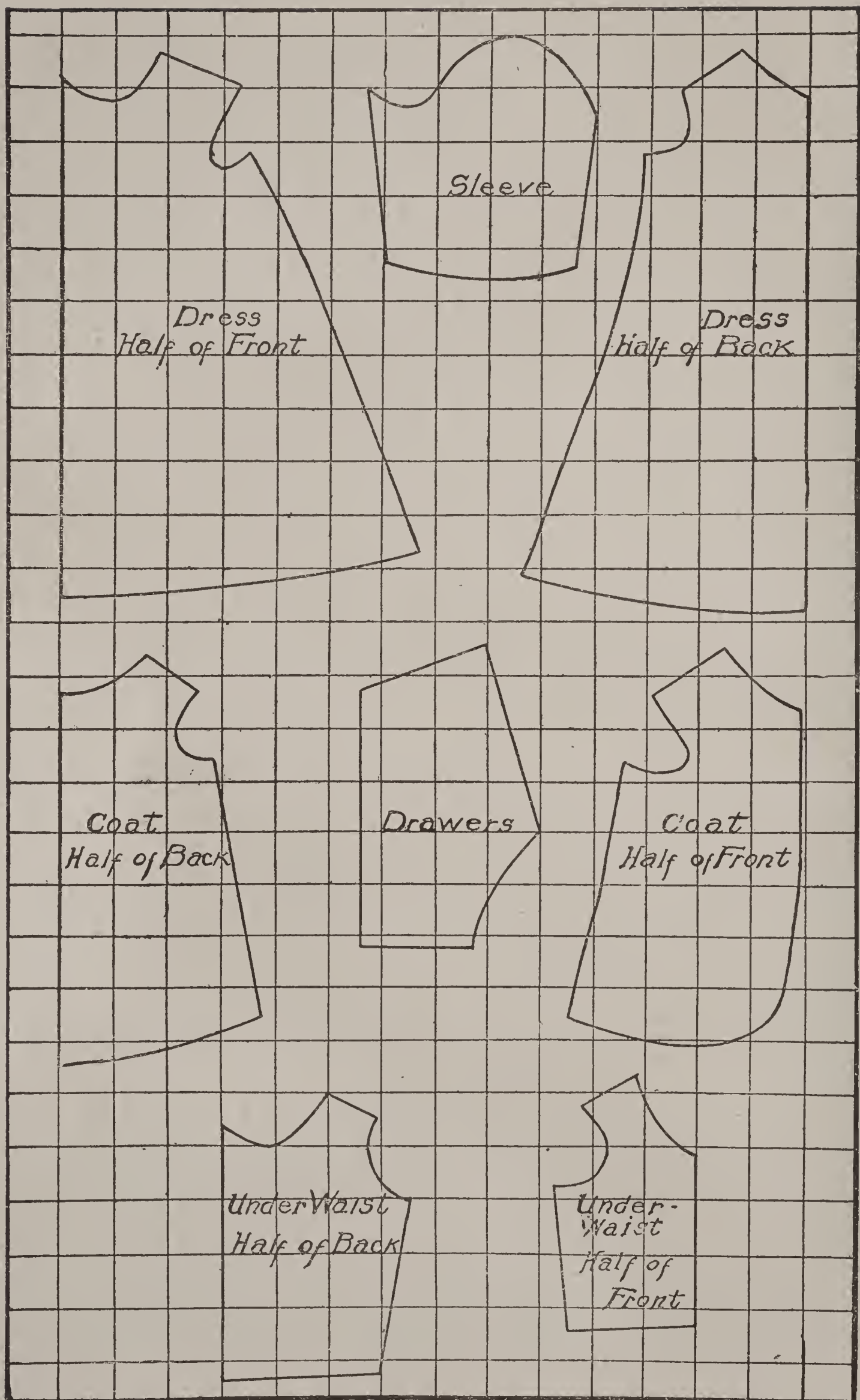
pull the thread through. Then, instead of putting it into the material ahead of the thread, put it in a short space back of the thread, bring the needle back to the upper side a short space in front of the thread, and draw the thread through.

COMBINATION STITCH.—This stitch is a combination of a running stitch and a back stitch and is used when a stitch stronger than the former and not so strong as the latter is needed. Take two running stitches and one back stitch.

HEMMING STITCH.—This stitch is used to sew down hems. It is a necessary part of plain sewing, and should not be confused with the hemstitching stitch, which is a fancy stitch and is not needed for ordinary work. To make it, bring the needle up through the hem close to the edge that is to be sewed down (so that the knot on the end of the thread lies between the hem and the material, merely catching up a few threads of the material) and draw the thread through. Insert the needle in a single thickness of the material a little farther on toward the left, catch up three or four threads and bring the needle up and through the very edge of the folded part, as in Fig. 3. Then draw the thread tight.

WARDROBE FOR THE DOLL.—When you have mastered the stitches and seams, you may begin to sew doll's clothes, and besides having the pleasure of being able to provide a wardrobe for your doll, you may also have that of making your own patterns.

Take a piece of paper fourteen inches square; lay a ruler along the top, and place dots on the paper opposite the inch marks. Do the same along the lower edge, and then connect the dots by lines drawn with a ruler. Do the same with the sides, and when you have finished, you will have your paper covered with squares, ready to have the pattern drawn upon it.



Take the pattern for half of the front of the doll's dress, as given in the diagram, and, beginning in the upper left-hand square, draw as much of the pattern in it as appears in the corresponding figure in the accompanying illustration; then follow the line into the next square and so on until the entire pattern has been drawn upon your paper. Cut it out, and you will have a pattern for a doll twelve inches in height.

If you want the pattern for a doll six inches in height, make half-inch squares; if for a nine-inch doll, make three-quarter-inch squares.

After you have cut this pattern, rule squares and cut patterns for the other parts of the dress to give you sufficient practice to fix every part of the operation in your mind. Then, when all are cut, fit them to the doll.

In each case, except the sleeve, only half of the pattern is given, so to cut the whole part you must fold the cloth over so that it is double, and lay the middle edge of the pattern along the edge of the fold. Then baste the different patterns on the cloth and cut them out.

When this has been done, pull out the basting threads and put away your pattern. Take two of the cut pieces and lay them so that the edges of the parts that must be sewed together rest one on top of the other with the wrong side of the material out. Baste them and fit the garment on the doll, making the slight alterations that will be necessary. Then you are ready for the finishing.

Finish the bottom with a hem; bind the neck with a bias strip of the material, and finish by sewing in a piece of very narrow lace-edging. Then fit in the sleeves properly, and bind the seams with bias strips of the cloth.

Artist, Actor, Publisher and Traveler

Here is a story of the months, which you may like to illustrate. You can draw, paint, or cut the pictures out of paper:

"January brings the snow,
Makes our feet and fingers glow.

"February brings the rain,
Thaws the frozen lake again.

"March brings breezes sharp and chill,
Shakes the dancing daffodil.

"April brings the primrose sweet,
Scatters daisies at our feet.

"May brings flocks of pretty lambs,
Sporting round their fleecy dams.

"June brings tulips, lilies, roses,
Fills the children's hands with posies.

"Hot July brings thunder-showers,
Apricots, and gilly-flowers.

"August brings the sheaves of corn;
Then the harvest home is borne.

"Warm September brings the fruit;
Sportsmen then begin to shoot.

"Brown October brings the pheasant
Then to gather nuts is pleasant.

"Dull November brings the blast—
Hark! the leaves are whirling fast.

"Cold December brings the sleet,
Blazing fire, and Christmas treat."

THE HOME ACTOR

Perhaps you have a big nursery with plenty of room to act plays and even hang up a sheet for a curtain if you wish it; but whether you have or not you can surely find a place in

which to act out your favorite stories. The attic or store room may even furnish costumes. If not, you can always "pretend" and devise many things out of materials always at hand—crowns of paper, wooden swords, long robes of draped shawls or sheets, stuffed out with soft pillows when you wish to represent stout persons, etc.

What shall you act? Well, my dear children, just anything you wish, from "Old King Cole" and "Mary, Mary, Quite Contrary" to Rostand's "Chantecler," Maeterlinck's "Blue Bird," or scenes from your history lessons. Perhaps your teacher will give you some help, or even let you act a play occasionally during school hours. That would be fun, indeed, wouldn't it? because then you would have plenty of people for all the parts.

Think of the stories you really like best of all, for the chances are you will find acting easiest in those that you know and love. The old fairy tales are usually favorites.

THE HOME PUBLISHER

Did you ever wish to edit a paper for your club, print circulars or cards for special tea parties and entertainments? Just propose a weekly paper to your club or sewing circle and see how the idea will go. Think of having a sheet for each one of you containing the news of the week and the stories or verses any of you may have written!

How will you get the papers? Well, you will not print them, for that is expensive and difficult; but you can copy them by means of a hectograph. This is how the hectograph is made:

The first thing you will require is a very shallow tin dish, which must be larger than any piece of paper you are likely to use for any newspapers or programs you are likely to make. The lid of a square or oblong bread box will do nicely. Then

you require some material, which will not cost more than a few cents. You must have 1 ounce of gelatine, 1 ounce of Demerara sugar, 6 ounces of glycerine, and $2\frac{1}{2}$ ounces of barium sulphate, which you can purchase from a druggist. Better also have a 1-ounce bottle, which you can buy at a drug store. You break up the gelatine into small pieces, and put it in a small saucepan with 3 ounces of water, letting it steep there over night. The bottle, filled three times, will give you 3 ounces of water. Next morning pour in the glycerine, and heat the mixture over a gentle fire. Now put in the sugar, and keep the mixture hot until the sugar also is dissolved. Take the barium sulphate and mix it up thoroughly with 1 ounce of water in a cup, and then pour this into the saucepan with the other things you have already put there.

When you have mixed this thoroughly by stirring it, pour it into the flat tin dish with which you provided yourself. The dish should be quite clean and free from grease. If necessary you can wash it with hot water and soap before you begin. When the mixture has hardened it will have a flat surface like soft India rubber. It is then ready for use.

You can purchase hectograph ink at any stationer's, or you can make it yourself. If you prefer the latter, you take your 1-ounce bottle to the druggist and ask him for 2 drachms of methyl-violet aniline and 2 drachms of spirit. Fill up the bottle with water and shake it until the aniline is dissolved.

The method of using the hectograph is simple. You take a piece of paper with a highly-glazed surface, and write with your ink your circular or program. When the writing is dry, you place the paper, face downward, upon the hectograph, taking care that you do so without making any wrinkles in the paper.

Now you rub the back of the paper with the fingers so as to press the writing upon the surface of the composition. After the paper has remained five or ten minutes, you remove it, pulling it off by one end. The hectograph will be found to have taken the impression of the writing. You now take some sheets of paper not so highly glazed as the paper upon which you wrote, and press them, one after another, upon the hectograph surface, letting them lie for a few seconds before removing them. It will be found that an impression of the writing has come upon the paper, and that you can take forty or fifty copies of the circular before the ink becomes too faint to be legible.

To clean the hectograph wash it first with a little water mixed with an eighth part of hydrochloric acid, also known as spirit of salt, and then with pure water. It should stand for at least twelve hours after it has been cleaned before being used again.

THE TRAVELER

No excursions out of doors ever held more delight for some little people I used to know than certain "sketching trips" that were taken all inside of their own small play-room. A rainy day was usually chosen for these delightful excursions (probably because going out was impossible). With camp stools that were really non-folding chairs, pencils, sketch books, water colors and lunch baskets, they would set out to return some hours later with pictures of all sorts, from puppy dogs to gorgeous sunsets with "light that never was on sea or land." "But the sky did look exactly like that," the little girl would insist, and as no grown-up had been with her, there was nothing more to be said.

Then there were other excursions through the wilderness (also indoors), in which all sorts of wild animals raged through that same living room, and refuge could only be had by scrambling into a near-by cave (the closet) from which one might only occasionally peep out.

Railroad trips, too, had their place, with plenty of baggage and pillows and lunches for hungry children. Straight chairs were the day coaches, easy chairs the pullman seats, and the couch a berth (the upper, of course, with the floor for the lower). But in spite of the joys of traveling it was always the conductor's place that was most sought after. "All aboard for New York, stopping only at Trenton." "This way for the day coaches; observation car in the rear." "Chicago, Kansas City, Denver, Salt Lake City and San Francisco." "Local train to Paoli, stopping at all points," etc., etc.

Everyday Pastimes

The making of scrap books is an old, old pastime, but can be varied in many new and delightful ways.

Save old magazines, circulars and illustrated papers and from them cut out pictures. Have an object in cutting and cut neatly. Provide a large box in which to keep the cuttings and when you have a great many, sort them into all kinds of groups—little-boy pictures, little-girl pictures, work pictures, play pictures, cat pictures, dog pictures, any-one-kind-of-animal pictures, indoor pictures, outdoor pictures, summer pictures, winter pictures, farm pictures, city pictures, country pictures, baby pictures, water pictures, etc.

From these make up classified scrap books—animal books, children's books, outdoor books, indoor books, and so on. Make the scrap books of cambric or strong wrapping paper, and give them away as Christmas gifts to little friends or send them to poor children or to hospital wards.

STENCILING

Even very little children can learn to do stencil work, and there are in every household pieces of old muslin which can be made into curtains or table covers for the nursery or doll's house.

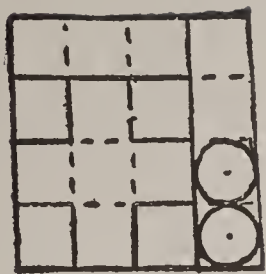
The materials needed are a heavy stencil brush and one or two tubes of oil paint. Mix the paint in an old saucer, thinning it with turpentine. Do not, however, use too much turpentine, or the paint will run and smear. With thumb-tacks fasten the material to be stenciled tightly to a board. Then fasten the stencil and apply the paint. Rub the brush with a circular motion until each opening is well filled with color. If using two colors, do not apply the second until the first has dried. When done, lift the stencil carefully in order that the material may not become smeared.

SOAP BUBBLES

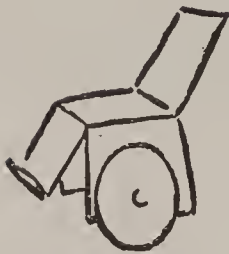
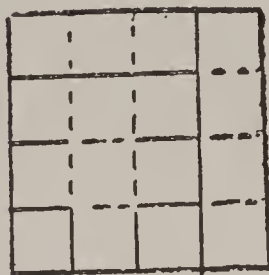
Both big and little children enjoy soap bubbles and these may be blown from empty spools if clay pipes are not at hand.

For the liquid shave castile soap in boiling water; put it over the fire until melted; cool and if too thick add more hot water. Then add one tablespoon of glycerine for every pint of liquid. The glycerine is not necessary, but improves the color of the bubbles. Just before using rub the inside of the pipe-bowls or the edges of the spools with soap.

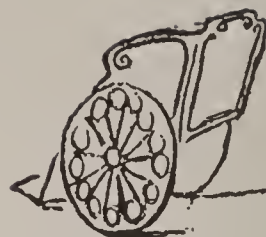
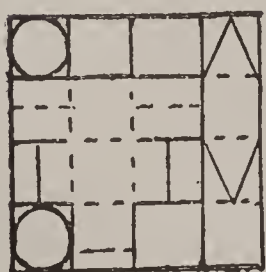
EVERYDAY PASTIMES



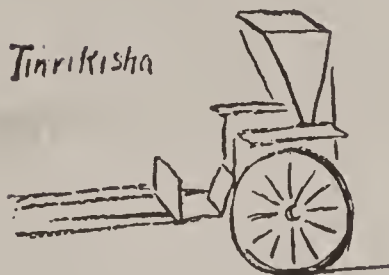
- 1 -

- Chariot -
- 1 -

- 2 -

- Chariot -
- 2 -

- 3 -



- 3 -

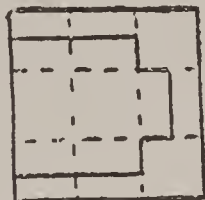


- 3 -

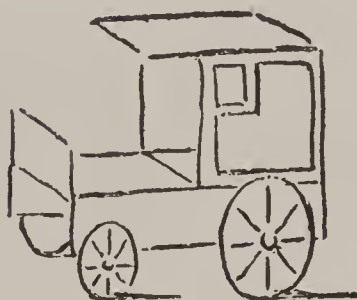
Add row of
three squares
for base of
chair - - -



- 3 -



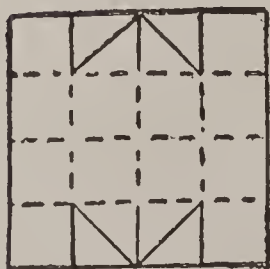
- 4 -



- 4 -



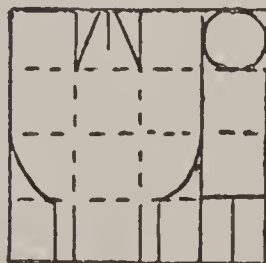
- 5 -



- 6 -



- 6 -



- 7 -



- 5 -



- 8 -



- 7 -



SUGGESTIONS FOR PAPER-CUTTING

Use heavy paper; mark it off into squares and draw the pattern

BELLS OF COLOGNE

Tie a spoon by the handle to the middle of a string. Wind the ends of the string around the index fingers and put the fingers in the ears. Swing the spoon so that its bowl will strike against the table. The sound will be like the chimes of bells.

RING-TOSS

Saw off two feet of an old broom-handle; glue or nail it to a wooden box, and practice throwing over this post rings taken from a small barrel, or embroidery hoops or rings made of reed or wire firmly tied with raffia or string. Wind them around with bright-colored strips of muslin or ribbon.

PAPER CHAINS

Every child delights in a chain of any sort, from a daisy chain in the field to a popcorn chain for the Christmas tree. Either cut paper strips for this or obtain them in appropriate size (half-inch width) from a kindergarten supply house.

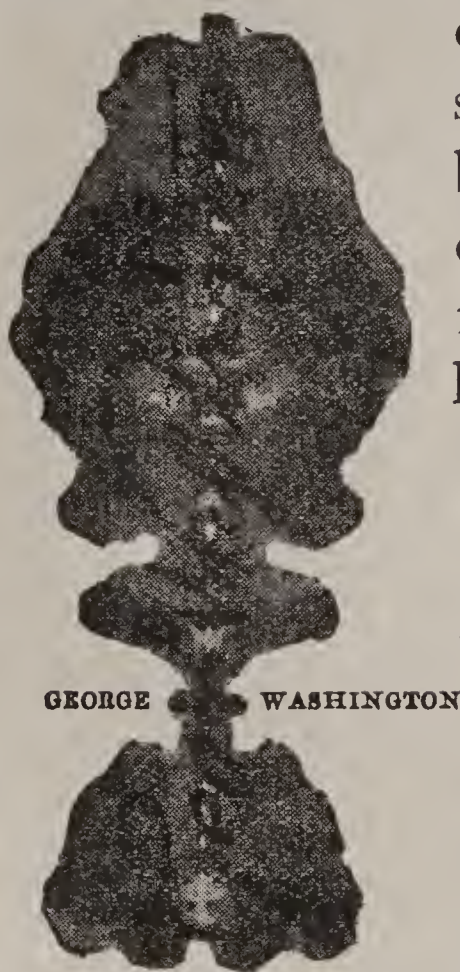
The strips are twenty inches long. Have the children cut them into five-inch pieces. Then have them paste the two ends of the strip together, making a ring. To this have them link another strip and paste the ends, and so on until the chain is of the desired length. String these chains up somewhere for a little while, then save them for the Christmas tree. Chains of red, white and blue make pretty decorations for Fourth of July, and red and green are effective for Christmas.

GOBOLINKS

Have a number of sheets of paper (4 x 6 inches is a good size) and pen and ink. Spread the material out on an old cloth

or newspaper for fear of accidents. Take one sheet of paper and make one or two small blots near the center; fold it afterward

exactly in half. Open the paper and see the strange "gobolinks." *Secret skeletons* may be made in much the same way by signing one's name in heavy ink on a lengthwise fold of the paper, and pressing the two halves together in the fold.



CLAY-MODELING

Clay is one of the simplest play materials, and one of the most delightful. Keep it in a stone crock with a little water. Do not cover it closely or the clay will mold. Oilcloth is good material to work on, although the clay does not really soil anything. When dry it can be readily brushed off.

Try copying simple objects, pottery of all sorts, and even birds and animals. These can be dried and kept for a time; then if broken they can be returned to the jar.

INDOOR GARDENS

If you have never tried having a garden in a window sill in the winter time you have missed a great deal of pleasure. Of course you will not want to have it in a window that you open at night, or your plants may freeze; and you will want to choose as sunny a place as you can.

There are a number of plants that do well indoors in garden soil, and perhaps you can even bring geraniums and begonias to bloom, but plants that grow in water instead of earth are cleaner and in some ways more satisfactory for indoor gardens. Ivy will grow well in water, branches of fruit and shade trees will blossom and sometimes send out roots; an acorn will

grow in a narrow-necked bottle, a sweet potato will send forth a beautiful vine to adorn your window, the spiderwort will give a wealth of fresh green leaves, and hyacinths and other bulbs will grow and bloom. A piece of charcoal in the bottom of each jar will keep the water sweet.

Then there are all manner of things to be grown from seed. Even canary seed will make pretty gardens for you. Take an old sponge, wet it, place it on a saucer, sprinkle seeds over the top. Keep it in the dark until the seeds begin to sprout, then bring it out and let it grow in the sunlight till you have a mound of beautiful green. Do not let the sponge become dry. Or take pine cones that are flat enough at the base to be made to stand upright in saucers; sprinkle seeds over them, and water whenever dry. The seeds will rest in the many tiny cups of the cone and if kept wet will grow into bright green plants.

WITH SPOOLS AND GRAPE BASKETS

Ask mother to save her empty spools and berry or grape baskets, and see what wonderful things you can make of them.

The spools make beautiful pillars for temples and bridges, pedestals for tables and stools, wheels for chariots and wagons, etc. The flat wood of the boxes or baskets furnishes lumber for roof, walls, wagons, etc. With a knife or scissors and some mucilage or paper clips you can do much. By running a long stick through two spools, slipping one spool to each end, excellent supports for larger wagons, made perhaps from whole baskets, can be made. See what you can do!

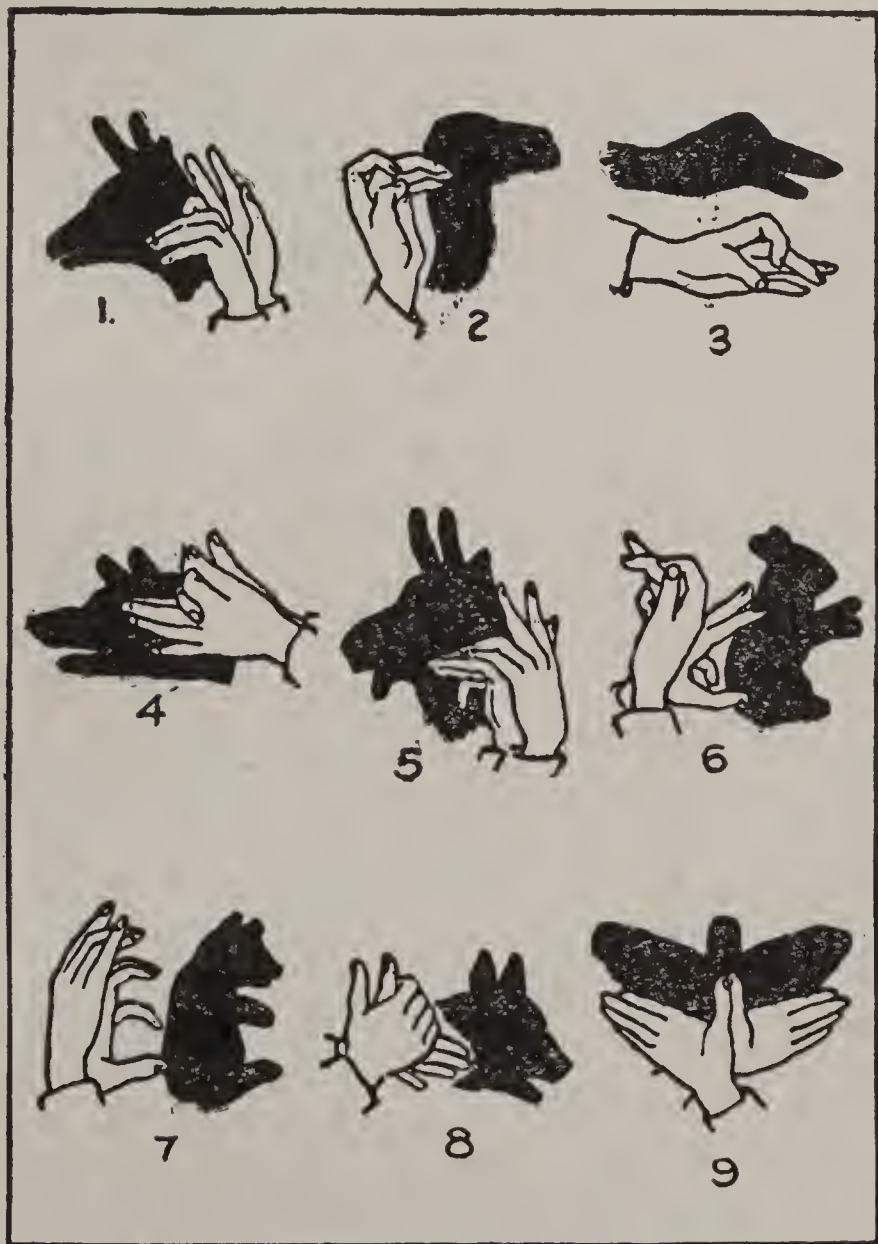
BLOWING THE EGG

First of all make ready your egg. Prick a tiny hole in each end and blow the contents out. The egg will then be almost as light as a feather.

Stretch two pieces of string or tape across the table about eighteen inches apart, and lay the egg between them. The two players, A and B, must sit opposite each other and blow or fan the egg. A must try not to let the egg cross the line on his side, B must try not to let it cross the line on his. The player who first drives the egg across his opponent's line three times wins the game.

SHADOW PICTURES

Any one with a little trying can learn to make shadow pictures—many more, indeed, than those shown in the illustration.



POSITION OF THE HANDS

It is better, if possible, to have a low light, and, of course, the brighter the light, the better will be the pictures. They should be thrown upon some smooth, light surface, and for ordinary purposes a light-tinted wall will do. Follow closely the position of the hands in the illustration.

Having learned to make the various animals, the next thing is to learn to make the shadows move—open and close their mouths, shake their ears, etc. This can easily be

done by a little practice, and as you can imagine, is the most delightful part of the performance.

SWEET LAVENDER

If you want to make a dainty gift, there is nothing much better than a lavender bag or bottle. Sweet lavender was much used by our great grandmothers to make their linens and clothing freshly fragrant.

For the bag take a piece of thin lawn or linen about fourteen inches by five. Lay the two short ends together and seam up the two long sides. Put an inch hem around the top. Fill with lavender and tie with lavender ribbon.

For the bottle cut off the heads of lavender sticks and place them in a piece of thin muslin about four inches square. Roll up the muslin, making a long bundle of it and tying it tightly at the top and bottom.

Then take an odd number of lavender sticks—say eleven—and cut them about nine inches long. Tie them together tightly near the end about three-quarters of an inch down; put the bag of lavender carefully in between them, arranging the sticks at equal distances apart, and tying the sticks at the other end of the bag.

With a bodkin threaded with baby ribbon weave in and out through the sticks all the way from top to bottom. Fasten the end of the ribbon securely; tie bows of ribbon at the top and bottom of the bag and also near the end of the sticks.

A BOAT THAT MOVES

Cut out a boat from thin tinfoil, making it about two inches long, with a triangular notch at the stern. Place the boat on the water so that it will float, and upon the tinfoil in the angle of the notch place a small piece of gum camphor, about the size of a pea. The camphor must rest partly on the tinfoil and partly in the water; and so long as it remains in this position it will drive the little boat across the water.

Parties

Giving parties—especially if you give them by yourself—is great fun, and mother can scarcely object if you promise to make all the preparations and do all the “straightening up” after your guests have left.

With little trouble and a great deal of pleasure you can make odd and pretty invitations. What could be prettier for a May-day party than a little basket or nosegay of flowers, with a tiny note attached by baby ribbon, written in your own hand, or typed by your brother on his machine. It might be in rhyme.

The first of May is drawing near,
Most beautiful of all the year,
So let us celebrate the day—
That you will come please write and say.

Don't forget to put the date and the hour in the left-hand corner.

For May-day there is nothing better than a picnic in the fields or woods, where there will be plenty of flowers, not only to crown the Queen of the May, but to make wreaths for everybody if you wish.

Here are some further suggestions for parties:

I—JANUARY (a coasting party).

With a heigh and a ho, and a heigh nonny, nonny no,
Hurrah, hurrah for the snow!
If you will be ready on this very Thursday
A-coasting at four we will go.

II—FEBRUARY (a patriotic party).

To Washington's country, and good Lincoln's too,
We must ever and ever be true,
So come on next Friday at quarter of four
To honor the red, white and blue.

III—MARCH (a soap bubble party).

Bubbles big and bubbles small;
Bubbles bright for one and all;
Come and blow your bubbles here;
I will welcome you with cheer.

IV—APRIL (an Easter party).

Spring is come;
The little birds sing;
All the world is glad.

Please come to my party;
I bid you right hearty
To celebrate Easter with me.

I've invited the bunny,
Please don't think it funny;
He always spends Easter with me.

V—MAY (a buttercup party).

Buttercups, buttercups,
Buttercups gay,
Let's gather buttercups
Next Saturday.

VI—JUNE (a circus party).

Circus day has come and gone,
With elephant, horses, and clown.
But if you will come to my back lawn,
We'll have a circus all our own.

VII—JULY (a Japanese tea party).

Your august presence is desired
To drink a cup of tea,
Please come in kimono attired—
For Japanese we'll be.

VIII—AUGUST (a garden party).

Under the tree in our garden next week,
 We'll gather at Saturday noon.
 With this little garland your presence I seek.
 Oh won't you please answer it soon?

IX—SEPTEMBER (a Mother Goose party).

Mother Goose and all her goslings are to gather at my house,
She never had so many children that she didn't know what to do.
 Dress if you can like one of them, but come at least and play.
 O little boy blue, please blow your horn;
 Call your friends to my meadow next Saturday morn.

X—OCTOBER (a Hallowe'en party).

Please don a sheet and be a ghost,
 And come to my house with the host.
 Beside the fire our toes we'll toast,
 Chestnuts and other goodies roast.
 Come on a broom-stick
 Or come on your feet;
 But whatever you do,
 Please don't miss the treat.

XI—NOVEMBER (a candy-pulling).

Chill November days are here—
 Time indeed for indoor cheer.
 To the candy-pulling-bee
 Come next Saturday at three.

XII—DECEMBER (a Christmas party).

At Christmas sing and make good cheer,
 For Christmas comes but once a year.
 Next Friday then, as, I'm alive,
 We'll merry make from three till five.

Of course you won't want to have a party every month, and probably once a year will be often enough; but after mother has helped you with the first one you ought to be able

to plan the rest by yourself. Cocoa and buns in the winter, and lemonade and cake in the summer are the very best of refreshments, though of course if you go to the woods you will probably want sandwiches and fruit for a real meal.

Poems for Recitation

A DUTCH LULLABY*

Wynken, Blynken, and Nod one night
Sailed off in a wooden shoe—
Sailed on a river of misty light
Into a sea of dew.
“Where are you going, and what do you wish?”
The old moon asked the three.
“We have come to fish for the herring-fish
That live in this beautiful sea:
Nets of silver and gold have we,”
Said Wynken,
Blynken,
And Nod.

The old moon laughed and sung a song,
And they rocked in the wooden shoe,
And the wind that sped them all night long
Ruffled the waves of dew;

*From *A Little Book of Western Verse*, copyrighted by Eugene Field and published by Charles Scribner's Sons, New York.

The little stars were the herring-fish
That lived in the beautiful sea;
“Now cast your nets wherever you wish,
But never afeared are we”—
So cried the stars to the fishermen three,
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

All night long their nets they threw
For the fish in the twinkling foam,
Then down from the sky came the wooden shoe,
Bringing the fishermen home.
'Twas all so pretty a sail, it seemed
As if it could not be;
And some folks thought 'twas a dream they'd dreamed
Of sailing that beautiful sea.
But I shall name you the fishermen three:
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

Wynken and Blynken are two little eyes,
And Nod is a little head,
And the wooden shoe that sailed the skies
Is a wee one's trundle-bed;
So shut your eyes while mother sings
And you shall see the beautiful things
As you rock in the misty sea,
Where the old shoe rocked the fishermen three—
 Wynken,
 Blynken,
 And Nod.

SEVEN TIMES ONE

There's no dew left on the daisies and clover,
There's no rain left in heaven:
I've said my "seven times" over and over,
Seven times one are seven.

I am old, so old, I can write a letter;
My birthday lessons are done;
The lambs play always, they know no better;
They are only one times one.

O moon! in the night I have seen you sailing
And shining so round and low;
You were bright! ah bright! but your light is failing,
You are nothing now but a bow.

You moon, have you done something wrong in heaven
That God has hidden your face?
I hope if you have you will soon be forgiven,
And shine again in your place.

O velvet bee, you're a dusty fellow,
You've powder'd your legs with gold!
O brave marshmary buds, rich and yellow,
Give me your money to hold!

O columbine, open your folded wrapper,
Where two twin turtle-doves dwell!
O cuckoopint, toll me the purple clapper
That hangs in your clear green bell!

And show me your nest with the young ones in it;
I will not steal them away;
I am old! you may trust me, linnet, linnet,
I am seven times one to-day.

—JEAN INGELow.

GOOD-NIGHT AND GOOD-MORNING

A fair little girl sat under a tree,
Sewing as long as her eyes could see;
Then smoothed her work and folded it right,
And said, "Dear work, good-night, good-night!"

Such a number of rooks came over her head,
Crying "Caw! caw!" on their way to bed,
She said, as she watched their curious flight,
"Little black things, good-night, good-night!"

The horses neighed, and the oxen lowed,
The sheep's "Bleat! bleat!" came over the road;
All seeming to say, with a quiet delight,
"Good little girl, good-night, good-night!"

She did not say to the sun, "Good-night!"
Though she saw him there like a ball of light;
For she knew he had God's time to keep
All over the world, and never could sleep.

The tall pink foxglove bowed his head;
The violets curtsied, and went to bed;
And good little Lucy tied up her hair,
And said, on her knees, her favorite prayer.

And while on her pillow she softly lay,
She knew nothing more till again it was day;
And all things said to the beautiful sun,
"Good-morning, good-morning! our work is begun."

—RICHARD MONCKTON MILNES (Lord Houghton).

ULYSSES

It little profits that an idle king,
By this still hearth, among these barren crags,
Matched with an aged wife, I mete and dole
Unequal laws upon a savage race,
That hoard, and sleep, and feed, and know not me.
I cannot rest from travel: I will drink
Life to the lees: all times I have enjoy'd
Greatly, have suffer'd greatly, both with those
That loved me, and alone; on shore, and when
Thro' scudding drifts the rainy Hyades
Vext the dim sea: I am become a name;
For always roaming with a hungry heart
Much have I seen and known; cities of men
And manners, climates, councils, governments,
Myself not least, but honor'd of them all;
And drunk delight of battle with my peers,
Far on the ringing plains of windy Troy.
I am a part of all that I have met;
Yet all experience is an arch wherethro'
Gleams that untraveled world, whose margin fades
Forever and forever when I move.
How dull it is to pause, to make an end,
To rust unburnish'd, not to shine in use!
As tho' to breathe were life. Life piled on life
Were all too little, and of one to me
Little remains: but every hour is saved
From that eternal silence, something more,
A bringer of new things; and vile it were
For some three suns to store and hoard myself,
And this gray spirit yearning in desire
Beyond the utmost bound of human thought.

This is my son, mine own Telemachus,
To whom I leave the scepter and the isle—
Well loved of me, discerning to fulfil
This labor, by slow prudence to make mild
A rugged people, and thro' soft degrees
Subdue them to the useful and the good.
Most blameless is he, centered in the sphere
Of common duties, decent not to fail
In offices of tenderness, and pay
Meet adoration to my household gods,
When I am gone. He works his work, I mine.

There lies the port: the vessel puffs her sail:
There gloom the dark broad seas. My mariners,
Souls that have toil'd, and wrought, and thought with me—
That ever with a frolic welcome took
The thunder and the sunshine, and opposed
Free hearts, free foreheads—you and I are old;
Old age hath yet his honor and his toil;
Death closes all: but something ere the end,
Some work of noble note, may yet be done,
Not unbecoming men that strove with Gods.
The lights begin to twinkle from the rocks:
The long day wanes: the slow moon climbs: the deep
Moans round with many voices. Come, my friends,
'Tis not too late to seek a newer world.
Push off, and sitting well in order smite
The sounding furrows; for my purpose holds
To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars, until I die.

It may be that the gulfs will wash us down.
It may be we shall touch the Happy Isles,
And see the great Achilles, whom we knew.
Tho' much is taken, much abides; and tho'
We are not now that strength which in old days
Moved earth and heaven; that which we are, we are—
One equal temper of heroic hearts,
Made weak by time and fate, but strong in will
To strive, to seek, to find, and not to yield.

—ALFRED TENNYSON.

England.



E find on our arrival in England that the little British baby, like the American child, is tended very carefully—washed, dressed, nursed and petted by all in the house until he is able to crawl and then learns to walk nicely. What a wonderful thing it is when he cuts his first tooth! Then as he grows older, the little child is taken on his mother's knee and taught his letters. The time when the baby has his first birthday party—that is fun! They play "Blind

Man's Buff," "Puss in the Corner," "Hunt the Slipper," and many such pleasant games in which the youngest can join and enjoy the fun as much as the older ones. "All the children look after baby," and after some fine fun, the little one climbs on his mother's knee until it is time to go to sleep. The pretty picture book helps to amuse and teach him, and slowly and surely the first stages of lessons and music are passed. The perambulator is put away, and the hoop, the top, the battledore and shuttlecock (games which we do not often see in America) and the paint box are daily amusements and pastimes for the children.



HOLIDAYS.

A few years pass away, and then study time comes. Most of the boys and girls whose parents can afford it are taught at home by a governess. The poorer children are sent to public schools. The little girls who wish to be useful to their parents help their mother in the housekeeping, learn to sew and hem and stitch and put on buttons. They will do all they can to help their father, also. They will have games at lawn tennis and run about and enjoy themselves, but they will study, too. The boys are fine, manly fellows and can already play cricket and foot-ball and compete in many exercises, and learn to be well-behaved and courteous, which, united with pluck and endurance, is the foundation of the English gentleman's education.

When the holidays come, then the British boys and girls have a good time. The school year in Great Britain is generally divided into three terms, so there are three separate holidays—Eastertime

Midsummer and Christmas. At Eastertime it is the custom to send cards to children, and older people too, but the children receive more; pretty pictures with verses suited to the season, much as we send here at various seasons to our friends.

Good St. Valentine is not so much remembered in England as he used to be; Christmas and Easter and birthday cards have put valentines aside in many families. These cards make up very pretty albums for the poorer children. Some boys and girls paste all their cards into scrap-books, and after awhile give them away to poorer children whose parents cannot afford to give them such nice things. There are thousands of children in Great Britain who work in mines and factories, and have no comforts, no pretty toys, and have very little care shown to them, but whenever it is possible we like to think that the good gifts and presents of the wealthier class are gladly and freely shared with them.

The great pet of the English girl is her doll, and in whatever station of life she may be the "dolly" is taken almost as much care of as the baby. Even the favorite fat pussy cat is neglected for the new doll. Some of the English children have splendid doll houses, and a beautiful entertainment is held at the doll's house at which tea and cake are the leading features. In this way, as you know, the little English and the little American girls are very much alike.

In the morning, our English cousins always have marmalade with their breakfast and are all very fond of it. The English are very fond of tea, and would no more think of missing their afternoon tea, served with bread and butter sandwiches cut very, very thin and, generally out of doors in good weather, than they would their dinner.

The English girl is carefully educated in the arts of dress

and deportment. From ten years old, or earlier, until she is seventeen or eighteen, she has no small amount of trouble and money expended upon her and is looked after with the greatest care. Unlike our girls, who are permitted to mingle freely and be good friends with the boys, the English girl remains under her mother's close care until she is old enough to be presented at court, or to go out into society in a less public fashion. Until then she generally wears her hair down her back.

There are some anniversaries which are kept by children more than by grown-up people in England. One of these is the fifth day of November—The Gunpowder Plot Anniversary. On that day, as you will learn in your English History, Guy Fawkes and some others tried to blow up the king and Parliament; but their plot was found out and they were arrested just in time in the cellars beneath the House of Parliament. This day is celebrated by a display of fireworks, squibs, etc., which in the country and suburbs give much amusement to the people. Boys and girls unite in letting off Catherine or pin-wheels and Roman candles. Sometimes a little battle is arranged, and the opposing sides of boys shoot Roman candles and throw squibs at one another. This form of firework display, however, is rather dangerous and likely to lead to accidents.

In summer one of the favorite sports is the national game of cricket. It is a curious fact that few English girls and no people out of England, except here in America and in the English Colonies, understand cricket. Still, wherever you find English people in Europe, Asia, or Africa, you will find cricketers, and as a rule they are fine, manly fellows. Girls play lawn tennis and skip with the rope; they can row,

ride and scull a boat, but they cannot play cricket, and, as a rule, they do not understand the details of the game. It is too active and rough a game for them.



THE CRICKET HERO.

most cherished triumph of the English boy is his cricket "average," or his successful leadership of his team in the cricket-field.

In England there are certain times for certain games and to play cricket before Easter, or to commence rowing

Look at these lads carrying their companion who has "carried out" his bat after making top score. Can there be a prouder moment in any lad's life than that when, as the captain of his school eleven, he has made his 100 runs—"got into his century"—and, after defying all the bowling, is left "not out?" There may be triumphs in after-life—the degree at the university, the success in the hunting field or in the fields of business or science, but we venture to say that the

before the Inter-University race, would be thought quite out of order. In Scotland golf takes the place of cricket, and in Ireland hurling, like the English "hockey," is the national sport. Throughout Great Britain the game of rounders is universally popular. This is the game from which our national base-ball originated. The diamond or field of play is the same; the bases are called points, but the runner to be put out must be hit with the ball (they play with a soft one). Otherwise it is very little different from our base-ball. Their game of association foot-ball, played throughout the winter when the snow is not too deep, has come over to us, and has grown in popularity in the eastern part of the United States. This game is different from the American college game, for the players must not touch the ball with their hands.

for the players must not touch the ball with their hands.

All Saints' Eve, or Hallowe'en, is another occasion upon which the young people, more particularly in Scotland and Ireland, have many games. In Ireland melting lead to tell the future, bobbing for apples, burning nuts on bars and other games of the same kind are always indulged in. The children go into the kitchen for the fun and the servants enjoy their coming. Cook, nurse, butler, housekeeper and retainer all are present. The "Apple and Candle" game, not so well known with us, is common there and very amusing. Two sticks or laths are laid across each other, fastened together, and hung from the ceiling. At the four ends are hung in succession pieces of apple and the ends of lighted candles. The whole is then set whirling around and the skill consists in snapping the apple as it comes around and escaping the candle. Sometimes the player has a nice mouthful of candle, which gives him a relish for Hallowe'en--and longer. Popping of chestnuts completes the amusement.

Christmas is celebrated in a way so nearly like our own

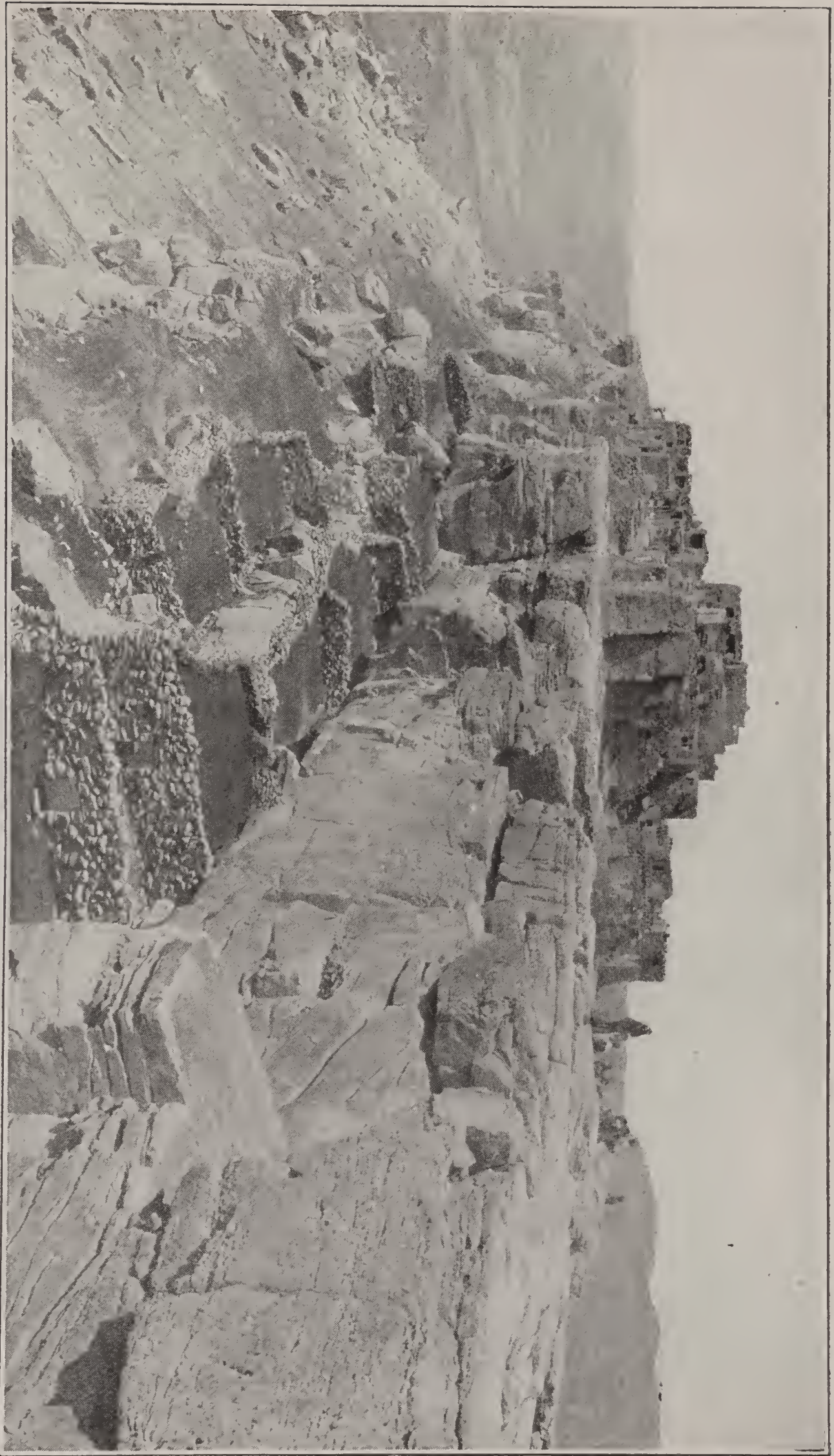
that we shall only mention the few ways in which they differ. No Christmas dinner there would be complete without plum puddings and mince pies. The great pudding comes in burning, is placed on the table, and then the fire is extinguished. The lamps are turned down, the candles put out and the spirit in the dish is lit again. They dig out the raisins like so many "Jack Horners," some one looks green and ghastly—they all look green and ghastly—salt has been put in and spoiled the taste! The candles are lit, the lamps turned up and they all sing Christmas carols before parting.

In Ireland on St. Stephen's Day a favorite sport is to hunt the wren. The boys go out with sticks into the field and these "wren boys" try to find and kill poor Jenny Wren.

"The wren, the wren, the king of all birds,
On St. Stephen's Day was caught in the furze."

The wren is said to be the king of all birds, because, as the story goes, when the eagle flew the highest of all birds and was elected king, the wren, which had been hiding on the eagle's back, claimed to be king, because she arose from the tired eagle's feathers and flew up a long, long distance after her long rest, and certain wicked boys wish to kill her on that account.

During the holidays the English generally have a "school treat" and a Christmas tree for the poorer children in which the clergyman and a certain number of young ladies take a very active part. There is much planning in getting ready a fine and shapely fir tree, decorated with all the possible and impossible animals that ever might, would, could or should have inhabited Noah's Ark. These animals are for the younger children, who are also given musical instruments of many kinds, including drums, penny whistles and squeaking pipes. All these played and blown and whistled



CLIFF DWELLINGS, WALPI, ARIZONA

The habitations of a race of Indians known as "Cliff Dwellers." The dwellings are built high in the cliffs, often two or more stories high and having many rooms, and are almost inaccessible.



THE ANNUAL CHILDREN'S FANCY DRESS BALL IN LONDON

This occasion every year is looked forward to with the greatest pleasure by the little boys and girls of London. See if you can guess, from the costumes shown in this picture, what each boy and girl is dressed to represent.

at once, mingling with the baaing of woolly toy sheep, the barking of the four-wheeled dogs, and the mooing of wooden cows, which complain when their tails are pulled—and no wonder—make up a concert in which there is very little music but a great deal of noise. After such a “school treat” for children, those who take part are half deaf and feel much inclined to stay in bed next day. But for all that, it is great fun for the young folks and gives them one of the happiest days of their lives.

British Colonies in Australia and South Africa.



ENGLAND, as you know, has colonies much larger than herself—Canada, Australia and South Africa and in other parts of the world. So let us now take a glance at what the little boys and girls are doing in the rest of the earth where the people are mostly English and where our own language is spoken. In Australia, the school-life is of course very much like that in England, and the same may be said of all English colonies. In Australia, the school-hours are usually of the same length as in England, but somewhat differently divided. There is a longer intermission at mid-day, sometimes as much as two hours, and lessons then continue farther into the afternoon. From twelve until two being the hottest part of the day, this is a pleasant arrangement. Moreover, it allows plenty of time for the pupils at day-schools to dine, mid-day dinner being very common in the colonies.

There are now excellent schools of all sorts in all the large Australian cities. The colonies were in possession of a system of public schools some years before England had begun her scheme of national education. Every town of any importance has also its grammar-school or high school.

Less attention, perhaps, is paid to modern languages, the near neighborhood of France and Germany to England rendering the French and German languages more necessary to the English than it is to the colonists.

Tutors and governesses are not common in Australia—at least not in the cities. Almost all boys and girls go to



PLAYING IN THE BOATS.

school either as day scholars or boarders. The schools are usually large and roomy buildings; lofty and airy rooms being a necessity in a warm climate where people are gathered together in numbers. The playgrounds, too, are often large and spacious places. We noted one in particular. It was planted with beautiful willow-trees, perhaps a dozen in all,

which made the whole place shadowy and cool in the hot, summer noon-days. Not only was this grateful and refreshing to us boys in play-time, but we reaped the benefit of the shady playground sometimes also during school-hours. For it not infrequently happened on warm afternoons that some one of the masters would take his class out into the playground, and carry on the lesson of the hour under the shadow of the willows, to the immense refreshment of both master and scholars. Boys and girls who have never known school in such heat can hardly realize how difficult it often is to pay close attention to lessons when the thermometer is standing at, say, 85° in the shade. Oh, how heavy and drowsy they get over Cæsar and Livy on these long, warm afternoons! How slowly they drag through the construing, helped at every second word by a patient, much-enduring master, himself struggling hard against the oppressive influences of the sleepy air!

But the master is kind and considerate. He makes and keeps to this rule—whenever the mercury touches 90° he dismisses the school for the afternoon. And then with what



WORKING IN THE GARDEN.



A FAMILY OF NEW ZEALAND, AUSTRALIA.

glee they fling aside books, slates and pens, and with a shout rush into the playground! The rest of the day is spent in the fields, on the breezy hills or on the waters of the lakes and rivers.

On the stations—that is, the large sheep and cattle farms far up in the country—it is more common to find tutors and governesses. Here the morning hours are spent in study; the afternoon is given up to riding, rambling in the forest, and other pastimes, in which both teachers and scholars share. Bush boys and girls very soon become expert riders, learn to catch, bridle, and saddle their own ponies, and to become independent in everything connected with horses.

The girls learn to ride equally well with the boys. Indeed, if one is to ride at all in the Australian hunt, one must ride well, for the roads are very rough—mere bridle-paths usually; and the “open” is blocked by fallen logs, clumps of trees and low brushwood, among which it requires skill and nerve to steer your steed.

Bush boys learn to shoot also at an early age, there being usually plenty of game of different kinds on the stations—kangaroo, opossums, bandicoot, wild duck, parrots, and other birds of many varieties. Boys go into the woods and bush to study natural history, and many tales might be told of adventures which have occurred through lads wandering too far. So long as they do not roam about all is well, for to be lost in the bush is a terrible fate, as rescue is almost hopeless. The natives have also to be dreaded. They will attack a station if any of their friends have been ill-treated and hurt. Then the people at the station must look to themselves, for the spears will come thickly, and even fire-arms may not avail the defenders

against such a crowd of "blacks." The "boomerang" in the hand of the native is a most dangerous weapon. It is a flat curved piece of wood, which, when thrown properly, describes almost a circle, hits the object aimed at and returns to the person who threw it. Bush boys acquire a self-reliance and independence which are often of the greatest value, as you will have already imagined. Let me tell you of a true incident illustrative of this. Two boys, whom we shall call Willie and Jack, set off one fine morning from the head station in company with a stockman, an old servant of their father's. They rode on merrily through the bush till they were many miles from their dwelling house. Suddenly, while riding down a steep and rugged gully, the stockman's horse shied and threw his rider heavily to the ground. The boys immediately dismounted, and found that old Joe (that was the name of the man) was so badly hurt that he could not move, and so shaken that he was able to speak only in a low voice.

The two lads who were just entering their teens, were at first a good deal frightened, but presently began to consider what was to be done. It was decided that Jack should ride back to the head station for help, and that Willie should remain and watch by Joe. So Jack remounted and set off, and Willie's watch began. It was now late afternoon, and the sun was sinking. Presently Joe opened his eyes and murmured "water" and Willie brought a little water in his hat from a creek close by and moistened the dry lips.

The season was autumn, and the air grew chill with the sun down. Willie kindled a fire and began to chafe the wounded man's cold hands, endeavoring to cheer him with kind and hopeful words. Finding that Joe still remained

cold, he took off his coat, and spread it gently over him, and made him as snug and comfortable as he could under the circumstances.

The stars came out, the wind blew keener, and the forest grew very lonely; nothing broke the deep stillness save now and then the melancholy cry of the plover or the curlew, and the sigh of the wind among the gum-trees. The hours went slowly by, and Willie's heart sank lower and lower. He was very cold, and bodily cold itself depresses the heart and courage. Five hours thus passed, and still no sign of help came. At last an idea struck Willie. He took a blazing brand from the fire, walked some distance in the direction in which he knew Jack and those with him must come, lit a small fire, walked on again for about a quarter of a mile, and kindled another blaze. In this way he made a line of fires, and then retraced his steps to Joe's side, observing, with satisfaction, that his fires were all blazing brightly, and would serve to guide his friends more readily to the spot.

In about another hour Willie heard the sound of approaching wheels, and, a moment after, the voices of his father and brother. They had a light four-wheeled vehicle, with rugs and shawls, and thus the wounded stockman was conveyed safely back to the homestead. His leg had been badly broken; but in time he recovered from his hurt, and never did he forget the service which little Willie had rendered him.

The children on Australian stations, and especially the girls, are very fond of pets, and some of these would sufficiently surprise American boys and girls. A tame kangaroo, for instance, feeding and hopping about in the vicinity of a house, is strange enough to an unaccustomed eye, but it is a very pretty sight.



A WATER BUFFALO

The Filipino's friend, constant companion, and most useful beast of burden. Gentle and kind, he is the pet of the children, and loved by them all.



PORTO RICAN CHILDREN

This picture shows the beautiful tropical trees and plants which grow in such abundance throughout the island,



AN EASTERN HOLIDAY GAME; THE STOOL OF REPENTANCE

One of the children leaves the room. Another makes up some funny charge against him, and, when he returns, he is placed on the stool to guess who accused him. Every wrong guess requires a forfeit, but when he guesses correctly, the accuser must take his place.



A KANGAROO HUNT BY NATIVE AUSTRALIANS.

Snakes still abound in Australian bush, and bush-bred boys are often very fearless in the pursuit of these pests. The dead snake is sometimes suspended in a cleft stick, and thus brought home in triumph across the shoulder of his captor. We once knew a boy who kept a piece of flat board, about a foot long and an inch broad, upon which he used to make a nick with his knife for every snake he killed. In this way he covered the whole stick with nicks, and every nick meant a snake less in the world.

Almost all the games and sports pursued by the English boys and girls are known and practiced also in Australia, but some are in greater favor than others. Climate, in a large measure, determines this. In England football is at least as popular a game with boys as any other you could name, but in Australia, though football is coming to be played more and more, it stands no chance beside cricket, being less suited to a warm climate.

Cricket is certainly the most popular game with these boys, and after that I should say rowing and riding were the sports most in favor. Both these latter amusements are enjoyed under very favorable conditions, owing to the long stretches of uninterrupted fine weather, when it is possible to be out in the open air, on horseback or on the water, from day-break to sun down. Many girls become very good rowers in Australia, and equally graceful and fearless riders. In all the country districts a pony or horse may be kept at a slight cost. In towns, the expense is, of course, greater, but even in towns Australian boys and girls manage to get more riding than we do in our cities, where horse exercise is possible only to people in possession of large means.

What I have been telling you about the life of boys and

girls in Australia applies almost equally to New Zealand and Tasmania, which make up the Australian group of colonies. The climate of the latter is colder than that of the main island, but there is never ice thick enough for skating and rarely enough snow on the ground for snowballing.

And now we shall take a glance at the English children in South Africa. The home-life of children in the remoter districts of Cape Colony and South Africa generally partakes of the freedom and open air character which distinguishes Canadian pioneer life; but many of the pastimes which Canadian boys and girls enjoy cannot be engaged in in Africa by reason of its warmer climate. On the South African farms it is common to have black servants about the place, negroes or bush-men. These, when treated kindly, often make good-enough servants, and become very much attached to the young people of the household. They teach the boys to fish and hunt, to yoke the oxen, and even to milk the cows, as well as many secrets of wood-craft and farm-life useful in colonial country districts.

This yoking the oxen takes some time, and requires considerable skill. The animals are not always the most obedient creatures in the world, and a stout "jambok," or whip—a cruel instrument—is used to keep them in order. The wagon-loading, too, is no child's play. Every one possesses a wagon, and when going up-country from Cape Town the wagon must contain all necessaries. A first-rate wagon is an expensive affair, but very serviceable, and often requires a dozen oxen to draw it. The wheels are strong, the harness, or treck-tow, of buffalo hide, and very strong. The proper manner of harnessing is important to the colonist, and the young men have to make themselves acquainted with these very necessary proceedings.

The boys must be careful when they decide to camp out for water is necessary for the animals. The camp is formed so that the wagon, and sometimes its contents, form a protection, which is necessary because of wild animals and natives. The start up-country from Cape Town is always interesting, but one must be a good horseman to proceed with comfort and rapidity in Cape Colony.

People who live in Cape Colony would, as a rule, prefer to travel in one of these great useful wagons than in a vessel by sea from port to port. And yet these land journeys behind the great team of oxen of the color of red bricks were often attended with considerable danger. We will conclude this article by telling you of an adventure which befell some young people who were sent by wagon from Cape Town to another part of the South African colonies.

During such a journey as this the wagon had to pass along "roads" which, as you may imagine, were very different from our well-made straight, macadamized highways. It had also to cross streams and rocky chasms, and the conveyance in which the poor children were was jolted about in a most unpleasant manner.

The wagon was driven by a Hottentot, who went on for some time very well, and managed wonderfully. A nurse or attendant accompanied the children, who were both very happy; they sang songs and laughed and chattered while the heavy oxen pulled the wagon up dangerous places and down great hills, sometimes even jumping over the big ruts and little watercourses.

At length the driver looked puzzled. He had lost his way! But the children had no anxiety, though the attendant had, and when at last the wagon came to a steep place,

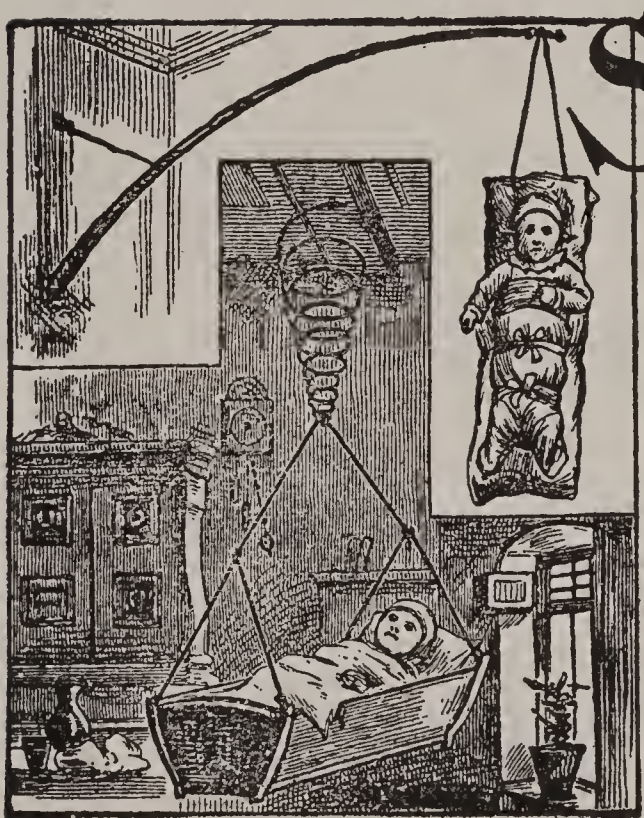
and had to go round a rocky point, the nurse pulled the little girl and boy out.

It was fortunate she did so. In another minute the wagon, oxen, and all the contents of the wagon went tumbling over the cliff, down, down through the trees; the poor oxen trying in vain to save themselves as they fell into the ravine below. They were all killed, and lay in a heap at the bottom of the cliff.

The children had to walk and be carried for three days; nearly starving, but after many troubles and much suffering, they met some people in a wagon who fortunately came from the farm of which the poor children were in search. The travelers were quickly taken up and fed--the poor children were half dead, but care and rest revived them.

The whole tale would make quite a long story, but the children arrived safely at last, and very thankful, you may be sure, that they had not fallen over the precipice with the wagon and the unfortunate oxen. So you see traveling in Cape Colony has its dangers as well as railway traveling in other countries.

Sweden, Norway and Denmark.



SWEDISH CRADLES.

SWEDEN and Norway are so near together that the manners and the customs of their inhabitants are very similar. It must, however, be borne in mind that the young Norwegians are more accustomed to the sea than the Swedes, and swim about like fish in their Fiords, or bays.

It will be interesting to us to learn what we would be called in Sweden. It would be *barn*, which is not unlike the Scottish

bairn. A boy is *pojke*, pronounced *poyk*. A little boy is *gosse*, not unlike *goose*. A girl, *flicka*; a maiden, *mo*. Thus we can imagine Swedish parents speaking to their children. Their Christian names are numerous, as they have one for every day in the year, and many of them are very high-sounding. The peasants like grand names for their little ones, such as Adolph, Adricin, Gotfried, Gustavus, for boys; and Josephina, Thora, Ingeborg, for girls; and if they have no name prepared, they seek one in the almanac for the particular day of baby's birth. It is baptized the next Sunday, and taken to

church by the godmother, who provides the christening-garments, which are often trimmed with colored bows; whilst the infant has beads round its neck, and wears a cap with very little border. The clergyman holds it well over the font, and pours water over the back of the head three times, then wipes it with a towel. As the baby is swathed in six-inch-wide bandages, so that it cannot move its legs, and sometimes



GOING TO SCHOOL IN WINTER.

not even its arms, it is obliged to lie very quiet during this ceremony.

The people have their reasons for this swathing, the first of which is that they think it makes the limbs grow straight, the second that it turns baby into a compact bundle to carry. When thus bundled up, infants have been said to resemble

the tail of a lobster, or even its whole body. In the north they are often hung from a long, springy pole stuck in the wall, to be out of the way; and, being by nature quiet, they are supposed not to mind it. Their cradles, which are very simple, are also often suspended by a spiral spring from the roof, which must be more comfortable than the pole. Every time the baby moves the spring pole moves with him, and except when asleep he spends his time bobbing up and down. In Lapland, a country in the north of Sweden and Norway, the people take these "swaddlings" to church. But instead of carrying them into church they make a hole in the snow



SCHOOL RECESS.

outside in the churchyard, and bury them in it, leaving a small opening for breathing purposes. The babies are kept splendidly warm, while their parents within the sacred building have their beards frozen to their fur coats by the freezing of their own breaths.

As soon as a peasant boy can walk, he is put into trousers, buttoned outside his jacket; and these are so baggy behind that it is often funny to see him for they once belonged to his father, but were cut off at the legs, and simply drawn

round the boy's waist, without reducing their size. Add to this that the feet are shod either with little jack-boots or wooden shoes, and we have a strange picture. Their stockings either have leather heels or no heels at all, so that the mother is spared the trouble of mending them. Neither has she much labor with their heads, the hair of which is cropped as closely as possible. The girls also wear wooden shoes; but they have gingham kerchiefs or caps on their heads, frocks down to their heels, and quaint pinafores.

In spite of their head-gear, they are much celebrated for the beauty of their hair, which they wear plaited in a long tail down their backs. They sometimes cut it off and sell it, and then let it grow again. The young gentlemen and ladies dress much as the English do, and are extremely neat and clean.

In the country the children have few toys. A little girl of seven had never seen a doll until one was given her by another little girl who was more fortunate, and she almost cried with joy over it. Her astonishment at a doll's house may be imagined.

While the poor children make their feasts out of doors in the summer, by arranging broken crockery surrounded by leaves and putting their cakes upon it, or squeezing red currants and cranberries through muslin to make wine, those in better circumstances have always a doll's house. This they keep in excellent order. There is a real cooking-range in the kitchen, and when visitors come, they amuse themselves by preparing coffee, boiling potatoes, making pancakes, or puddings of apples, grated bread, sugar, and the like. This teaches them to be little housewives; for in time, when grown up, they will be expected to practice all the lessons they have learned when young, whether at home or at school.

The winters are very long and severe in Sweden, with often snow on the ground from November till April; so the little Swedes must be much indoors, except when they sledge on wooden things called *kalke*. They draw all sorts of things upon it, and employ it to take their books and dinners to school. You may be sure they are well wrapped when they use the *kalke*, being muffled up in warm jackets and hoods, and knitted gloves with only a thumb, like babies' gloves, for they have no fancy to be frost-bitten. Nearly all the Norwegians can coast on the narrow strips of wood six feet long called skees, of which we have shown a picture elsewhere. They can go very fast over the snow on these, which are the same as our little cousins in Canada use.

When old enough, all peasant children must go to school during part of the year. They are excused while the harvest and potato-digging are in progress, because they help their parents at those times, but at all other times they are sent to school.

In connection with the day-schools, there is one day set apart to teach the girls to sew, knit spin, and weave, and the boys to make baskets, tubs, wooden spoons, &c., all of which they can follow up in the long winter evenings, and which will be of use to them in after life. Also in summer the boys have small gardens, where they are taught to sow seeds, and are told about the different kinds of grain and grasses. The children are very industrious and willing to learn.

The country churches in Sweden do not have Sunday-schools, as a rule; but here and there good ladies assemble the children at their houses or elsewhere on Sundays, to learn the Scriptures and sing hymns. Such is their desire to

learn that they are known to trudge five or six miles for an hour's teaching, and their behavior is such as would be seen in few of our Sunday-schools. They do not care much for their own church music, but they seem to like some of our hymns which have come into use.

They are made church members at fifteen, and before the ceremony takes place they go for a long time, once or twice a week, to be prepared by their clergyman. He always confirms his own flock, and they then partake of the Lord's Supper. The girls wear black dresses, white aprons, and white kerchiefs on their heads at their confirmation.

Afterwards a girl may wear long dresses, and in the higher classes she is usually presented with a gold ring, and introduced into society.

The pastor questions the children in church. They stand round him, as he walks in and out amongst them, having a good eye upon such as are heedless or careless. But they are usually too anxious to learn not to attend to his teaching. The parents remain to listen to their answers, so they have a twofold reason to be good.

After they have been taken into church membership working boys are ready to engage in work of some kind. The young Swedes begin life by obtaining a character from their clergyman, which is called a *prest betyg*, as well as one from their school master or mistress, known as a *betyg*. By these *betygs* a child can be traced from birth to death, as they carry them from place to place. The young people must, therefore, take care not to have anything of a bad kind written on their *betygs*. A story is told of a school-boy who played a trick on his master, and the master paid him back by writing it on his *betyg*.

As there are only as many people in the whole of Swe-

den as there are in New York, the poor can be better cared for. Orphan children are sent by the poor law guardians to be boarded in different families, and they are always kindly treated. One day a lady, driving over a lonely road, saw a poor woman crawling to open a gate for her. Inquiries were made, little visits paid and comforts sent, until the weary woman at length died. Her two boys were placed by the parish with two farmers, while her little girl of three was taken or "boarded" by a young married woman, who had a baby of her own. It was the pride and pleasure of this kind foster-mother to take the little girl every three months to the good lady who had rescued her, and proudly to exhibit her, dressed like a little old woman, with her dead mother's black silk kerchief on her head.

The children of the upper and middle classes are very well-educated, and have much the same course of study as we have. They learn and speak English as well as other languages. They are very polite, and bow and curtsy when they enter a room. There is a pretty custom observed by all: after a meal, each guest thanks the host and hostess, and even little children are taught to go up to their parents and thank them, at the same time kissing their hands. They usually stand at the table when at their meals.

All ranks in both countries are industrious, and if the peasant maidens spin and weave, the young ladies make the finest crochet and lace trimmings to edge the sheets and pillow-cases, sometimes woven on their father's loom, for much is still done by hand which with us is done by machinery. If a little girl is called by her mother to help with the cooking she never once thinks of saying, "Why? mamma," or "I'll come in a minute," for she flies at once to do whatever is wanted of her. She is very proud when she is allowed to help.

Name-days, birth-days, and Christmas Eve are the great festivals for the young people. On the two former the table is tastefully wreathed with evergreens, and the bouquets and presents nicely arranged upon them. Sometimes the child finds them ready for her when she awakes in the morning. The birthday cakes are eaten with coffee in the afternoon. They are a sort of sweet bread flavored with saffron, and with the initials of her name baked in it. But there are also light sponge-cakes covered with spun sugar-candy. Even in the depth of winter friends carry a few flowers, grown in pots, when they go to visit them.

Importance is attached to the blessings by the aged. As in the Bible we read of Isaac blessing Jacob, so in Norway the grandfather will bless the little child brought to him, and no doubt the prayer of the righteous man is heard. The scene is a solemn one, not to be forgotten by those who have witnessed it.

But Christmas Eve is the grand festival of the year, both with rich and poor. In the cottages the house is cleaned, the Sunday clothes are put on, white curtains are hung, and the tables are covered with white cloths. Everyone has been working for weeks before at the presents, which are sometimes thrown into the rooms so that the givers may be guessed at, not known. Sad and poor indeed must be the person who gets no Christmas gift. Thus, all through Christendom, "Goodwill to men" is shown when we celebrate the birth of our Saviour.

At four o'clock on Christmas morning there is service in the country churches, which, for the only time in the year, are then lighted with candles. It generally happens that there is frozen snow enough for sledging, and whole families crowd their sledges or sleighs and drive many miles to



CHRISTMAS CUSTOM IN NORWAY, FEEDING THE BIRDS.

church, while the bells "jangle across the snow." But there are no decorations, probably because of the extreme cold, and the scarcity of evergreens—the cold must be felt to be imagined, for few country churches are warmed. For Christmas decorations, however, they have the lofty pines covered with frozen snow, and the birches glittering with sleet. In the midst of them are the frozen lakes, over which glide the sledges, and upon which look down the moon and stars as if the Ice King were holding his court.

On Christmas day the Swedes have no turkey and plum pudding, as we have. The poor feast on salt fish, with horse-radish sauce, salt pork, rice, milk, and cakes; the rich on various dainties. They make holiday from Christmas to Twelfth Day, or at any rate, they do as little work as they can. All Christian countries keep this holy season, and, whatever their different manners, they celebrate it with reverence and joy.

There is a very pretty custom among the farmers and others. On Christmas morning the farm-wife carries bread from the granary to give among the poor; while the farmer places a sheaf of corn on a pole for the birds. The pole is sunk in the snow-covered ground, and left for the cold and hungry winged creatures, and you may be sure they enjoy their Christmas cheer as much as the young people.

The children have many games which are much like ours, and these they play indoors at Christmas-tide. They sing strange nursery rhymes while they play, and our little folk may just fancy them in their very cold northern homes, swaying to and fro, and singing pretty songs, which the following is a translation:—

SWEDEN, NORWAY AND DENMARK

A LULLABY.

A Magpie sat on the frosty shed,
 Shrieking in spiteful glee :
 "If baby's not good to-day," it said,
 "She shall taste of the birchen tree."*

"Oh, naughty Magpie," baby replied,
 "Pray sing not so of me,
 For I have been good and have not cried,
 So need not the birchen-tree."

Baby shall have a wagon of gold,
 And in it she oft shall ride ;
 A little whip in her hand shall hold,
 And crack it on every side.

Of cows and calves she has quite a store,
 And of fowls and ducks and pigs ;
 Of serving men and maids a score,
 With cats and dogs, merry as grigs.

Here is another child song.

Mother's own little crow
 Out for a ride would go,
 But found no one to drive her :
 This way, that way, the carriage would pitch,
 Backwards, forwards, and down in the ditch.†

The next best holiday to Christmas is Fastilevn, which comes on the first Monday in Lent. On this day the children are allowed to do whatever they please; the rest of the year their parents can be as strict as they wish to be. Now the little ones eat all the cakes, buns, and sweets they like and do anything else which is forbidden them at other times. I am sure you cannot guess what a strange custom the children have for that day. They all whip their mothers. Of course, it is all in fun. They take long twigs and fasten many colored ribbons and tissue paper around them. The first thing in the morning the children, laughing all the time, apply these fancy switches, following

* This must mean the "rod in pickle," kept for naughty children.

† This is sung by nurses to their charges, with appropriate action, and when "down in the ditch" comes, baby is tumbled over and tickled

their mother about until the last piece of paper is gone from each switch. Fastilevn, with its old custom, is supposed to make up for all the whippings the children receive throughout the rest of the year. Denmark, which is south of Sweden and Norway, is inhabited by the same race of people and is much the same in its customs. But it has some ways of its own also, of which we may speak.

When we go into a Danish middle-class house we find everything neat, and tidy, and clean. The drawing-room is like our own at home. It has pictures, a few albums, books and neat furniture, but there is no carpet. We do not remember any carpets in the Danish house we visited. In the next room to the reception-room was a study, and here five young ladies (sisters) were being taught by their governess. Even the youngest could speak and understand English, Danish, and French, for the Danes, like the Russians, can speak many languages.

In a Danish family the children have the "run of the house." The mother is almost the slave of her children. She educates them, and assists the older ones. She looks after the house and arranges everything connected with the children's schooling and dress. In Denmark there is generally no nursery.

Baby may perhaps be carried about by nurse, but after a while she goes and then the mother has all the care of her children. They are taught manners, and their games are watched over by "mamma" and "papa," for baby sleeps in her parents' room. So the Danish child grows up directly under her parents' eyes at meals and at all other times of the day.

When our little Dane is about six years old he goes to school; girls and boys are both taught early to read, write

and cipher. Then the higher school is sought, and the children trot off before nine o'clock, to remain till three or four o'clock at school, so you see there is not much time allowed for games, though no doubt the Danish boy and girl have their sports and fun like children everywhere.

When they leave school the boys go into business, and perhaps assist their father in his work; the girls stay at home until some suitors come and carry them away to homes of their own, where they can put in practice the lessons they have learnt, and profit by the good example they have had from their parents.

Denmark is rich in stories and legends of "trolls," or fairies, which come up and do all kinds of funny things. Then we hear of "nisses," or sprites, and every good Danish farm-wife will put out some porridge or other food for the nisses.

These sprites, as well as the "trolls," are sometimes full of mischief, and will not—according to common belief—let butter be churned when they have not been well treated.

The Danes are very careful about their bread; they look upon it as God's gift. An old legend is related of a girl who was carrying some loaves one day, and coming to a muddy place, she could not cross without dirtying her fine shoes, so she put the loaves in the mud and walked across it.

But what do you think happened to her? She had hardly stepped upon the loaves when they began to sink; and they sank, and sank, down, down to the very bottom of the mire; and the girl, it is said, was swallowed up, because she was so wicked and tread upon the bread.

In the spring in Denmark the girls go out and listen to the cuckoo. Then they kiss their hands to the bird, and say, "Cuckoo, when shall I marry?" Then the polite bird answers

“cuckoo” several times, and the number of times he cries “cuckoo” indicates the number of years that will pass before the girl will be married. So they say!

When you pass through Jutland, one of the Danish Isles, you will see, as we did, the storks in the chimneys of the farm-houses. The birds are supposed to bring “luck” to the home.

At Christmas time, according to a belief in Denmark, all the cattle sit up in their stalls. At twelve o'clock on Christmas Eve the cows rise up to “salute the happy morn,” and pay respects to Christmas day. Then cows and all the animals on the farm are well fed; and if they do not have turkey or roast goose, beef and plum pudding they get enough, and the dear old dog in the yard has bread given him as a great treat. He is then let loose, for he will not bite anyone on Christmas day, which is kept as a universal feast-day, as with us.

In Copenhagen we find a game called Montagne Russ, or Russ-bahn. This consists of two wooden towers. Between these towers two railway lines are laid, not regularly curving, but with a great wave in the middle. The truck which runs on this “Russian Railway” is furnished with an arm-chair in which there is room for two. The lads and lasses seat themselves, and take care to hold tight. The truck is pushed over the brink of the slope and down it darts at a tremendous pace; then up and down the curved wave of line in the centre, and in half a moment it rushes up the opposite and final slope to the other tower, where the passengers alight. If they want to return they must go by the other line, which runs alongside.

This is a popular amusement, and numbers seem to enjoy it. The scenic railways in our amusement parks are copied from these slides in Copenhagen.

The Danish child is, perhaps, hard worked, but he is never poor. His parents must have him educated up to fourteen, and then he must go to work and help them. The girls keep little pots of flowers in the windows of the farm-houses, and very pretty they look. The Danes are well educated and have much self respect. They make good use of their time when they are young, and get the advantage of this in their old age.

Holland and Belgium.



ROSY-CHEEKED, round-faced, fair-haired children of Holland, we hardly know whether to introduce the boys and girls of our own country to you in the winter or the summer. The spring and autumn we shall avoid, for then a great part of your kingdom is like a large lake or sea, dotted with little patches of marshy land, each of them just large enough to hold a windmill, a willow-tree, and a forlorn-looking cottage, or a mound or two to which you can fly for safety in the event of a flood.

This is not cheerful-looking, and we should like our readers to see you at your best—in the summer-time, perhaps, when you are sailing your tiny boats on the canals, or ponds, or lakes; or when you are playing before your clean, red-tiled green or blue shuttered cottages; or are wandering in the green meadows among the sleek black-and-white cattle; or are assembling on the little pier of your native village to wash your pans, and jars, and dishes, and baskets, and await the arrival of the boats that bring you in stores of fish; or are

sailing down the rivers on the rafts which have been your homes from your birth. In winter, too, they would, we think, sometimes envy you when all your ponds and lakes and canals are covered with thick ice, and you put on your skates and skim swiftly along like so many water-birds; for, compared to yourselves, American girls and boys, who are so

fond of sliding and skating, get so little of these amusements.

What fine fun to skate to school and back, to skate to market for apples and nuts, to skate in companies—consisting of five or six rows, with five or six boys and girls in each row, all taking hands—to skate to a neighboring village or town—to have skating-matches, skating-games, skating-clubs!

Yes! decidedly, Holland must be visited in the winter, and the ‘Vyver’—the beauti-



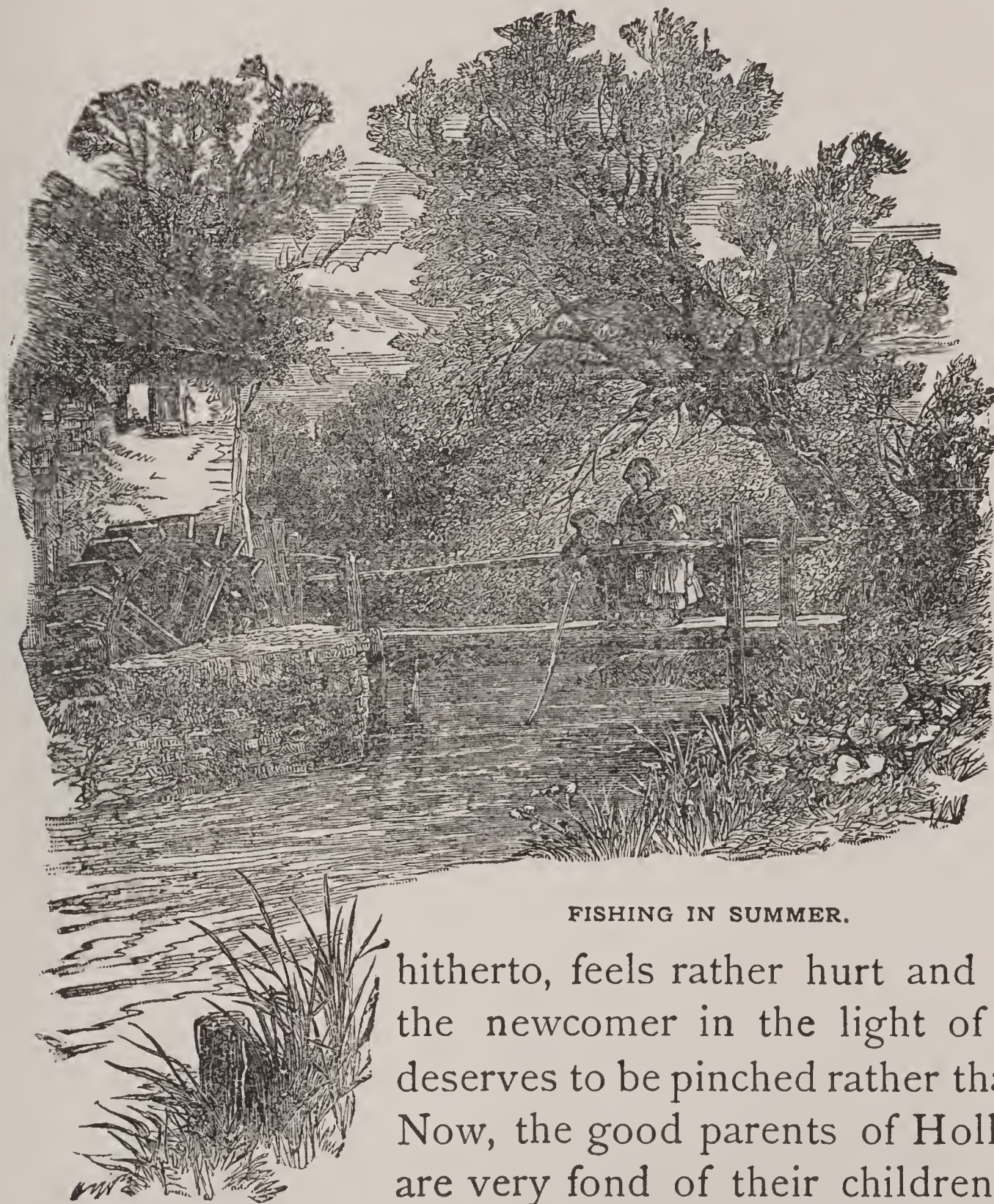
AN OLD WINDMILL.

ful pond or lake in the centre of the Hague, the wealthiest town in Holland—which we thought so lovely in summer, when majestic swans were sailing on it, and many-colored ducks and other water-fowl were swimming about, is still lovelier when the trees around are heavy with sparkling snow, and long icicles are hanging from rock and grotto, and Court ladies in velvet and furs, and Court gentlemen, and the children of wealthy citizens, and simple school-boys and school-girls are all amusing themselves together on its polished surface. But before we begin to speak of girls and boys who are old

enough to skate, we must tell you something about the very young children and the babies of Holland, and especially of a strange and pretty custom observed throughout the country.

When the children of a family are told that they have

a new brother or sister, they are not always willing to welcome it as they should. The youngest especially, who has been "baby"



FISHING IN SUMMER.

hitherto, feels rather hurt and considers the newcomer in the light of one who deserves to be pinched rather than kissed. Now, the good parents of Holland, who are very fond of their children, and try to spare them all unnecessary pain, have hit upon an excellent plan to make baby welcome. As he lies in his cradle, which is like the English one, they fill his little arms with trumpet-shaped bags brimful of little sweetmeats, and these

are divided among the children as baby's presents. Baby continues to give these tiny bits of candy—which the children eat on bread and butter and are very fond of—for the space of six weeks, when he is supposed to have established his right to exist.

Babies are dressed very much as in America, except that, in some cases, a queer old custom is held to of wrapping up their heads in three caps—one of cambric, another of silk, and a third of lace.

The christening always takes place on a Sunday, and after the christening there is a grand dinner, to which all the relatives are invited.

Birthdays are always celebrated in Holland and Belgium. Visits of congratulation are paid, presents and bouquets given, and if it be the birthday of father or mother, one of the children recites a piece of poetry, a copy of which, written on an ornamented piece of paper, is presented to the parents to keep.

As a rule, children dine with the parents, but they are never allowed to use a knife. They take the fork in their right hand, and are taught to rest the left hand on the table by the side of the plate.

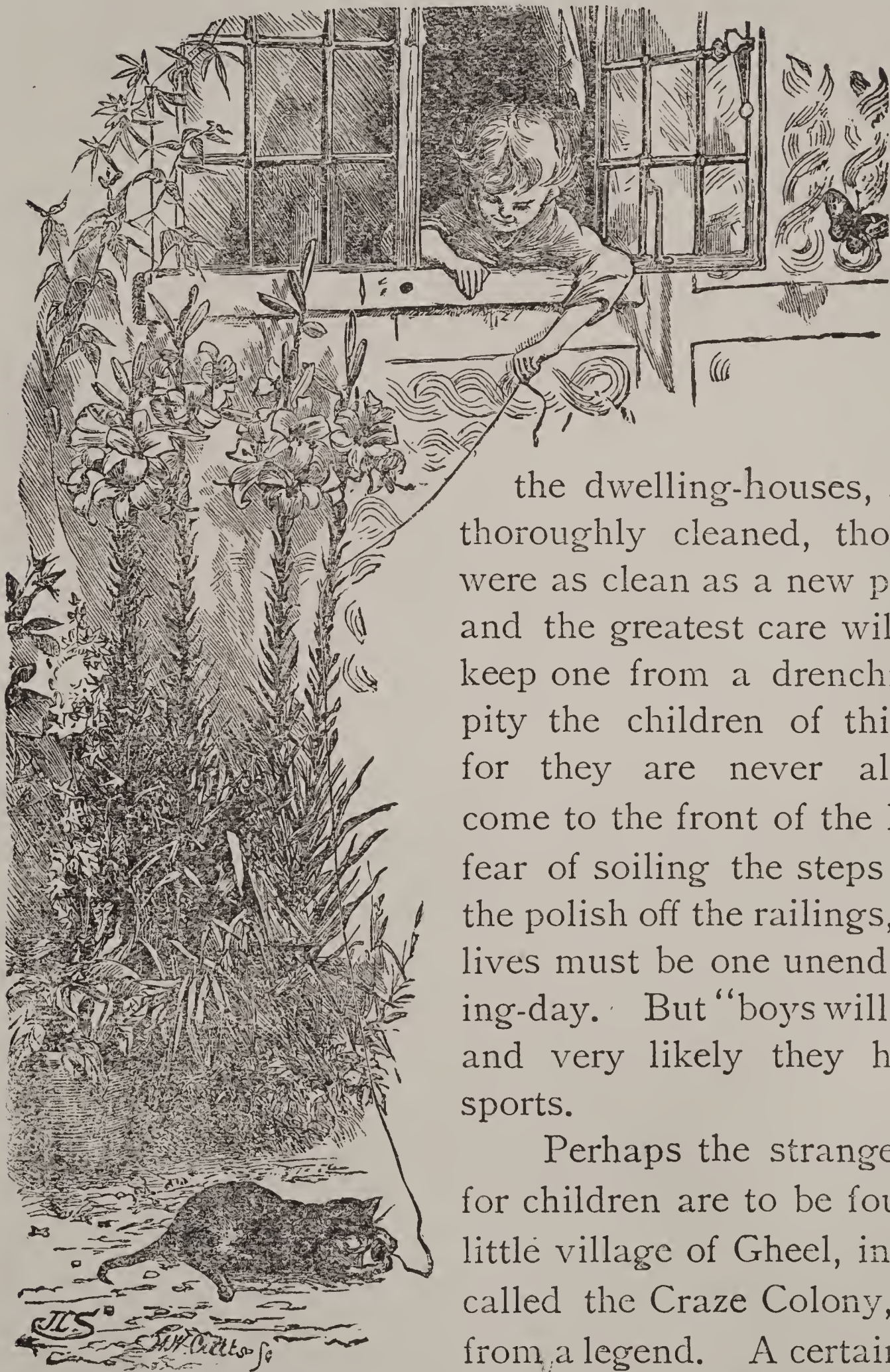
What are the homes of the children of Holland and Belgium like? We shall describe a few. The wealthy inhabitants of The Hague live in villas, mansions, or palaces, where all the luxuries and splendors of the East are collected. They hold so-called Indian festivals, when houses and gardens are brightly lit up, when rich draperies cover walls and windows, when gold and silver plate is spread out on table and sideboard, when all the guests appear in splendid dresses and wear diamonds and pearls, and when great vases are filled with lovely flowers.

A very different home has the raftsman, and yet I doubt if it has not more charms for children than the wealthy mansion. The raftsman lives on his raft with wife and children. The raft is composed of trunks of trees laid side by side, and bound together. On these, planks are laid and a pretty cottage of two stories is built, containing sitting-room and bed-rooms; the windows are curtained, the shutters are gaily painted; there are even balconies round the cottage, full of plants and bright flowers. The raftsman's trade is to buy pots and kettles in Germany, and sell them in his own country. His children spend all their early life on these rafts, and pleasant it must be, as they float down the many canals through the prettily-wooded districts in Belgium or even in flat Holland, where there is always something of interest for them—the storks they love so well, the delicate heron, the water-fowl and the sea-birds that fly in flocks far inland to take baths in the lakes as a change from their wild ocean life.

Then there is the usual home of the Dutch peasant boy and girl. The kitchen is the principal room, and very comfortable it looks, with its red brick floor, strewn with fresh red sand, its brick hearth, its tiled walls, polished chairs and tables, and copper kettles and sauce pans, as bright as scrubbing can make them.

The Dutch are very clean, and are obliged to be so, for, in their damp country, if they were not constantly rubbing and polishing, rust and mould would soon spoil their houses, their furniture, and all their cooking utensils. The cleanest village in the world is said to be Brook or Brock. There, as in all Holland, it is dangerous to walk in the streets on Saturday without an umbrella and thick clogs, however fine the day may be; for water is being squirted on

the front of each house, and bucketfuls are being poured out of each window, or are being dashed on steps and pave-



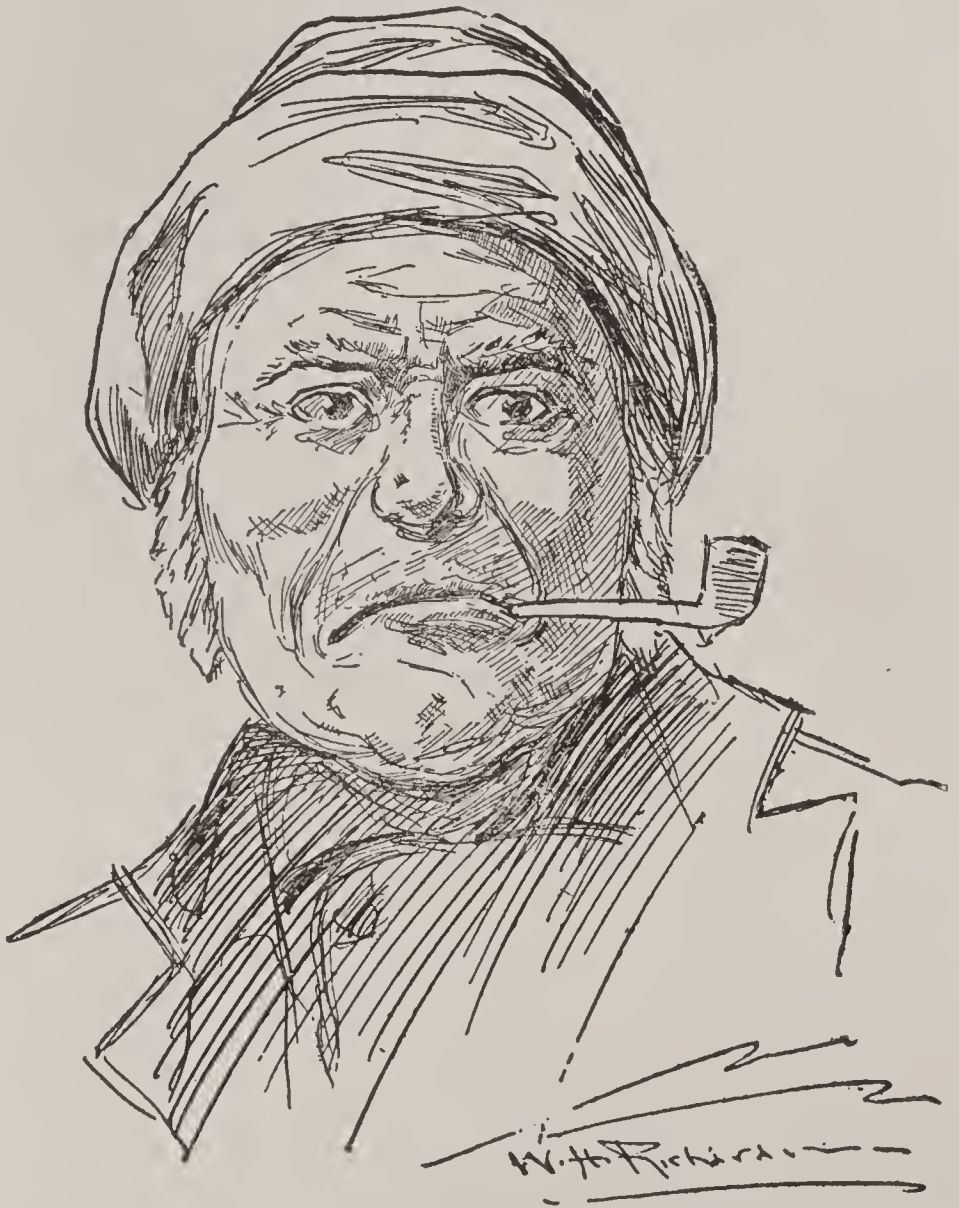
PLAYING WITH THE CAT.

ment;
and the
dairies
and cow-
houses,
which
are fre-
quently
part of

the dwelling-houses, are being thoroughly cleaned, though they were as clean as a new pin before, and the greatest care will scarcely keep one from a drenching. We pity the children of this village, for they are never allowed to come to the front of the house, for fear of soiling the steps or taking the polish off the railings, and their lives must be one unending washing-day. But "boys will be boys," and very likely they have their sports.

Perhaps the strangest homes for children are to be found in the little village of Gheel, in Belgium, called the Craze Colony, so called from a legend. A certain Princess Dymphna, good and pious, was

persecuted by her wicked relatives, and slain in this little corner of Belgium. In due time Princess Dymphna was made a saint and the sick and the unfortunate flocked to the little chapel where she used to worship. Some lunatics who were among the number recovered their reason. Since that time each of the poor weavers who make up the village, has permission to receive into his family one lunatic. Being constantly with the children, playing with them, and working with them at the easy tasks allotted them, but, above all, being kindly and familiarly treated by the family, these unfortunates, almost all of whom are gentle, soon recover. A touching tale is told of a German lunatic who had lost his reason from suddenly losing his money and becoming poor. His host at Gheel died, and the family were left in great distress.



A DUTCH FISHERMAN.

The lunatic saw and understood the cause of the trouble in the household. Thinking on the matter seemed to restore his reason; and the result was that he calmly and quietly took the charge of the family on himself, worked for them, and supported them.

In a country which has had so many artists, art is of

course thought much of. In many schools the children are allowed to draw pictures on their slates for one hour every day, and if a child shows any talent he generally finds some one to help him on, or he works his way to fame by his own efforts. The dress of the Dutch and Belgian boys and girls is sometimes very quaint and pretty. The girls wear gaily-embroidered bodices, red skirts, and buckled shoes, necklaces, and other ornaments. When they grow older they wear a kind of gold or silver helmet, a lace cap on the top of that, and sometimes a bonnet besides. The boys and men wear wide, baggy trousers, reaching to the knee, black worsted stockings, buckled shoes, jackets trimmed with large coins, many of them of gold and silver, and small felt caps.

Some of the children's amusements are much the same as in our own country. One of the favorite games, for instance, especially of the poorer children, is very similar to the American "Jacks," only they call it "Knuckle bones."

On the Sunday before Whitsuntide the children rise very early, and the one who is dressed first goes to the different bed-room doors, knocks, and says or sings:—

Lazy Loon,
Sleepy head,
Lie a bed,
Don't get up till noon.

The last to rise in the house, generally the father or mother, is expected to give every member of the household a special kind of hot bun, which is always prepared in readiness.

Easter is celebrated by giving eggs; but the festival that all, more especially in Belgium, delight in the most, is that of Santa Claus, or St. Nicholas, the special patron saint of the children.

Santa Claus sends his presents done up in wonderful



A YOUNG HELPER.

disguises, or hidden in cabbages, turnips or pumpkins; or perhaps he will appear in person. Then he is laden with toys of all descriptions. While the children are gazing attentively at the toys and Santa Claus, papa in the background contrives unseen to throw bonbons into the air, which fall among the children, and are supposed by them to descend from the skies.

Now and then, when the children are growing too old and too wise to believe without doubt in Santa Claus, the parents or elder brothers and sisters adopt means to revive their faith.

They dress the coachman or gardener in a white fur cloak, and place him on a white pony. They give him a long flaxen beard and wig, and place a huge bishop's mitre on his head; and an immense gilt cross on his breast. Then they fill his arms with presents, and tell him to gallop round the house.

The dogs begin to bark; the children rush to the windows and peep.

Well! after all, Santa Claus is Santa Claus, for there he is, plainly to be seen in the moonlight, and, best of all, not empty-handed. Hurrah! for the presents, let them come from whom they will. The children are brave enough to go and receive their presents from Santa Claus himself, who bends gravely from the pony, and delivers them in silent dignity, but they do not trust themselves to stay near him too long. Back they go, to enter the enchanted room, to pick up the little figure of man or woman who stands on the door-mat with suspiciously bulged-out pockets, to search these pockets and the wide boots, to dive into the crowns of the hats and bonnets, or carefully to examine the many other hiding places for Santa Claus' gifts.

France.



LET us now take the train for Paris. What funny trains we do find in Europe. They are not at all like ours. Their carriages, as the cars are called, are of three kinds, first, second, and third-class, and each car is divided into little rooms which hold six, eight or ten persons. A door and two small windows

are in each end of a compartment. The first and second classes have cushioned seats, but there are only wooden benches in the third.

It would seem that travelers, especially those in the third class, find that the trains make them hungry. They love to picnic and very often we see them opening their lunch baskets and bringing out nice sandwiches and oranges and the time passes quickly until they reach their journey's end.

Now that we are in France, we must be careful to speak French and be very polite in our inquiries. Let us look around.

Everywhere we see soldiers and men in uniforms, and we wonder why everything looks so warlike. But that is their

way in Europe, and we must say that all the many colors, the shining helmets and glittering swords look very pretty in the sunlight and do much to brighten up the street scenes.

All nations have their special traits not only in language, but also in character, costume, education, amusements, and in religion. These differences are seen even in infancy; so child-life in France and elsewhere has its distinctions both

in the prince and the peasant.

The baby and the nurse of a grand Parisian lady form a sight worth seeing. The nurse usually comes from Burgundy, and is a black-eyed, high-colored, round-faced woman, very picturesquely dressed. She



SPINNING TOPS.

wears neither bonnet nor hat, but a cap with a full border, having around it a puffing of handsome ribbon, the ends of which are so long that they sometimes reach to the bottom of her skirt; so that one is inclined to think the rank of the mistress is shown by the length of the ribbon-tails at the back of the servant's head.

Beneath these flowing ribbons is a long, round cloak, generally of the same color, which serves to shelter the infant. The cherry-color cloak and ribbons contrast prettily with the baby's white dress.

Education does not greatly differ from that in England, and is sometimes acquired at home, sometimes at school. Boys go early to the colleges, which are numerous, and in which the pupils wear a uniform. This resembles the dress



A FRENCH RAILROAD TRAIN.

of an American telegraph-boy, and is generally of dark blue with brass buttons, and has a red stripe down the side of the trousers. The cap is like a midshipman's. But each college has something in the costume to distinguish it from its fellows. The pupils have every reason to be good students, and it is, indeed, hard for them to be idle, because their tutors and governors are constantly with them at work, at play, and

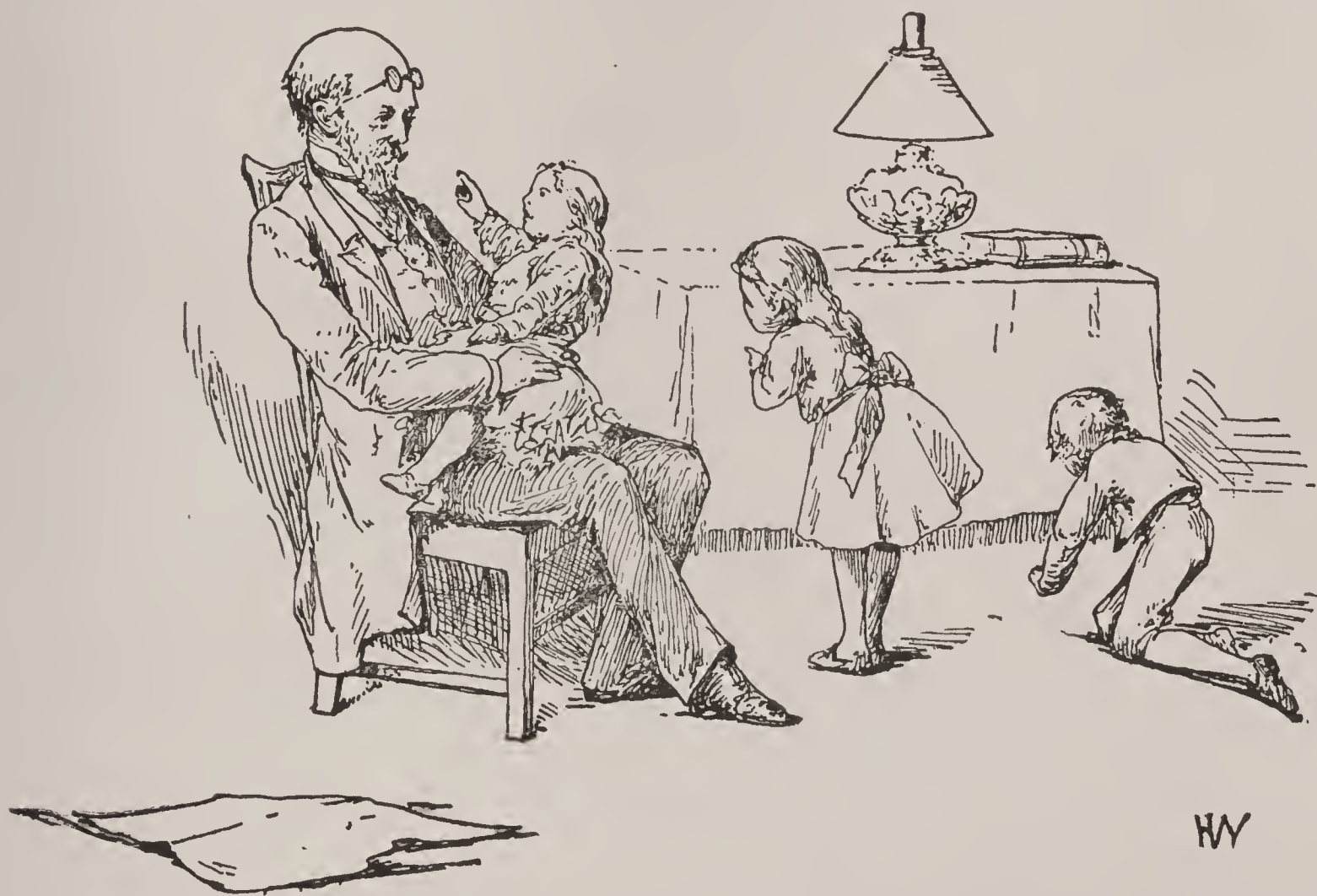
even while asleep. Rewards are offered for every new thing learned and the best students have hopes of being given a badge of honor. This is sought by young and old alike, and boys have sometimes ribbons on their breasts, of which they are very proud. Perhaps this helps to make them little men before their time, for they are always very polite, and behave as well as their elders. It is their custom, and that of all French people, to ask and reply to questions with the addition of Monsieur, Madame, or Mademoiselle, which renders their conversation far less abrupt than ours.

Although the French are very lively and talkative, silence is strictly enforced during school-hours, and any pupil who chatters loses both play-time and reward. As morning school usually opens at eight o'clock and continues till nearly twelve, these hours of silence, save for the purposes of instruction are hard to keep but are not often broken.

Girls are educated on the same principles. If they go to a day-school, they enter and leave silently, although there may be forty, fifty, or even sixty pupils. Where there is so large a number, the school is divided into two principal classes, which are again divided into four divisions each. The girls from five to twelve years of age fill those from the eighth to the fifth, and those from thirteen to eighteen are placed in the divisions from four to one. The idle pupil is kept in her division until she rises by industry; and so it is everywhere—perseverance wins the day. When the girls begin lessons they put on a black *sarrau*, or sort of smock-frock, to protect their garments from the ink. This reaches from the chin to the bottom of the skirt, and effectually keeps the dress from being soiled, but the rows of black robes make them look like a flock of crows.

Children eat a great deal of bread and fruit, which they munch at all hours of the day, and are very fond of. The poor children stand about the cafés and restaurants with a piece of bread in their hands, which they think tastes all the better for the fumes that proceed from these places, so that they may almost be said to eat through their noses.

It is customary in Paris for the principals of the various colleges and schools to take their pupils for recreation



to the different large squares and gardens. Here they enjoy their various sports. Skipping with a rope is much in favor amongst the girls; hoops, balls, and battledore and shuttlecock are much liked. They are also very fond of blind man's buff, and there is a pretty game which is played by children throwing hoops by means of two long sticks, from one to another, and catching them on two other sticks. It is very graceful and used to be popular in English schools.

French children have many holidays. Thursday is the general one in all the schools. But they love New Year's day the best, because that is a universal day of festival. Everybody visits everybody to give good wishes, and "kisses on both cheeks," as is the French custom. Presents seem to fall from the skies, and poor indeed must be the child who has not one. On this day the boulevards, or streets edged with trees, are full of people, old and young, and everyone seems in good humor. The Zoological Gar-



dens are full, for here the children never tire of the animals, and love to watch the big ostrich pull the little carriage full of small youngsters. Truly it is a gala-day.

So, too, is Pâques, or

Easter, with its shops full of Easter eggs, made of chocolate, sugar, and what not, which contain all sorts of nice things and are sometimes as big as one's head. Dolls in full dress, and elegant gifts of every sort come out of them. But they are scarcely as curious as the *poissons d'Avril*, or April fish. Instead of making "fools" on the 1st of April, they make presents in France and call them "April fish." Fish of every kind and size are

manufactured, chiefly of papier mache, and filled with all sorts of funny articles. A pink salmon, a silver trout, a gigantic crocodile will even attract the children, and cause them a great deal of amusement.

In one way, the French girls are very fortunate. Their mothers train them from the beginning to please their future husbands, teach them how to take care of a home of their own and to make a success of this chief end in their lives.

The young ladies are very particular about their



dressses, and would rather spoil their games than their flounces.

They, like the boys, have very elegant manners, and are full of life and ready wit.

No French child is allowed to sit at the family table until he or she can behave and eat in a perfectly polite manner. It is bad manners there, no matter what your age, to leave uneaten a single morsel that you have allowed to be put on your plate. They think that this would imply that the food

is not so good as it looked. All French children, even of the poorest classes, are neat and clean and tidy almost beyond that of any other country. Though they may not have the pluck and fool-hardiness of our own children, they can teach us much of courtesy and politeness which makes life easier to live. "What perfume is to flowers, good breeding and gentle behavior are to children." By being taught from their cradles and acting in a polite and thoughtful manner, they gradually *become* gentle and courteous, which in no way interferes with sturdy honesty or rugged strength of character.

Automobiling is one of the favorite pastimes of the French, so to see the little country children, off we go at a rate that almost takes our breath away. We see no fences or bridges for miles.

A baby has just been born in a town we pass through, the town doctor is hurrying to be sure that the child's sex has not been wrongly stated to him. A few hours later, the father calls at the Mayor's office, and, with at least two witnesses present, fills out a most important document—the certificate of baby's birth and names. All through life there will be little he can do without it. He must show it when he wishes to marry, when he enters school, the church or the army, nor can he be buried without it.

Before he can walk, even, he has learned to drink cider. The French children are great cider drinkers. It is a sour, bitter stuff, unlike our own, but apparently wholesome, for they can thrive upon it in hard work, and work they must as soon as they can walk.

They rise very early all their lives and are earnest, industrious children. They know nothing, as a rule, of the rest of the world, but they do know every flower that grows

on their father's farm, every bee that hums about them, every bird that flies past, or nests in the branches of the trees. What they cannot see does not interest them. They believe some of the funniest things. They are all sure that soup made of melted candles and red wine will cure a cold. They all know a prayer that will cure measles, a prayer that will wipe off freckles, a prayer that will set a broken leg, a prayer that will sweeten a sour temper. These prayers will be devoutly repeated when the occasion arrives. They have forms of prayer to drive devils and foul spirits away or to cure an earache. We cannot help smiling at all this foolishness, but then remember that they have never been taught to know better.

As we pass through the country towns, we see that every village has its large open square where nearly all the marketing is done out in the open air rather than in shops. Everything is sold here. Old clothes, iron locks, crockery, jewelry, furniture, geese, ducks, chickens, horses and cows, and all else that there is to be sold. Big umbrellas are stuck up to keep off sun and rain and it looks like a field of big mushrooms.

Every village has its patron saint and in his honor every year a fête day is celebrated which visitors from far and near come to attend. Preparations are made for weeks beforehand, but the greatest attraction for the children is the fair. These fairs, as the French call them, move about the country in wagons like an old fashioned circus, always arriving at a town for some special occasion. The owners live much like gypsies, selling all sorts of things, giving little plays, or doing tricks of strength. There are merry-go-rounds and shooting galleries. Boys try their skill throwing balls into the mouth of a painted figure and win, if they can

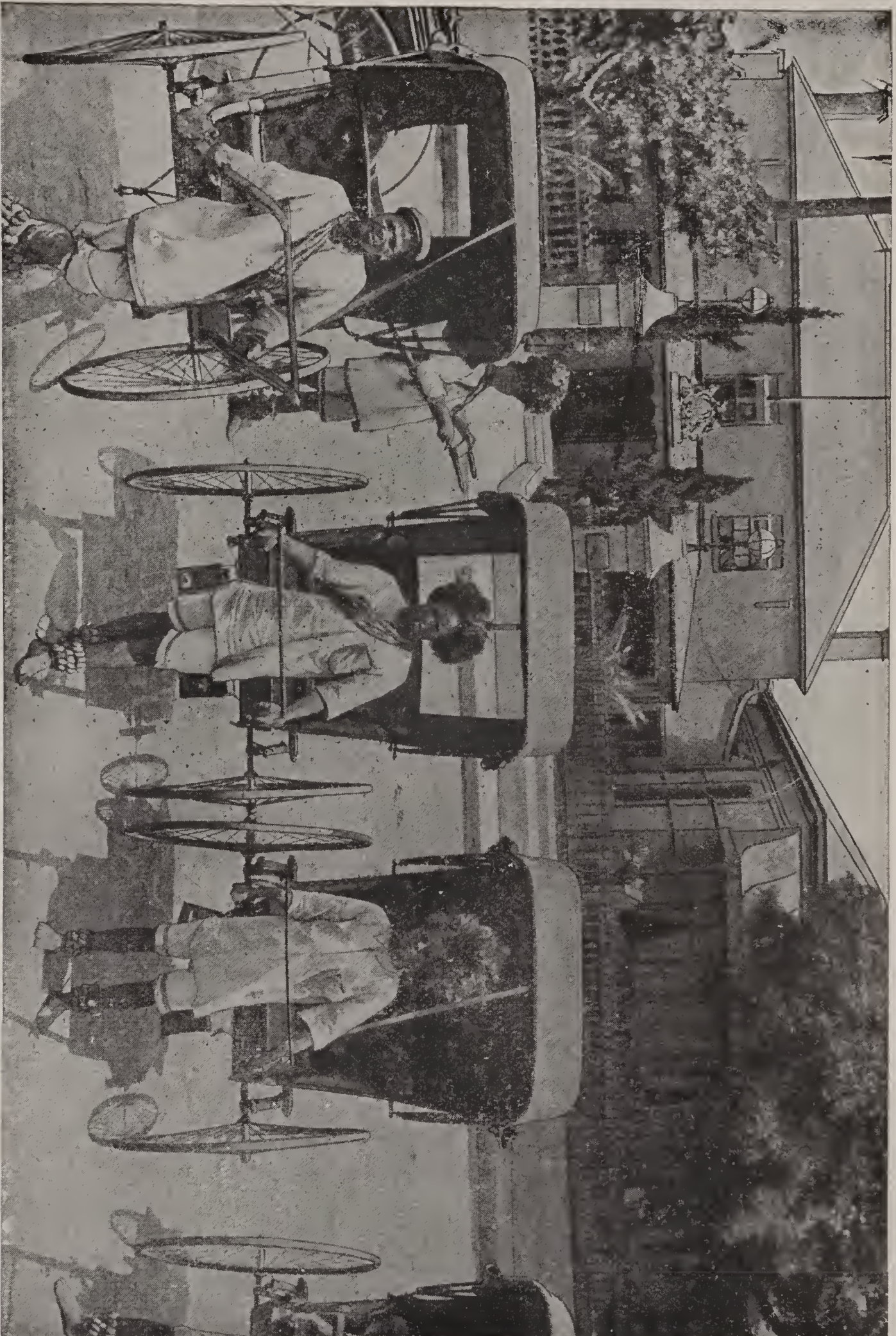
do it, a wonderful knife that contains everything from a corkscrew to a file. In the evening, there are fireworks and a torch-light procession up and down the streets which are all decorated with flags, wreaths, gay streamers and paper lanterns. Rival bands blare at each other across the square and all is laughter and fun making. Often a regular circus will arrive at the same time and the fête will last over two or three



THE CIRCUS IS COMING

days. The finest events are saved up for the last day, and the children take part in many games especially prepared for them.

Between two poles are hung a dozen or more buckets filled with water, all except one in which, however, there is a new five-franc piece. To each bucket is attached a string. A little boy, after he is blind-folded, is turned around a few times, and then he starts toward the line of strings, hoping to pull the one of the buckets holding the five-franc piece. It is hard to do and many times, down comes a pail full of water on his head while the watching crowd laugh and jeer



RICKSHAW BOYS IN DURBAN, SOUTH AFRICA

Tourists in many countries travel the streets and roads in these light two-wheeled wagons. The rickshaw boys draw them easily at a swift pace and for very little money.



NEW YEAR'S PARADE OF GERMAN CHILDREN

Each boy and girl is dressed to represent one of the twelve months of the year. This pictures hows January leading the other months.

to their hearts' content, The boy who finally succeeds is the hero of the occasion.

Another "stunt," as we would say, is to extend a pole out over a pond or river. Fastened at regular spaces and pointed downward, are wooden pegs well greased. You can imagine how hard it is to swing from one to another of these pegs, out to the end where a bag of money is fastened. Many who try slip into the water to the intense amusement of the bystanders. Then there are diving and swimming matches and so the fun goes on until at last the tents are folded away, the wagons drive slowly off, but the memory of those happy days lives all through the following months while they plan for the one "next year."

Now that we are traveling in an automobile, let us run over into the neighboring country of Germany and see what our little cousins there are like.

Germany.



GERMAN BABY.

IN our account of child-life in Germany, as in other lands, it is best to begin at the beginning, and the beginning is, there and everywhere, the little baby. Fortunately, the German baby is a quaint and interesting little morsel of humanity, and is very well worthy of a few words about little him or her. In his own country he figures largely in all picture-books, is seen in the baker's shop-windows at Eastertime in the form of cakes, with two great currants for his eyes, and dangles in sugar from at least one branch of every Christmas-tree; besides being imitated for a variety of other purposes.

He is wrapped up in a long, narrow pillow, which is turned up at the little feet, and tucked under the dimpled chin. Three bands of bright blue ribbon are, as shown in our picture, passed round this pillow in different places, and tied in large bows in front. In this state nothing of the baby is visible but the small round face, and that is encircled, and partly hidden, by a cap.

This mode of swaddling has its advantages.

Baby's limbs are in no danger of being broken by an accidental fall; he cannot scratch his little face to pieces with his sharp, rosy nails, after the manner of American babies; and he may be placed on a table, a shelf, or the counter of a shop, like a plate of soup, or a loaf of bread, or a parcel of goods, or anything else which cannot move. The other side of the question is this: Would not the baby prefer to kick his legs about in freedom, and stretch his arms and limbs, and would not he become all the stronger for the exercise?

Besides this, there is such a thing as placing too great confidence in baby's complete safety when strapped up in his cushion.

A party of peasants once had to carry their child some distance before they came to the church in which it was to be christened. It was winter, and the snow lay thick on the ground. After the christening ceremony, the parents, the sponsors, and the friends took something to eat at a near-by inn, to prepare themselves for the return journey.

They then set out in great good humor, and reached home safely with the pillow, but there was no baby in it. Perhaps they had by mistake held the pillow upside down; perhaps the blue bows had become loose; at any rate the baby had slipped out, and was found lying on the snow, half-way between the church and the village. Fortunately, he was a sturdy young peasant-child, and escaped with a cold in his head, which the fond parents tried to cure on reaching home by popping him, pillow and all, into the oven, that was still warm from the baking of the christening-cake!

After the baby is released from his pillow-bondage he passes a year or two in much the same way as children of his tender age do in other countries, entering gradually into the

wonderland of fable and poetry. The very word Germany suggests ruined castles, fairies, dwarfs, giants, witches and good and bad spirits. Along the River Rhine, as in fact all through Germany, we constantly find ourselves near some old massive stone ruin. It seems ever ready to tell stories of long ago—"Of brave Knights who defended its walls, of beautiful princesses saved from harm, of sturdy boys and sweet-faced girls who once played in the gardens." For the Germans are an ancient and brave people, who have often had to fight terrible foes.



PLAYING SOLDIER.

As to fairies, it seems as though the dark forest, sunny valleys, and beautiful rivers were the natural homes of sprites and elves, the water spirits and wizards. The little German child absorbs, as part of the very air he breathes, many, many of the legends of fearful giants and enchanted castles, of which his country is the home.

He does not trouble himself to doubt the existence of

the fairies and spirits of which he hears, but believes in them all—Pelzmartel, Santa Claus, Frau Holle. He loves some of the inmates of this strange realm and fears others. But he has more real dread of the chimney-sweep, who, his nurse tells him, will run away with him if he is not a good boy, than of any of the unseen inhabitants of fairyland. It is our cousins in Germany whom we must thank for most of the wonderful fairy stories that we love so well.

The little German girl is early taught to help her mother about the house and to take her share cheerfully and gladly of the work that must be done.

But above everything she is taught to love the Christ-child.

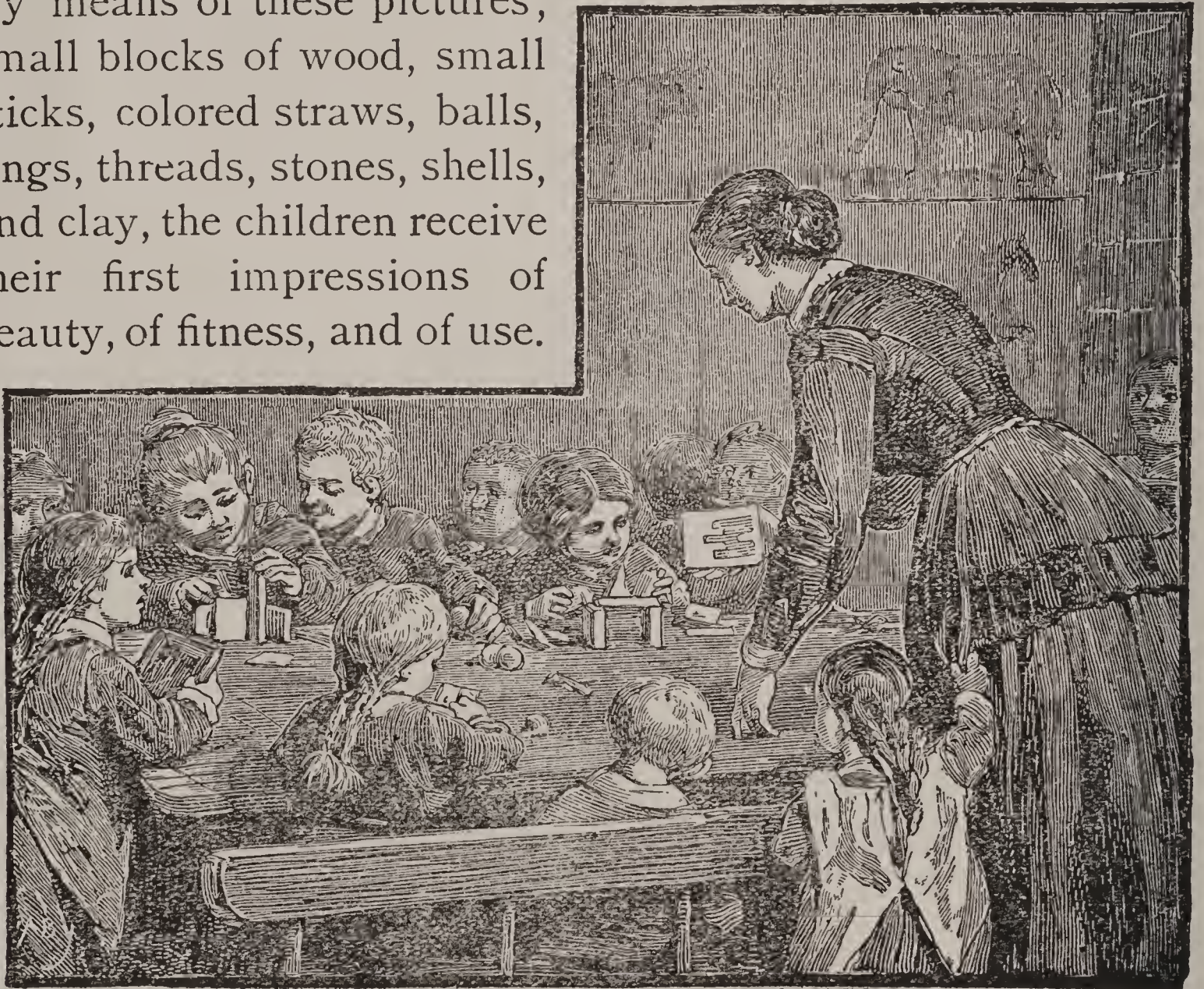
In many parts of Germany it is customary, on the morning of the day before Christmas, to let a figure, representing the Christ-child, wave past the window of the room where the little ones sleep. Only half-awake, in the gray of the morning, they see this little child-figure flit dimly past, and go to sleep again in the happy knowledge that the Christ-child has not forgotten them, and that they will have abundance of presents round His tree in the evening. In Germany the presents are always distributed on Christmas-eve instead of on Christmas morning, as is the custom with some of us.

In this manner pass the few years between the fairyland of fable-lore and the real life of home discipline. The rod has still a fixed place in all German households. It peers from behind the looking-glass all the year round, and is always adorned at Christmas with a bright new ribbon, which is bound round it with much ceremony.

When the little ones are four years old, or even younger, many of them go for some hours in the day to the *kindergar-*

ten. A good man, named Fröbel, who had the welfare of children at heart, started these *kindergarten* (children's gardens) years ago and now they have spread over much of the world.

The rooms in which they are held are provided with low benches, and the walls are decorated with bright pictures. By means of these pictures, small blocks of wood, small sticks, colored straws, balls, rings, threads, stones, shells, and clay, the children receive their first impressions of beauty, of fitness, and of use.



IN A KINDERGARTEN.

In what they call their play-school, they build, they plait, they draw, they paint, cut out, lay on, mould, and model; and all that they do, simple as it is, must be done with care, method and order. Short tales are told, and the shortest words are used in the telling, for if a big word creeps into the narrative the children cannot remember it.

But they are not suffered to sit too long. Constant change is the order of the day. From time to time the mistress makes a sign, and all leave their play-work and assemble round her. "This is the way we clap our hands when we march round the school," says she, suiting the action to the word, and the little ones form themselves into a kind of procession, and follow her movements, clapping and shouting to their hearts' content.

Singing, of course, is not forgotten. The simplest words are put to the simplest melodies, and are sung with a will. They love singing from their earliest days, and it seems as though every boy and girl in the whole country takes to it as naturally as a duck takes to the water. They sing with a love of what they are singing as though the tune were a part of their very selves. As you know, some of the finest musicians have been Germans and their gifts to the world in this way have been many.

The boys carry their books, and sometimes their dinner, in a small knapsack which is strapped on their shoulders,

like a soldier's
knapsack.

On the Continent you will often see children carrying these knapsacks and looking as if they were enjoying a walking-tour, in-



"PLEASE GIVE IT TO ME!"

stead of only going to school. But walking tours are often taken by boys with a master, in Germany or Switzerland. Once the tale of Goliath and David was related. The teacher described the giant with his *panzerhemd* (shirt of mail) and David in his shepherd's dress. Then he asked questions. They were all answered till he said, "What had Goliath on?" Then no one spoke. *Panzerhemd* was too long a word.



"I'VE FORGOTTEN."

At last one urchin stretched out a chubby little fist to intimate that he knew. "Well, Mase," said the teacher, "what had Goliath on?" "Please, sir, a *hemdlein*!" answered the voice. A *hemdlein* is a little baby shirt.

The school day begins early in Germany, for the elder boys have all to be at their places in school by seven o'clock from Easter to October, and by eight in the winter. The little ones and the girls are expected by eight all the year around. So you see that our little German cousins have at least an hour more of school each day than we have.

The girls are punished by bad notes. If a girl has three bad notes she must report herself to the Director, or Rector, as he is called, and this is considered a great disgrace.

Singing and gymnastics belong to the school duties. Gymnastics, especially, is always attended to, and takes the place in Germany that the national games do in our country.

The principal out-door amusements, if we except the numberless games common to all countries (as "I spy," "Puss in the Corner," and the like), are skating and sleighing in winter, and soldiering in summer.



CHINESE SCHOOL CHILDREN

These little folks are having their morning exercises in school. The ones on the left are learning the names of the flowers they hold in their han is while those on the right are holding up their hands to say "I know," just as we do in this country.



INDIAN WOMAN OF BOLIVIA AND HER BABY

The little child of Bolivia rides on his mother's back all day long in a small sack, which is fastened around her shoulders.



GOING TO CHURCH ON SKEES

The favorite method of travel in Canada and in Norway and Sweden. Racing and jumping on these "shoe-sleds" is very popular with the children.

Sleighbing is a great amusement, and lasts many weeks in Germany, when winter is a long and cold season, and is sure to bring heavy falls of snow and sharp frost. The frost may last as long as it likes, and frequently does last for a couple of months. A fine chance this for skating; fine for sleighbing! For this latter amusement Nature has to lend a willing hand, too. More or less gentle slopes and hills not too far out of town, and yet so far that the police will not stop the sport, are the favors required of her.

Old Winter and Nature being obliging, the children make the best use of all their holiday hours; and, pulling their fur or worsted caps over their ears, and thrusting their hands into their moleskin gloves, hurry away to the tops of the hills with their sleds and come sliding down the frozen slope in high glee. The steeper the hill and the more numerous the sleighers, the wilder and more dangerous the sport, and the more loved by the boys, who almost prefer it to the summer's amusement of soldiering.

In a military land like Germany, the gay uniforms, the music, the flags, the parades are the first things that attract a child's eye, and his earliest wish is for a helmet, a wooden sword, and a drum. Sometimes papa presents his young son with a whole suit of uniform for his birthday;



"I'M SORRY, MAMMA."

and it is very funny to see a hero of six march with dignity up and down before his father's house, or touch his cap with martial salute.

As the boy grows older the military spirit continues. In most parts of Germany every saint's day is a school holiday. Besides this, there are half-holidays for heat. If the day is very warm the schoolboy is given a holiday in the afternoon. These precious afternoons are occupied in making excursions to some fine old ruin, a cloister or a fort. They wear many a stray scrap of armor, helmets of all descriptions, a mail shirt or two and spurs, and all have wooden swords, an old gun that has long since ceased firing, or a blunt sabre, brought from some distant land and kept at



THE SPY'S EXECUTION.

home as a relic. On one of the heights that surround the town, perhaps in the middle of a wood, stands a fort of rude construction, that has been made by boys in remote years, and has been used by generations of boys since. Here the flag is hoisted; the boys divide into two parties—one party “mans” the fort and defends the flag, the other tries to cross the moat and storm the position, as we have shown in our illustration on another page.

Of course there is plenty of noise; and the blast of the never-failing horn, and the shouts of the boys, often guide father and mother, who are taking their afternoon walk, to

the spot. The mothers look on with something like terror, fearful of sprained ankles, wounds and bruises; but the father enjoys the sight. He remembers how he played at the same fort when he was a boy, and enters thoroughly into the spirit of the game.

After autumn come, with rapid strides, winter and the Christmas holidays. Short they are, only ten days in length, but perhaps all the more enjoyable because of this. The boys and girls have fair-money given them (for there is always a fair held before Christmas), with which they can make their little purchases and contributions to the Christmas tree.



DREAMING OF THE FAIRIES' GIFTS.

Then the attics have to give up their treasures; and the tiny castle, with its moat, drawbridge, and regiments of soldiers drawn up in martial array in the castle yard; the villa with its pleasure-grounds, its lakes, its playing fountains; the doll-houses, dolls, kitch-

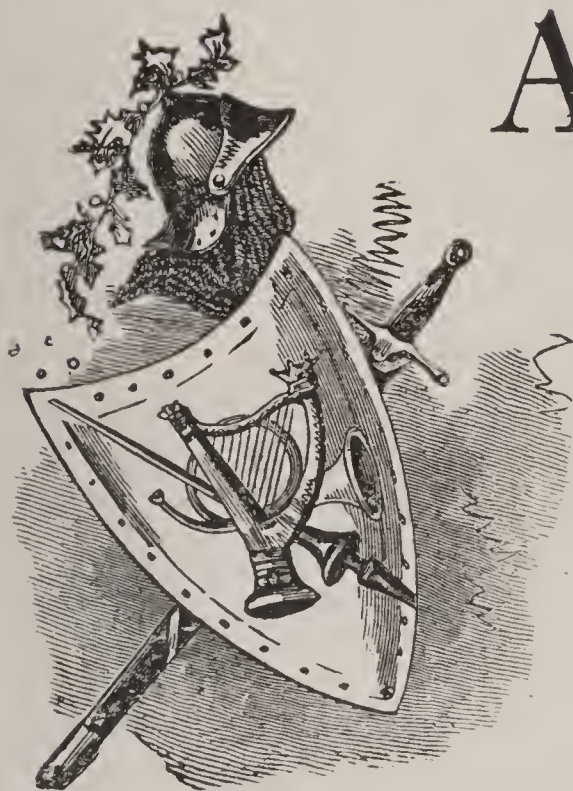
ens, pantries, shops, theatres, etc., all come under review, are painted afresh, repaired, newly papered, newly arranged; the dolls are sent to the doll-doctor (in some towns there is a so-called doll-doctor, whose whole time is employed in repairing the tender persons of these fragile creatures), and some addition is made as a surprise to each different toy.

The children write their "Wünsch-zettel"—a list of the new presents that they would like to get—and mamma and papa choose from the rather long list what they think suitable. The tree is bought and hidden, to be secretly decorated, and on Christmas Eve papa lights it up with great ceremony, after mamma has arranged the presents and a great plateful of cakes for each member of the household. Then the doors are opened, and the impatient children are admitted.

The next week they are very busy. Selling, buying, cooking (all on a small scale), dolls' christenings, dolls' parties, theatrical performances, and many other celebrations follow each other in rapid succession, till New Year's Day is passed and the holidays are over.

Then it is that all the larger toys vanish to their attics, and are not to be brought down again till another twelve-month has flitted past with its school-life and its home pleasures; till the Christ-child moves once more past the window, and the frosted fir-tree stands in festal array awaiting its guests.

Austria and Hungary.



AUSTRIA-HUNGARY is a country which is made up of people of many tribes and nations, some of them Austrians, but we should have to give a dozen or more names to tell who they all are.

And they are not at all alike in their modes of life, their habits or their languages, and the ways of the children differ as much as those of their fathers and mothers. So we can pick out only what will be most interesting to American boys and girls, though there is so much that is interesting that we scarcely know where to begin.

Not where to begin! The little street-boy, who begs for a *zehnerl* in the "ring" at Vienna helps us out of this difficulty. When he has got his *zehnerl* he dances away, shrieking at the top of his voice

"There is but one Empire-town,
Is but one Vienna."

and all Austrians sing the same song, and firmly believe that there is no town or place in the wide world that will bear comparison with their merry, beautiful, music and art-loving capital.

Following the hint that the street-boy has given us, we might take you to the lovely Park or Prater of Vienna, with its three noble avenues.

You would like the Volks avenue best, for there all the wonders of the world may be seen at different seasons of the year. Dwarfs and giants, Punch and Judy shows, white mice and monkeys, dancing dogs and happy families, tight-



WADING.

rope dancers and wandering menageries, all are here, the noise and the fun being great; bands are playing, singers are singing, barrel organs are droning, Italians are crying: "Salamucci, Salami, Salamini duci!" to induce people to buy their Salami and Swiss cheese, and cafés in which everything besides coffee may be bought, are everywhere about.

But, apart from their merry and laughter-loving disposition, the Austrian children are not unlike their cousins in Germany, for they have similar home customs and amusements and pretty toys. They have schools like those of the Ger-

mans, too. Thus there is the Kindergarten, the teachers of which take their pupils in the pleasant summer afternoons away into the woods with dolls and battledores, and baskets for the wild strawberries that they are sure to find on the mossy banks.

So, for the reason that these have been already described in our story about the German children, we cannot stop in the fair city of Vienna, but must make excursions, now to the Tyrol, then to Roumania, Slavonia, Croatia, and other lands of the Austrian empire, and by telling something



PLAYING IN HARVEST TIME

about the child-life in these countries, help you to form an idea of the whole.

And first to the Tyrol.

“On the bridge of the Inn I would stand and see
The rafts with their merry company;
Tyrolean voices sing from afar,
Huldi-eh!”

A number of schoolboys out for a day's excursion are floating down the River Inn on a raft. This is fine fun, but not without danger, especially to such an unruly company. But the tall, brawny Tyrolese raftsmen are equal to their task, and guide the raft carefully with their long poles, taking the bends and falls of the river in masterly style.

At length the boys reach their destination, and are all landed safely, minus a cap or two, which the Inn with its light blue waters tosses about in triumph and will not give up again. “Huldi-eh, Oh!” sing the boys as they climb the hill-side, decking their remaining caps with green, and looking for bilberries on the way, and “Huldi-eh, Oh, Huldi-eh!” answers the raftsmen's son, as he looks after them, a little wistfully, maybe, and helps his father to set the raft afloat again.

The raftsmen's son has plenty of hard work and not too much pleasure, but he grows up hardy and strong, and has a better lot than many boys and girls of his country.

A number of Tyrolese children, girls especially, are occupied in the summer months in picking bilberries or cranberries, or collecting ant eggs.

In the lower valley of the Inn, and, above all, near Innsbruck, the whimberry or bilberry grows in large quantities. The berry gatherers begin their work early in the mornings of August and September, and as the berries that grow highest on the rocks are the best for making the bilberry brandy and fetch the best price, there is a good deal of climbing to be done before the berry picking begins.

The children have a kind of comb to assist them in gathering the fruit. This is a long cup with a handle, and above the cup a comb. When this instrument is pulled gently through the plants the comb draws off the berries, which fall into the cup, and when the cup is full it is emptied into a basket.

Many of these baskets are seen on market days floating down the river on the rafts, the little gatherer beside it on her way to Innsbruck to sell her berries.

The ant egg collectors, ant-witches, as they are called, because they put on the most shabby and ragged clothes they possess when at work, are seen mainly in the neighborhood of Seefeld. There the woods and forests are thick with underwood, and the soil very favorable to ant life. The brown-red forest ant is the one the girls look for, as ants of this species live together in great numbers and have larger eggs than other kinds.

The way the eggs are collected is singular.

First of all the girls seek a sunny place where a brook or some little stream flows. At the edge of the stream they make a kind of island by scooping out a small ditch round about two feet of soil, and leading the water into it let it flow off below into its natural bed. In the little island thus formed they scoop a few holes which are covered over with green leaves and twigs to keep them shady. After these arrangements the girls go into the woods in all directions and look for ant-hills. They have a kind of small spade or trowel with them and a bag; now and then also a pair of coarse gloves to protect their hands from stings.

When an ant-hill is found they remove the soil gently with their spade till the white eggs are laid bare. If the eggs be much scattered they do not waste time, but shovel the whole ant-hill into their bag and proceed on their search

for more. After they have filled the bag they return to their island, and empty the contents of the bag—ants, eggs, and soil—on it, taking care to leave the shaded holes free. Then they go a little aside and eat their meal, picnic fashion, by the brook's side, perhaps, too, take a nap; for they know that the ants will do the rest of their work for them. And so it is. The little creatures set to work without delay to remove all their eggs into the shady holes provided for them. At the approach of evening the girls can collect the eggs without difficulty, and turning the water off so that the poor deluded ants can leave their island at their leisure, they march off with their booty. These eggs sell well for the food of birds.

Ways of making themselves useful besides these are many more in which the Tyrolean children are engaged—carving in wood, for instance, embroidering and making lace, helping their parents, too, in one or other of the many trades peculiar to Tyrolese villages, such as the making of gloves, training of canaries, washing and bleaching for towns and, as in Teferregen, weaving carpets from cow-hair.

A favorite amusement is to play the zither or the dulcimer. Often the girl takes her zither, a stringed instrument well adapted to the Tyrolese national songs, and the boy his dulcimer, and very sweet does a duet on both sound in the open air. Boys are also fond of making all kinds of little machines, of forming or constructing mimic water-mills among the mountains, and are very clever with tools, and in their ability to make things both useful and decorative for the house, they are natural-born carpenters.

But now I must mention one sad race of children—those belonging to the wandering gypsy tribes who have their homes in dirty villages in some parts of the country. In these the



A PEASANT GIRL.

children and their parents pass the winter, but at the first approach of spring they begin their wanderings, which they often extend to long distances.

A shabby, two-wheeled cart drawn by the father of the family, or if he can afford it by a lean donkey, is covered with a rude awning, and contains brushes, brooms, baskets, pitchers, pans, or whatever the gypsy has taken up as his trade. In front a number of bird-cages hang, some of which are sure to hold trained birds which can sing a variety of songs and perform one or two clever tricks. By the side of the cart runs a dirty, evil-looking dog, whose qualities, however (for it is sure to be true as steel), are better than its looks.

The father, mother, and half-dozen children are dirty and ragged, but have in their clothing the scraps of bright color of which all gypsies are fond. Their coming is so certain every year that in towns distinct places are set apart for them and if in the villages their accustomed barn or shed is not to be had, they think it no trial to camp out in the open air. Their lives are the lives of all the gypsies in the world; the father mends pans or baskets, the mother sits near her cart and tends the baby, occasionally earning a penny by telling passers-by their fortunes, and the children wander about in all directions to beg or to steal.

But we must now hurry away and visit the other peoples of the empire. Wherever we find that the houses are bright-looking and clean, the children tidy and well taught, and a general air of industry and prosperity prevails, we may be sure it is a German village, and we may hope that the mother in Transylvania may long sing her pretty cradle-song to her children in prosperity and peace.

Two of these cradle-songs are here given, translated into English:

In Winter.

"The clouds are flying,
The winds are sighing,
The flakes are falling
Around so wild.
Sleep on, my precious one,
Sleep, my child!"

In Summer.

"Sleep, Hansi, Sleep!
In the yard the birds are
singing,
On the hearth the cat is
purring!
Thou'rt more than thou-
sands worth of gold
To me, my Hansi. Sleep!"

Though the little child has such tender songs addressed to him, he is brought up to be hardy and strong, and taught to be very industrious. So industrious indeed, that it has become a saying that if a Saxon—as the Germans of the kingdom are called—has no other work to do he pulls down his house and builds it again. Not that his home needs pulling down; it is generally pretty, with a garden, which girls keep full of bright flowers, and a pigeon-house kept by the boys, and a balcony where the father and mother find time in the evening to sit and chat with their friends.

Inside the house is roomy and neat. A great, green stove with benches round it and poles above it, on which clothes are hung to air, occupies a good part of it; boards are ranged below the ceiling for plates and dishes, and below them hooks, in regular rows, with jugs hanging from them that are only used in times of feast. A Black Forest clock and a few books, perhaps a picture or two, may be seen, and in side rooms we have a glimpse of clean beds piled up with pillows and coverlets as in Germany. In many parts of Hungary, as is also the case in Holland, no doubt to save room, the bedsteads are made with drawers in them. These are always pulled out at night, and serve the children for beds.

The Roumanian neighbors are a simple mountain people. When a child is born the father says, "Happiness is fallen on my house," and certain it is that he has very little trouble

with his child, who grows up as hardy, as indolent, and with as few wants as himself. A few days after the child's birth food and money are placed on a table for the three fairies who are supposed to determine its fate. The nurse pockets the money and eats the food—but this very likely comes to the same thing. When the child is three years old its hair is cut, with great care and with a pair of new scissors, a cake is broken in two over his head, and some present is



HELPING HER MOTHER.

given which will be useful to him when he gets older. His food is maize made up into a paste, a cheese made of the milk of sheep, vegetables and fruit. He is taught to pray: "Lord, give not to man as much as he could do with;" to stand with bent and bare head to salute the

rising sun, which is considered holy, and he has to learn many rules with regard to what is thought clean or unclean. Besides the sun, some animals, and even wheaten bread, are thought sacred.

The village schools are good and plentiful. The children of Slavonia are very intelligent, and are clever at learning languages. They always know one or two besides their own, and are skilled in carving, painting and modeling, and in the

making of pretty little baskets. They are fond of singing, but many of the old national songs are lost because their priests (they are Catholics) do not approve of their singing them. They are fond of wise proverbs, legends, and fairy tales, which, in the winter evenings, when the spinning-wheel is set in motion, and the father sits at his loom and weaves, the mother or grandmother often tells them.

And now, not having space to write about the Bohemians, the Bulgarians, or the many Jews, we will close with one or two scenes from the life of a Croatian child, and a description of Christmas in Croatia.



LOST IN THE WOODS.

In that country very old fashioned ideas of race prevail. All the members and relatives of a family form one company. One of the company is chosen as head, who takes charge of the property of all, settles disputes and divides the work to be done. The children are taught to be respectful to their parents, very respectful to their godfathers and godmothers, and to live on the best footing with the children of the Greeks, Jews and others who may be their neighbors. They also have good schools and learn well.

Among many pretty and singular customs peculiar to different seasons of the year, those relating to Christmas are perhaps the most interesting. For the Christmas feast, the finest wheat flour, the sweetest honey, the richest fruit and the best wine are stored up. The grandmother dips the three wax lights that must stand on the Christmas table. The boys are sent to the woods to find the immense log of wood, which, after having been sprinkled with wine, is put in the stove on Christmas Eve. Two great loaves are baked, which are to signify the Old and New Testament. When the church-bell rings on Christmas Eve, the whole family assembles in the dwelling-room; the first of the tapers is lighted, and a hymn is sung. The table is spread with eatables, and near the two Christmas loaves, which are placed on it, is a small cup or vessel filled with wheat, barley and oats.

Before the feast begins the father goes to the table, takes the burning taper in his hand, and says, "Christ is born." The children and all others repeat, "Is born, really born." Then the taper is placed in turn in the hand of each child, who has to stand on the bench by the stove and say three times, "Praised be the Lord! Christ is born!" whereupon the other members of the family answer, "Praise the name of the Lord forever, and may He grant thee life and health!"

On Christmas Day the second taper is lighted, the father says a short prayer, and then, blowing out the taper, pushes it down among the grains contained in the little vessel we have already mentioned. Then he examines it. That kind of grain which sticks to the candle, wheat, barley or oats, will, he believes, yield the best crop in the coming year.

The last of the three tapers is always burned on New Year's Day, which closes the Christmas festivities.

These Christmas customs you have noticed, no doubt,

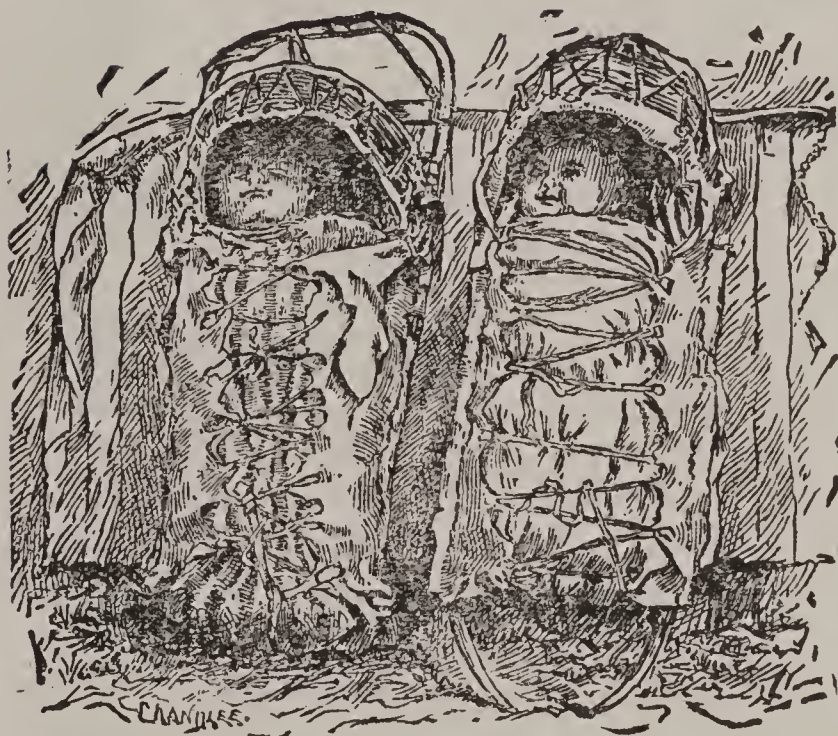
to be important features in the child-life of nearly every country we have written about. Just as American children rejoice in the season when Christ as a child came into the world, so all the little people, the Hungarians, Germans, Croats and many others love to celebrate Christmas. So when you, my young readers, read this book, do not forget the poor little Croat or Tyrolese in his hut, or the Bohemians in their tents, who according to their quaint and pretty customs, are celebrating the birth of our Saviour, as well as yourselves; and be sure you wish them and all your kind friends at home, who are thus united in one great band of Christians, a "Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year!"



A LITTLE SHEPHERD WITH HIS FLUTE.

At a future day some of you who read these pages will possibly go to Hungary or Bohemia, and see for yourselves the many wonders and curiosities of those countries, and make acquaintance with the little Croats and Magyars; and perhaps they will tell you a great deal more of their manners and customs, and of their games and schooling than we, in these few pages, have been able to do.

Indians of North and South America.



INDIAN BABIES.

AS you doubtless know, there were once no white people in the western world and our Indian cousins were free to wander where they chose. When the white men came with their greater skill and knowledge, the Indians were soon driven west until but few remain, and fewer still yet live in the manner

of their grandfathers. But because they were once a great and powerful people we shall describe the manners and customs of our little red cousins who are growing up in the same way that little Indian boys and girls have grown up in this country for centuries and centuries and centuries; the race which has now so nearly died out is one of the very oldest in the whole world.

The North American Indian baby is put in a cradle most beautifully made by its mother, and it takes a great deal of time and trouble to weave the grass and other materials, to put on the beads and make it look pretty for the

"papoose." All the Indian tribes do not make their cradles in precisely the same way; but the example of one may be accepted as the type of all, from Russian America to Mexico in the south.

If you were to see it, especially when the child is suspended in it, I think it would hardly appear to be very cosy. If you can imagine a long, oval plate with an immense "roleypoley" pudding on it, and one end of the roleypoley with a head sticking out, you have the Indian baby in its cradle, wrapped up.

Does this seem pleasant, think you? We do not. The Indian baby, though, is not unhappy. He is laid upon a board and fastened to it on his back. Of course the board is not a bare, hard piece of wood. No. The Indian mother is just as fond of her little one as your kind mamma is of you. The board is covered with nice, soft skins, and thongs are fastened to it to wrap the child carefully. In our nursery rhymes we read of a certain "Baby Bunting whose father went a-hunting to fetch a rabbit-skin" in which to wrap his baby. This is what the Indian does.

He finds deer-skins or matting or soft bark of trees when he cannot get skins, and the mother stuffs the little cradle with soft grass or moss or woolen rags—with anything nice and soft—and then the little baby is fastened up lightly with thongs, and straps in his roleypoley-looking cradle on the board.

Perhaps you would not think that the Indian baby is very comfortable, but he is, for we have heard that he will cry to go back to his cradle, though he is bound up so tightly, and can only move his poor little head. Sometimes the cradles are hung up on the boughs of the trees while the mothers are away, and the appearance of the little creatures

must be curious as they dangle from the branches, fast asleep. Thus, you see, the Indian mother, who generally has plenty of work to do, is not troubled to carry her baby on one arm while she cooks the dinner, or obliged to leave it on the cold floor while she does the washing. The Indian baby is allowed to roll about on the grass, if it is good, sometimes; but if it cries much it is wrapped up again, and it soon learns to be quiet. It is fed when most convenient, and put to rest in a corner against the wall, as we would rest our walking-



AN INDIAN FAMILY.

stick, when the mother is busy in the tent, or hung up in the wigwam out of the reach of the dogs, if it wants to sleep.

When the baby grows up, and has escaped or conquered what ill its little flesh is heir to, it becomes a strong and hearty little Indian boy or girl, as the case may be. But in most cases it is

attacked by measles, or some such childish illness as you have had, and then the poor mother is very anxious. She sends for the doctor, of course, you say!

Yes, for the doctor such as Indians have. But he is not really a doctor like our kind attendants. He or she is a kind of magician, for the untutored tribes in many parts of the world who have grown up from strange children into equally strange men and women, think illness is caused by an evil

spirit. There are only two remedies for strange babies—"kill or cure!"

The poor mothers know no better. They are extremely fond of their children, and would do anything to keep their little dusky or copper-colored babies; but the enchanter is the only person who they think can help them. They do not know God as we do, and though they worship sometimes the Great Spirit, they have no idea that sickness is His punishment or His mercy. They think it is an evil spirit, so they ask the man or woman magician to come with charms and incantations to drive it out.

Then the "medicine man" comes, and unless nature interferes the poor strange baby has no chance. The doctor begins to cry and burn wood and grass before the child, shaking a rattle, and nearly driving the poor baby mad. If after this treatment the child survive, it will presumably endure anything. But it more frequently dies, and the parents are quite satisfied that they have done all they could, and the little one has gone to the "happy hunting-grounds" of the tribe.

Whether the baby survive or not, the "doctor" is praised and rewarded for his courage in attacking and vanquishing the evil demon in one case, or for his courage in approaching him at all, even if he has not vanquished him, in the other. Under such circumstances it is not surprising that Indian boys and girls grow up strong and well fit for almost any hardships, for only the very hardy ones can possibly survive, as consumption is a frequent malady, and small-pox is terribly destructive.

Suppose, however, that the Indian child survive its childish troubles; we will tell you now something concerning his amusements and his sister's occupations. You see we put the amusement for the boy and the occupation for the

girl with good reason, for the lad plays and the girl works.

Amongst the Indians the women work, and the men fight, fish, hunt, shoot, get tipsy, but certainly do not work.

The Indian boy is quite a spoiled child. He does just as he pleases. From the time he is able to leave his mother's apron-string, we may say—though Indian ladies do not dress



AN INDIAN MEDICINE MAN.

like our nurses—the young Indian literally runs wild. He does as he likes, comes and goes as he pleases; unfurnished with any clothes whatever, his mother has no anxiety concerning his falling down and cutting holes in his trousers; there is no sighing over caps tossed in the gutter, no lamentations concerning nails which have torn jacket-sleeves, or the darning of socks. No, the Indian lad is as free as a bird and as saucy as a sparrow.

Indeed “saucy” is scarcely the term. He is impudent, and even disrespectful to his elders, including his parents. He “bullies” his sisters, and has no idea of being put down by any one. Instead of being punished he is applauded; no one has any authority over him; he “goes his own gait,” and naturally grows up a proud and conceited young warrior. Human nature is much the same all the world over—white boys, black boys, copper-colored boys, or red boys, are all the same. Education and civilization make the only difference. So our spoiled American child will become wilful and disobedient as well as the little Indian if he be not checked in time.

Then the wild youth swims in the lakes, runs races,



MEXICAN INDIANS IN THEIR FINEST CLOTHES.

The little boy is seen holding a water jar such as their tribe has used for a thousand years.

plays games, goes about with the dogs, fishes and cooks his fish—above all things, he eats. He is always eating except when he is asleep, and then, probably, he may have something in his mouth. He has long weapons—bows and arrows—a little spear perhaps, or a blow-pipe in some countries. Toys, he has none, except, perhaps, a ball or a kite. His instincts are destructive; killing birds or snaring them, robbing their nests, catching ground-game, and generally amusing himself, until he becomes a man and a “brave.” Yet with



all this want of an education, as we would term it, the Indian lad picks up much experience of a kind useful to him. He truly has “books in the running brooks” and “sermons in stones”—only they are not books or sermons to him. He can read a trail or guide himself by the stars. He knows by the turn of a leaf in what direction an animal has gone, and can tell you also what it was. He is gay and cheerful, and as dirty as you can imagine, yet he is frequently bath-

ing and swimming. The dirt remains; oil and grease have become part and parcel of his skin. He is, indeed, a very dirty boy.

The little Indian girl is differently brought up. As soon as she can run she is furnished with a dress, and assists her mother in her fetching and carrying wood and water. When girls get older they still continue to work, and have little time for playing, like their brothers. They weave and sew skins of the animals the men kill; they procure roots and

berries, and indeed are never idle, for no created being works harder than an Indian woman, and the daughter is always helping her mother.

Some day the girl will grow up strong, and a warrior from the tribe, or from some other, will come and purchase



A SEMINOLE THEATRICAL TROUPE.

her from her parents, and she will go away from her mother's tent to the warrior's wigwam, learn to make a cradle, and have all the trouble and teaching with her little baby that her mother has had with her.

The boy grows up, goes on fishing, hunting and shooting.

There is another kind of Indian who lives in South America. A curious, stolid, uninquisitive little thing is the Amazon Indian child. When he comes into the world, clothed in a brown skin, the little Amazon lies quietly in his

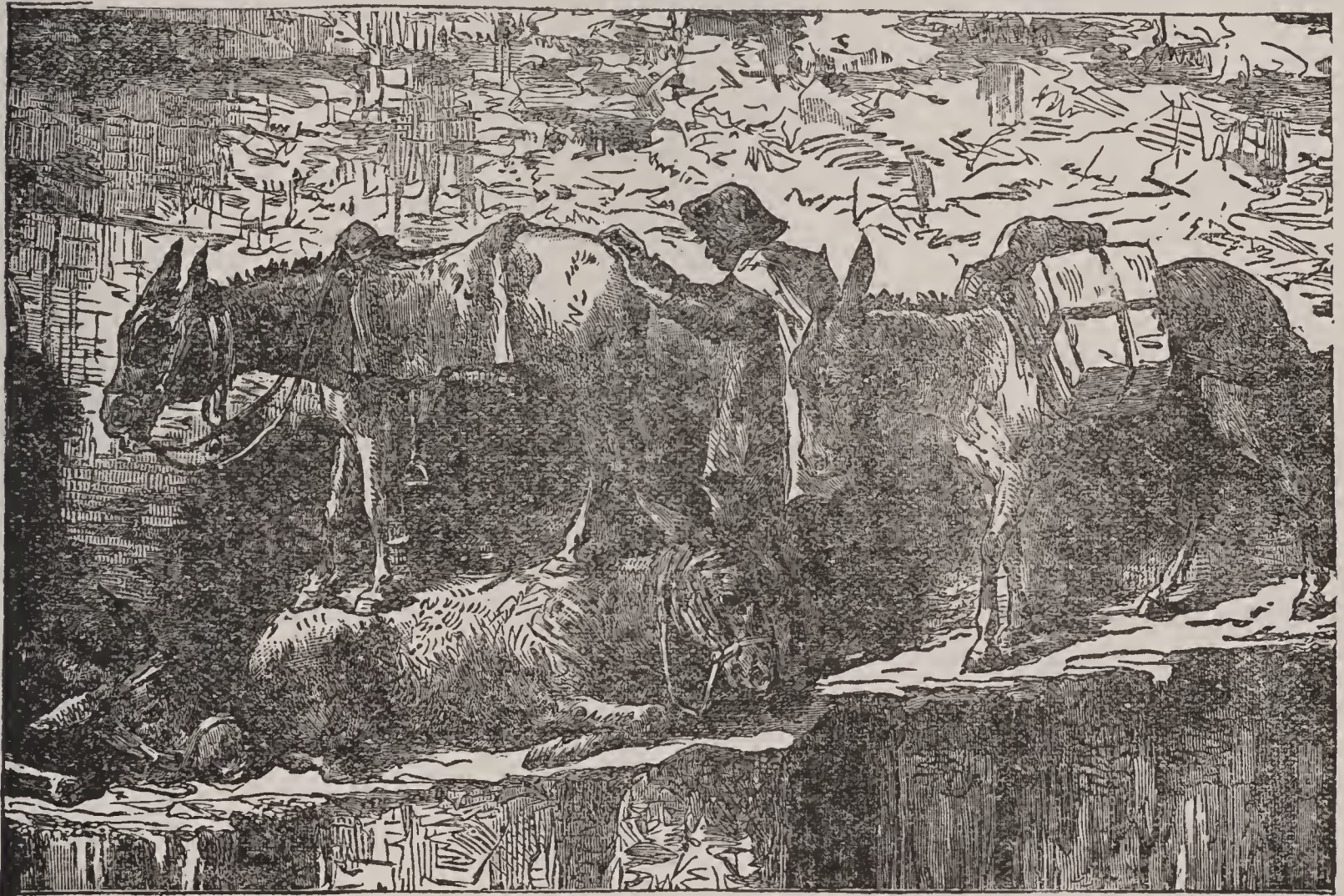


COURTSHIP AMONG THE INDIANS.

cradle, scarcely taking any notice of anything, and receiving very little attention from his mother. The happy children in the United States and Europe are looked after very carefully; even the poor people attend to their little ones; but the Amazon mother takes no trouble about her baby; it lies in its hammock-like cradle, and keeps quiet.

When it grows up it runs about as it pleases, living on

fish and a kind of meal. It is a timid, gentle child, and does what it is told; it smiles and grins when pleased, plays about, looks, wonders, touches, tastes, but seems quite careless about its surroundings; and our little Amazon would be no more tempted to make a hole in a toy drum (if he had one) to find where the noise came from than a little girl Amazon would try to see what was inside her doll. They



A DANGEROUS PASS IN THE ANDES OF BOLIVIA.

do not mind; they take life as they find it, and sometimes they find it hard.

Then when they grow older they have few amusements except dancing. They do not play with toys much, if at all; we mean rough toys, for, of course, there are no nice shops for them to buy anything in. Sometimes a bow and arrow, or some such useful implement, will occupy a boy, but the little girls sit watching, watching all day, and doing very

little. When they grow up they beat cotton, or prepare the various kinds of roots for food. The Amazons are great pottery-makers, and they fish continually.

The little Amazon may, perhaps, have some schooling and go into service. But when they remain in their village they work and take great care of all their old people, to whom they are obedient and reverent. They grow like a plant and die—having existed quietly just as their parents did.

Children of Towcan tribes in Central America are sometimes engaged to be married as soon as they appear in the world, and a piece of cloth of the same color is fastened on the arm of each baby. They also wear shells—one for every year they live—and when they can count fifteen or twenty shells in the row they may be married.

Switzerland.



SWISS HERD-BOY.

WHAT American boy or girl would not like to change places for a month or two in the summer with a Swiss mountain child? How delightful it would be to live in a pretty Swiss cottage with its projecting eaves, its bark roof held firm by huge stones, its many-paned windows gay with flowers, its balconies, and its funny wooden outside staircase leading to the door.

Then the snow-peaks at the back, the pine-forest below, and the mountain brook at the side, dashing and plashing over rock and stone in great haste to reach the valley.

How charming we would find it to follow the pretty Alpine cattle from one green hollow to another, to listen to their tinkling bells, play with the tame goats, pluck lovely wild flowers and catch bright butterflies, and then learn to call as the herd-boys do, and blow the Alpine horn, and sing the "Ranz des Vaches," and in the evening to listen to the stories of adventure of the guide or chamois-hunter, as he rests for a quarter of an hour on his way down from dangerous mountain-passes, snowfields, and rivers of ice. Or, on some lovely evening, how delightful to listen to the tales of wizards and witches, giants and dwarfs, dragons and huge

monsters, that lie coiled up at the bottom of the mountain lakes and are never seen, but are heard to hiss and groan and splutter when a storm is at hand or a misfortune is about to happen; stories told by the gray-haired grandfather as he smokes his pipe below the cottage eaves or by the hearth stone, or as he sits, surrounded by attentive children, on the bench beneath the cottage windows. How many stories there are, too, of the famous heroes of Switzerland, who by their brave and daring deeds drove out again and again the tyrants who would have destroyed them or made them slaves.

Though the people speak four different languages, have many religious beliefs, and though even the government is not alike in different parts, the Swiss States are bound together by a bond which is stronger than language or creed can make. Our cousins among those beautiful mountains, like ourselves, prize liberty for all and brotherly love above everything. These make the most powerful of ties. How their hearts must beat with pride when they hear again and again of brave William Tell and Arnold von Winkelried and others who made the country famous for bravery and unselfishness!

Yes, we think it would be very pleasant to be there, but if an American boy or girl hears of the hot wind, that seems hot enough to set the pretty cottage on fire, or the avalanche falling and burying it in its snows, or the little brook swelling with spring rains and melting snow and sweeping it away, he will be glad that his cradle stands on American ground.

And—talking of cradles, I fancy that an American baby, if he could express his thoughts, would decidedly object to be placed in the small narrow box that bears this

name in Switzerland, and would fight against the bands or ribbons which are tightly wound round it and him.

The Swiss baby has, of course, no such objection to it. Probably he knows that there is good reason for being wedged in so tightly and bound so firmly, and submits

without a murmur.

The origin of the custom is this:

In the spring of the year the people of the villages and hamlets shut up their cottages, and driving their cattle before

them, go up the mountains to live in their chalets, or pretty mountain homes, during the summer months.

They do not stay

in one chalet all the time, but when the pasturage becomes poor they go to another, and still another, changing their place of living it may be eight or nine times in the course of the season. The scanty furniture of the different chalets remains



LITTLE SWISS GOAT HERD.

in them from year to year, so they have only to bring with them what they need for cooking and for the making of butter and cheese. These the father carries, the elder children helping him; the little children run by his side, and the mother lifts the cradle with the baby in it on her head, fastens the milk-pail and the family umbrella on her shoulders, and, taking her knitting in her hand, works away at a pair of coarse worsted gaiters for Seppi, or a neckerchief for Kathi, as she ascends the mountain.

The first day that the cattle are driven on to their mountain pasture-grounds is a great one for them and their owners, and especially for the children, who flock together from town and village to see a very strange sight.

For the first thing that the cows do on finding themselves freed from their winter stable-life, and allowed to roam at will on the green slopes before and around the chalet, is to dispute each other's claim to be leader of the herd.

They fight with each other for this, and the children look on and wonder if "Griotta," the red cow, or "Violetta," the brown one, or "Brunna," the black one, or "Masera," the spotted one, will win. At last the fight is ended, and the victorious cow receives the badge of office, the great bell which the herd-boy hangs round her neck.

With a proud sense of her dignity she shakes the bell from time to time, and from this day is literally queen of the herd, its leader and governor. She is so proud of this, that if, after having retained her office for a couple of years or so, another cow obtain the mastery in the annual fight and takes her place, it almost breaks her heart. She mopes like a sick child, becomes sad and melancholy, and refuses to eat.

When the great dispute of "Who is to be queen?" is settled the children of the towns and villages return home

with their parents; the herd-boy sits on a mossy stone, and lets the breeze play with his hair, and sings or *jodels* in a merry voice the "Ranz des Vaches."

"Colombetta's herd-boys are up betimes,
Ho, ho! Cows, cows, come and be milked!
Come all, great and small, white, black, young and old.
Come under the oak where I shall milk you,
Under the ash where I shall set the milk to curd.
Cows, dear cows, come and be milked!"

As long as the cattle remain on the lowest pasture-ground of the hills the children in the valleys often beg their parents to take them for a day's excursion to the mountains. But when the cattle are taken to higher pastures these visits cease, and nothing more occurs to disturb the inmates of the chalet in their great work of making butter and cheese.

The making of cheese is a very important part of their work, and in some parts of Switzerland the riches of a man are counted by the number of cheeses he owns.

A strange custom in the Valais is to make a cheese when a child is born, which is left uncut during his lifetime, and is often cut into for the first time at his funeral feast. A rich man lays aside wine as well as cheese for his own funeral, and when that takes place a goblet of this "dead wine," as it is called, is placed on the coffin, and the mourners take the goblet in their hand, touch the coffin with it, and drink the contents to a future meeting with their departed friend. "Au revoir!" (till we meet again) they say. When a child dies it is carried to the grave in an open coffin by other children, and its clothes are given to the poorest child in the village.

Some of the girls in a Swiss family help their mother in the making of the cheeses, which they roll to a glacier, or ice mass (if one is near), and store up in cellars near the

cool ice. Others make a simple cushion lace to sell to tourists, or offer curds and whey for sale. The boys serve as sheep or goat herds, and lead their flocks to wild and dangerous parts of the mountains.

You will often see a little fellow, with feather in cap, stick in hand, blouse floating on the breeze, and legs and feet bare, standing fearless and free on the very edge of a rock which projects over a deep cavity in the hill-sides, his troop of goats around him; and night after night these hardy mountain boys sleep beneath the open sky, their only bed a heap of dry leaves kept together by several large stones, or a cloak spread out on the short grass. They sleep sweetly, fearing nothing; and wake in the morning to see the cattle peeping up towards them from the hollow where they have been resting, and the eagle soaring away to its nesting place on the mountain summit.

Many make toy animals for sale, the Swiss being great toy-makers, as you will find when you go to Switzerland, and see the pretty model chalets and other things that are made there.

As a rule there are not many beggars, except in the tourists' beaten tracks. In the canton Uri the children have a pretty way of begging, which generally results in their getting a coin or two. The little curly-headed, blue-eyed girls and boys run to you, look up at you with a smile, and then kissing their right hand slip it into yours, saying, in persuasive tones, "Gemer öppis" ("Give me something").

School is held only during the winter months. The school-house is always the finest building in the village, the Swiss way of saying "as grand as a palace" being "as grand as a school house."

In the summer-time the boys learn the language of signs.



THE ASCENT OF MONT BLANC.

This means that every household has its own sign or mark, which is kept in the family, descending from the father as a rule to the younger son.

This sign or mark is cut or branded on the ears of the sheep and goats, on the trunks of trees that have been felled in the forests, on everything in short that belongs to a special house. As the sheep and goats of a great many families are entrusted to the care of one herd-boy, and all have to be taken to their owners at the end of the summer, the herd-boy must be well taught in the meaning of the signs.

This takes a well trained memory, and the good minister, when he ascends the mountain at times during the summer to look after his flocks, and catechise the children, often shakes his head, and complains that they are better acquainted with this sign language than with their catechism.

As long as the families remain at the first or second stage on the mountain-side, they descend every Sunday to church, the mother carrying the baby, the father the next youngest child. The sermon is long, but the children, tired with their descent through the fresh mountain air, sleep peacefully through it, and only wake up when it is time to return home. In the Valais the people ride to church on donkeys or mules. The mother always sits in front, either carrying the baby or fastening its box-like cradle at the side. The father sits behind, holding on to his wife for fear he should slip off at the tail. The children run along by the side, the little ones grasping the donkey's tail with both hands to help them to keep up with the others.

It is only when the families have ascended to the higher chalets that the minister comes to them, and preaches in the open air. On these occasions he spends the night in one of the cottages, and often times his visit so as to be

present at one of the great wrestling-matches which take place on the mountains during the summer, and are looked forward to with great pleasure by parents, children, and the minister himself.

A regular gymnastic training forms part of the boys' and girls' school duties, and all the Swiss children delight in contest of strength and agility.

In these matches the men of two cantons or divisions of the country take part.

First, as a rule, service is held, the minister standing at an improvised altar in the open air. Then the men, women, and children who have come from all the villages and small towns around form themselves into groups and eat the provisions they have brought with them, much of it black rye bread—for indeed they rarely see white bread in their homes—cheese, butter, cakes and buns disappear with great rapidity, and then the boys of the two cantons try their skill in some wrestling on their own account, but are soon pushed aside to make room for their elders, and are told to watch and learn.

They do watch, and long for the time when they shall be men, and be entitled to take part in the match, which begins by the opponents, one of each canton, stepping forward and shaking hands in a friendly way, to show that the combat is peaceful and undertaken without any feeling of ill-will. When one of the wrestlers is thrown, another pair steps forward, and another, and another, till the young men of both cantons have all had an opportunity of displaying their muscle and skill.

The strongest couple is reserved for the last, and he who in three courses has thrown his opponent twice has won the day. The prize is a sheep decorated with garlands and ribbons.

The children play all kinds of games, but their favorite is called—and I know you will laugh—“Blind Cow.” It is very much like our “Blind Man’s Buff,” however.

A great amusement for boys when alone with their flocks on the mountain-side is carving. With a penknife and a piece of wood they begin to shape the image of a sheep, a goat, or a cow. At first their attempts are rude enough, but practice and a taste and skill inherited from their fathers soon make them perfect in their art.

There are whole villages of toy makers. Every one in a family carves some part of the same toy, for they say to themselves: “It would be foolish to spend one’s time in learning new things. The longer a person works at making one kind or one part of toy the faster and better he can make it.” They make cuckoo-clocks, little tiny houses just like the ones they live in, wooden dolls and doll furniture, and many toys and souvenirs to sell to tourists.

Another amusement for boys in villages and towns is the *posterli*. On the evening of Twelfth Day the children come together, bringing with them all kinds of instruments, Alpine horns, cattle bells, whips and tin kettles, and pass through the streets making what noise they can. The figure of a witch is placed on the back of a goat or donkey, or dragged on a sleigh, and it is with a view to the driving out of this witch or bad fairy that the procession is formed, and the noise made. When the figure has been paraded through the streets it is taken outside the town and left there, the noise ceases, and the children return home quietly.

A peculiar custom is observed in the Münster valley. In the early spring all the boys under fourteen go from house to house ringing great bells which they have attached to their belt. They call it by words which mean “to coax the grass

to grow." The boys have eggs given to them, also chestnuts, rice, and even money, and thus have a fine feast. These feast-days are never forgotten, as little forgotten as the box on the ear when a boundary-stone was placed. We do not know if the latter-named custom is still observed; but as it was a very practical one it is worth speaking of.



A SWISS COSTUME

When there was occasion to place a new boundary-stone in any part of the country to mark the division of land, the farmers or land-owners always took a boy with them to the spot. They told him nothing of their intentions, but when they arrived, they gave him a sound and sudden box on the ear, or a good pinch, or in some cantons they even beat him. This was a wise precaution in case the stone should in course of time get covered with earth, or be destroyed, or taken away. The boy never forgot the spot where he received the sudden and sharp box he had not deserved, and even if he lived to the age

of a hundred could settle any dispute that might arise on the subject.

The boys and girls love to row in the evenings with their parents on the beautiful lakes, and admire the sunset as it tips the snowy mountain-peaks with rosy hues, or listen to sweet strains of music from the concert-hall, or watch the steamers as they pass to and fro; and then, when bedtime has come, they return home to sleep through a brief night, spend a brief day at school, and enjoy another as delightful evening as the last on their lovely and much-loved lake.

Spain and Portugal.



ONE of the first presents that a little Spanish child receives from its parents when it shows signs of knowing that its feet were made to stand upon, and not merely to kick with, is a hat or cap of plaited straw, with a brim rolled up like a turban.

When the child falls, this elastic roll protects its head from coming into rude contact with the tiled floor of the yard, or the rough pavement of the street, and is a precaution not to be despised in a country where the children grow up out of doors, and where the sun is so hot as to dry up all the grass.

Not that all the streets and lanes are paved or hard. Donkeys and village children could tell us a different tale, enjoying as they do the fun of rolling about on their backs in a bed of dust that is thick and soft, and warm as a down pillow.

The little turban-like hat, however, may be of as much use in the soft dust as on the hard pavement, for if a Spanish baby had not something elastic 'round his head to make

it bounce up again when he fell, he might very easily be suffocated before help arrived.

The next things given the child, especially at Christmas, are the zambomba and castanets.

The zambomba is a very favorite toy—a kind of drum, with a tube fastened and made to stand upright in the middle of the drumhead. When a child runs his hand up and down this tube, very queer, if not very musical, sounds are heard.

What with the zambomba and the castanets, the guitar and the mandolin, the shouting and laughing, a Spanish household is not a quiet one; but the Spaniards love noise, and never scold their children into quietness. The castanets are shells of polished wood or ivory, hollowed-out, fastened together in pairs. They are attached to the thumb, and, lying in the palm of the hand, are made to clatter together and beat time to the dance, which is the principal amusement in Spain.

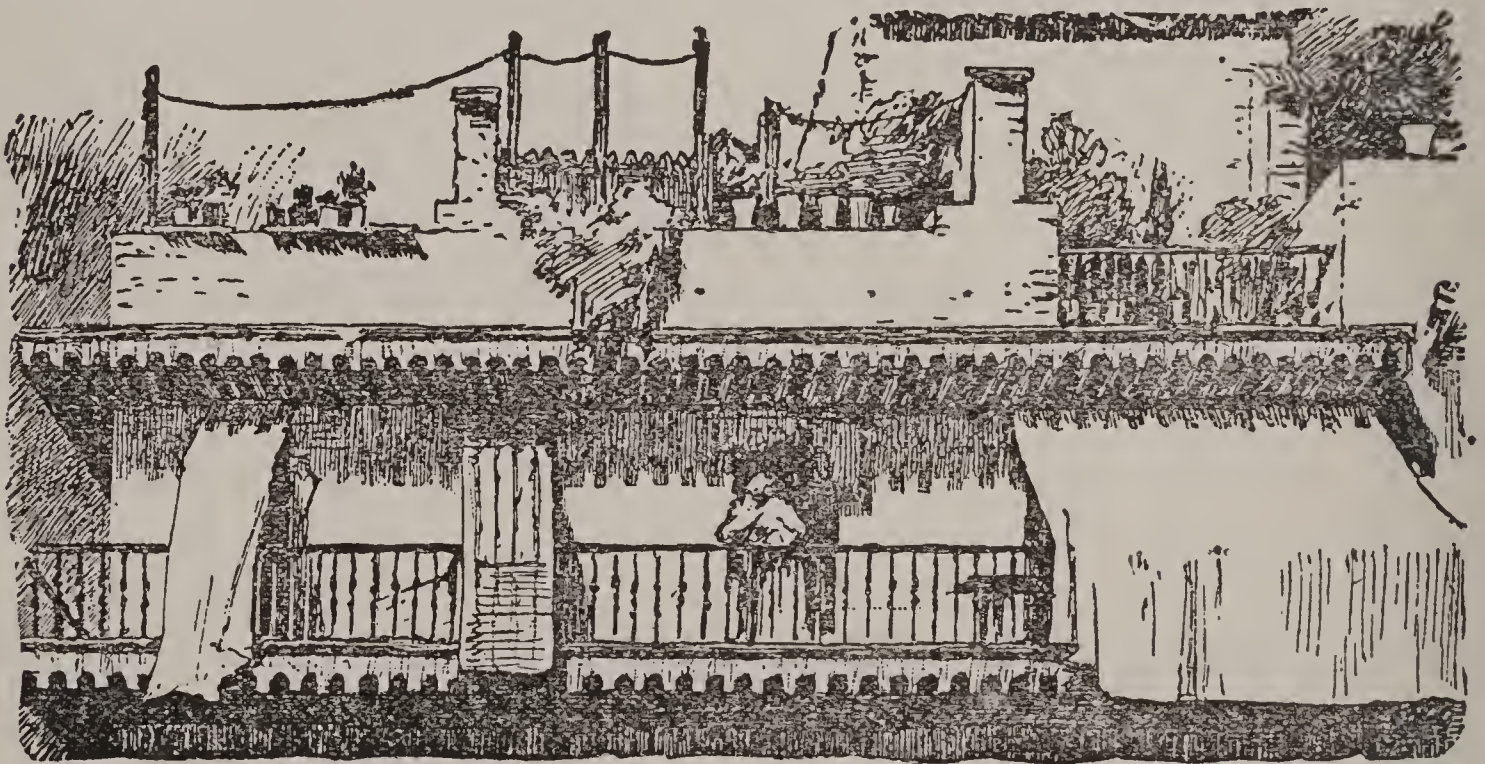
On Corpus Christi Day, the great festival day in Spain, and for eight days after, at set of sun, a great number of worshippers assemble in the Cathedral of Seville and kneel down at each side of the dimly-lighted dome. A number of priests surround the altar, before which are drawn up two long rows of boys from eight to ten years of age, dressed as Spanish cavaliers of the middle ages, with plumed hats and white stockings. At a given signal the sweet sounds of music are heard, coming from violins played in a distant part of the church, and the two rows of boys begin to move in graceful measure, beating time with their castanets.

We often see wandering minstrels, players upon the guitar and tambourine, passing from place to place in search of a living. The man plays the guitar and the woman the

tambourine, in which she also collects the money given by the lookers-on. This is a custom which has been brought to our own country, though here the street organ is used instead of the guitar.

The Spanish people are great cigarette-smokers; even the poorest are sure to have their "little cigars," and to smoke in great content when they have nothing else to do.

But now I must describe the home of the little Spanish *ninos* and *ninas* (boys and girls), and also will tell you what a *patio* is.



A SPANISH BALCONY.

Very simple is the home of the village children: a one-storied house painted white on the outside, openings for windows with wooden shutters, no glass, a large gate or door, which stands open all day and gives the passer-by a glimpse of the one common room that serves as a kitchen, dwelling-room, and workshop during the day, and bed-room for the father and the boys by night.

A mat or two, or their *manta* (cloak), is their only bed. In a small inner room the mother and the girls sleep, either

on thin mattresses laid on the floor, or placed on a simple bedstead of boards resting on a raised framework.

In the large room there is sometimes a hearth, but oftener the fire is made on the clay floor, and the smoke has to find its way through the doorway or windows as best it may. One or two rush-bottomed chairs, a few hooks in the wall, a board adorned with the few cooking utensils of the household and the common drinking-cup form the whole furniture, if we except a couple of stone water-jugs, half buried in the clay floor.

Speaking of water reminds us that in Spanish towns water-carriers go about and sell to families, for water is not supplied in pipes to houses as it is here. The water is carried in a cart or in a jar, or sometimes in a skin, and the passer-by may enjoy a cup of water in the street by paying a small sum. In Catalonia the common drinking-cup has a spout, and everyone drinks without touching it with his lips. They hold the cup rather high, and let the water or wine flow from the spout into their mouths.

The houses in the old Moorish towns of Spain have beautiful gates, many of them gilt, and so finely made that they remind one of lacework. Through these the passer-by obtains a glimpse of a sparkling fountain, orange trees, oleanders, bright flowers, marble pillars, etc., and many merry children at play in the *patio*.

This *patio* (yard) is the favorite resort in the summer months of all the members of a Spanish family.

It has often a beautiful inlaid floor of Florentine marbles; it has no roof, except such as is formed by the balconies which, resting on marble pillars, and draped by rich awnings and curtains surround it on every side. Below these are the bedrooms and kitchens. The *patio* is a de-



SPANISH GYPSY MUSICIANS.

lightful, free, open space, where all the family can be together, and yet not interfere with each other; where the zambomba and the castanets, the mandolin and the guitar take turn and turn about; where Don Alfonso, the father, smokes his cigar, while Donna Juanita, the mother, fans herself, and where the little *ninos* and *ninas* play at ball or at skipping-rope, and feed the gold fish in the fountain-basin from the time their nurse gives them their breakfast till they are put to bed at night.

The homes of the children in Portugal are the same as these, only the fronts of the houses, instead of being dazzlingly white, are made of tiles.

The effect is prettier, but there are fewer balconies. After the breakfast, which consists of a cup of milk or chocolate and a biscuit, the children are sent to school. If the school be at some distance they ride on mules. Three or four boys sit on one animal, and the boy who acts as mule-driver generally runs along by the side.

The mules have all names, and the boy talks to them as he runs, speaking to them as if they were human beings.

"Now, Antonio," he says, "what has come into your stupid head? Don't you know that the *ninos* must be at school by nine? Now, just hurry on, you lazy fellow; I'm ashamed of you! Do make haste!"

The mule pricks up his ears and hurries on, as if conscious that in a case of learning he must exert himself; but if he comes to a nice dusty lane—and there are many such—he may feel inclined for a roll.

Down he goes, and the *ninos* with him. Each one laughs, the mule enjoying it as well, and all have a good roll till the mule feels inclined to return to his duty, take up his burden again, and then trot along.

But however much a mule may enjoy a roll, he is careful not to indulge in it on a mountain path or pass. There he is sedate and steady, looks neither to the right nor the left, but jogs along quietly, never making a slip or a false



step. He walks near the edge of the path, because he usually has a pair of great baskets strapped on his back, and

if he went too near to the steep rocks on the one side there would be no room for his burden. He has no fear of slipping over the deep, deep precipice on the other side, for he is sure-footed and careful. This the mountaineers know, and, placing their little children in one of the deep baskets, they often entrust them to the care of the boy muleteer, whose daily duty it is to go from one mountain village to another.

What a happy ride the little ones have! They are too young to know anything of the beauty of the snow mountains at the back, or the valley lying deep below them to the right, or the rocks and the bushes, and the rustic cross to the left; but they feel the pleasant mountain breeze, and the young muleteer laughs and plays with them, and the dog runs on before, and little Pedro smacks his mimic whip, and cries "Arre arre! (gee up! gee up!) to the mule, who does not think it worth his while to pay the least attention to either whip or voice.

The mountaineers and the muleteers place great faith in the cleverness of the mules; but this is not always the case with travelers.

It is not long since an Austrian prince, traveling over the Spanish mountains, and observing with some fear that his mule's legs were quite at the edge of the precipice, called out to his guide—

"Hallo! my friend, will you look after your animal, or he and I will both be over the precipice before long!"

"Don't trouble yourself," answered the guide, as he kept on smoking, "the beast has more sense than you!" His plain talk may not have been pleasant to the prince, but the muleteer was loved in his own mountains and did not care.

The schools are good, if not very numerous.

Many of the old religious houses were changed into school-houses years ago, when the citizens turned the lazy monks and nuns, of whom they had grown tired, out of them. These are fine, roomy buildings; one of them being large enough to be dining-room and school-room for nearly four hundred orphan boys.

The school hours are from nine to twelve; then a couple of hours are given for a second breakfast and recreation, after which school duties are taken up again and continue from two to four, unless in the hot days of summer.

After four the children return home to dinner, which usually consists of fowl with rice, sweet potatoes, or *pulchero* the national dish. This dish is composed of a piece of boiled beef, the wing of a fowl, a piece of Spanish pepper, bacon and vegetables, and a slice or two of ham. A bottle of wine for papa and mamma, lemonade or barley water for the children, and a dessert of oranges, with a green leaf on the stock to show that they have been freshly gathered, green figs, dates, almonds and grapes, finish the meal.

After dinner the children play or dance, rattling their castanets to the sound of a guitar, or drive or walk with the parents on the Alameda (promenade).

Sometimes the lads may meet in the orange-groves, and have a kind of fight with the fallen fruit. In our country a snow-balling match is the nearest approach to this amusement. The oranges hurt considerably at times; but, as you have read, the danger or pain does not deter the Spanish child from his play, even though he be injured by a knife. "Throwing things" has a great fascination for all boys in all countries.

If the children do not dance or play at home, they go with their parents to the Alameda or promenade, where

young and old, rich and poor, assemble to walk about and enjoy the cool of the evening.

Here many pretty groups are formed of *dons* and *donnas* in their native costume, of children with their nurses, of citizens and peasants with sandals, short petticoats, gay shawls, and black mantillas, of gypsies and beggars.

As a rule it is the gypsies who are found to beg in Spain.

The Spaniard himself is too proud, and he never begs of a Spaniard. If he be very poor he may allow his children to ask alms of strangers, whom they are quick to recognize.

"Oh, my dear caballero," said a little fellow of six, running up to an Englishman, who was walking about the streets of a town, "oh, my dear caballero, I do love you so much!"

So saying, the pretty little dark-eyed boy put his hand into that of the Englishman, and looked up smiling.

"Why, my boy," exclaimed the gentleman, flattered, but much astonished, "you never saw me before in your life! Pray, why do you love me?"

"Because I know you will give me something," was the reply.

"But," said the stranger, "how do you know that?"

"Because, because," replied the child, seeking for a reason, "because you have a red book under your arm."

The Englishman laughed, put his red-covered guide-book into one pocket and drew out of the other some *quartos* (small coins) to give to the boy.

Kaffirs and Other Strange People.



THE Kaffirs, though savages, without literature and without religion, have nevertheless an art. This is the art of music. Every family has at least one "Doctor of Music." Every little collection of families composes the songs of the tribe, both the words and the music, and teaches them to the people, special care being given to the children. But music is not the only refinement to which the small Kaffirs are accustomed from their babyhood.

Their homes are of poles and of sticks, thatched with grass. Such a hut is built in a day, and often it is entirely grass and looks like a big haystack, with a hole punched into it for the door. This opening is sometimes not more than sixteen inches wide and but little higher. The hut itself is between ten and thirty feet in diameter. In all tropical lands, as you know, there are two seasons. Instead of the Winter and Summer there are the rainy and dry seasons. During the rainy season a fire is built in the center of the

dirt floor and at night the family sleep about this fire. That means, perhaps, as many as forty people. The most popular game of the children is the building of small toy huts, much like our own amusement, with building blocks. A mere toddler will draw a perfect circle on the ground, pile upon it the foundation of his toy house. Every Kaffir has a wonderful skill in drawing a circle, while, on the other hand, none of them can be taught to draw a square. The base lines of a Kaffir hut are always as true a circle as if they had been drawn with a compass. A Kaffir baby, when very young (two or three weeks old perhaps), is put into a bag-like sling of skin and tied to its mother's back, and so goes wherever she, in her busy day's life, goes. It has a very snug, soft nest on the whole, for the fur part of the skin is put next to the baby, whose legs are fastened above its mother's waist; its arms are secured around her neck. Baby's head is well plastered with grease and is never covered with anything else. But no Kaffir baby ever gets a sunstroke. Its parents, however, who cannot stand the sun, are often seen carrying a parasol of ostrich feathers or a tree-branch. There are few sights which would seem to us more funny than a great naked Kaffir walking proudly along beneath a very wobbly umbrella of ostrich feathers—feathers as undressed as himself.

When a Kaffir baby is a few months old it rides on its mother's hip. As soon as it can stand at all, it is put down and left to toddle about alone. The Kaffir baby three days after it is born is given as much sour milk as it will swallow. When it is older, it is fed upon sweet milk, and never again, till it becomes a man or woman, is it allowed to taste sour milk, for this is considered a great delicacy and the grown-ups take all there is. The Zulus are the most hospitable of all the Kaffir race. Often twenty or thirty self-invited guests

will gather about the huge steaming pot. Very often it happens they are all strangers of the host, but they are all welcome, nevertheless. They squat about the Melee pot, men, women, and children, and wait their turn for the spoon. There is only one spoon, no matter how large the number of guests, and it passes slowly from hand to hand, or rather from mouth to mouth, around and around the circle until the meal is finished. The Kaffirs, though savage, have their "table manners" and are very careful to observe them. The porridge must be cooked and served hot in a three-legged pot. The spoon must be large, made of wood, and never by any chance allowed to stand up in the food. If it is, the porridge will be considered unwholesome. If we watch a dozen groups of children playing at "dinner" in the sand, with a splinter or shoot of sugarcane to represent the spoon, not once will we see it stand up in the sand, which in their game takes the place of porridge.

The Zulus are the champion snuff-takers of the world. Every meal is followed by taking snuff, which really takes more time than the meal itself. The babies, who are so young that they can hardly stand alone, after eating all they can of the porridge gather about the family snuff-box and use its tickling contents until they nearly sneeze their round, gleaming heads off. They use the snuff with great ceremony. The Kaffirs do not scold their children. The child obeys if he likes; if he does not, the parents shake their heads lazily and laugh. But there are a few things which every Kaffir child must learn, whether he wants to or not. They all learn the laws of their tribes by heart and most exactly. As they have no literature or letters, this is the only way their laws can be kept from year to year. This branch of the little Kaffir's education is never neglected.

The children are apt to fight. Even the girls have frequent fights among themselves. They fight to the bitter end. But Zulu children are not revengeful. They fight fiercely, it is true; but, the fight finished, it is entirely forgotten or else remembered pleasantly. The children must make their own toys. The boys make small cows from wood or clay. They mark out their own little cattle-pens on the ground, make villages from little twigs, and people them with clay figures which they form. Most Kaffir children are very clever in moulding human and animal figures out of clay.

The Zulu mother is usually named after her oldest child with the prefix "ma," which of course means mother. The natives always called Mrs. Livingstone, whose oldest child was named Robert, "Ma-Robert." When a Kaffir woman leaves a very young child for more than a few moments, she always performs some charm to protect it from evil until her return. According to the tribe to which she belongs, she rubs clay on its head, or sprinkles it with milk. The children are very inquisitive and graceful. The girls are wonderful water-carriers. A small black maiden will hurry along carrying on her head a jug or vase almost as big as herself, and brimful of water; up hill and down dale she goes swiftly, very swiftly, but she never spills a drop. The Kaffirs have peculiar ways of driving off the hungry elephants which often appear at nightfall and attack the well-cared-for fields of grain. Noise is the chief and most effective weapon used against them. We have been told, though we hardly believe it, at such times the Kaffir mothers often beat their children to make them cry and shriek to help scare off the elephants.

The Kaffirs are very thrifty. The boy begins very



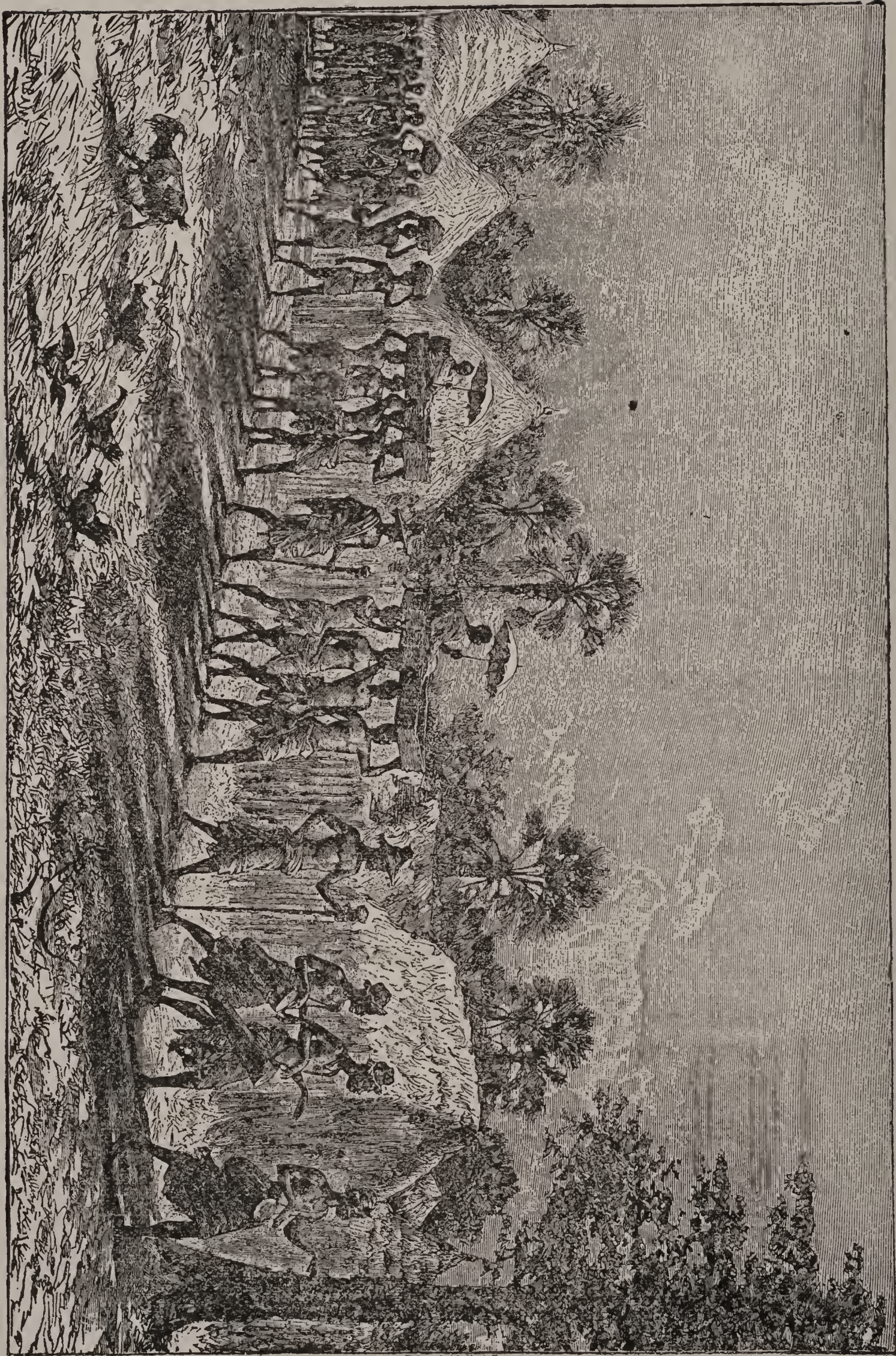
A FANTASTIC DANCE, INTERIOR OF AFRICA.
The English traveler shown on the camp stool is being entertained by a native dressed in this wonderful manner.

early to save. He buries his money and valuables in the jungle. When he has collected enough he buys a cow, and when he has been able to buy six or a dozen cows he buys a wife. There is a large difference, of course, between six and twelve cows, but both the quality of the cows and quality of the girl are to be considered. When a girl baby is born there is much rejoicing, for a man's wealth is often counted by the number of his daughters and of his cattle. But in justice to even a savage, we must say that the Kaffir girl is never sold as a wife to any man against her will. The Kaffir kings (and each tribe has its own king) have their choice of all the maidens of the nation, and any girl who meets the king's selection knows that her father will be paid for her ten times the usual rate. During a Kaffir courtship the maiden visits the man, never he the girl. Unless she can walk ten or twenty miles to be wooed, and then home again and do it day after day, her chances of being married are very slim. All peoples, we have seen, have their festivals and holidays, and the Kaffirs are no exception. The Zulus have a great festival every year in which the children take part and to which they look forward with the greatest interest and excitement. The king gives a large feast, followed by dancing, shouting and singing.

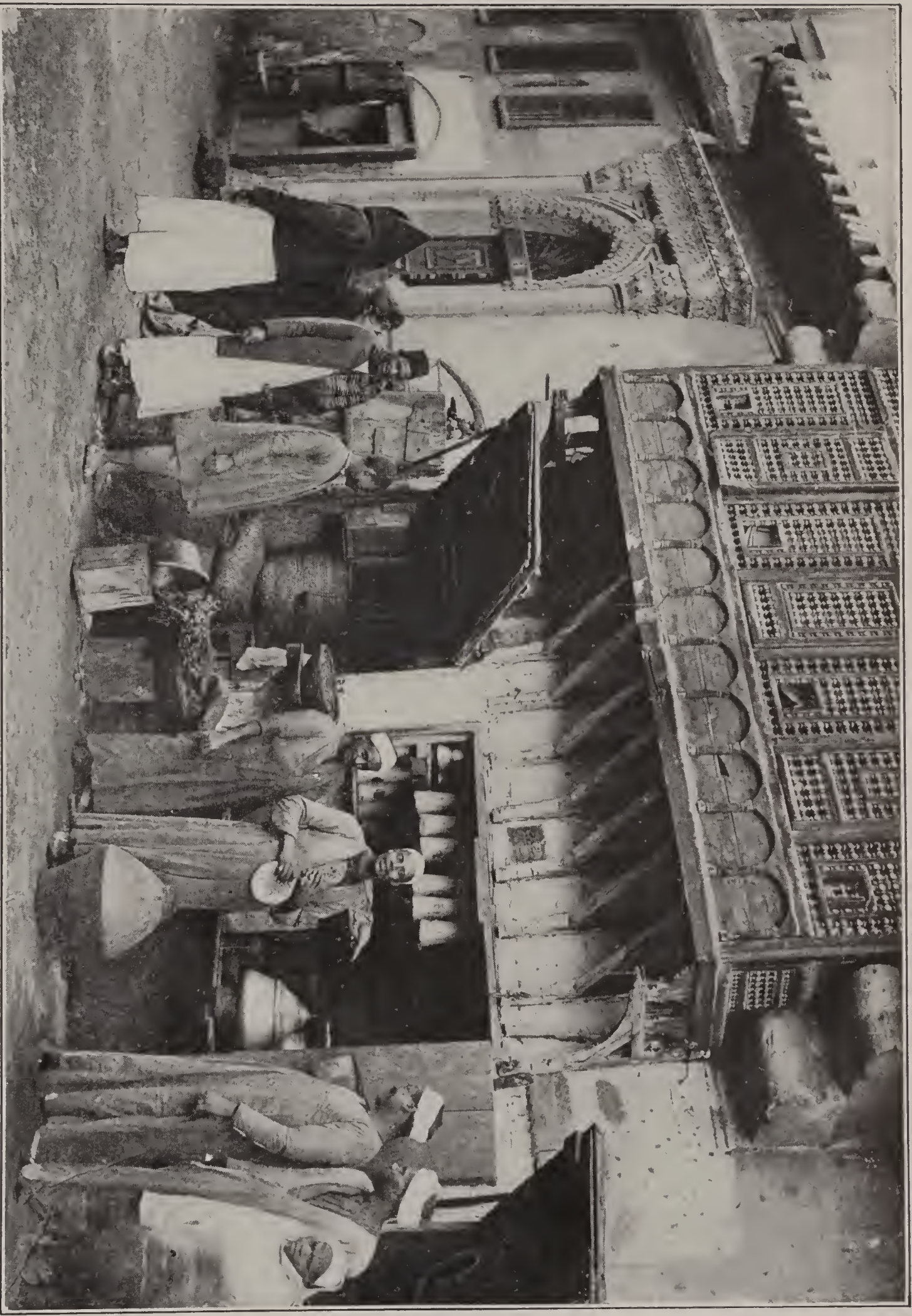
The Curious Pygmies of Africa.

There is a very curious race in Africa who are dwarfs. The very tallest one among them is hardly more than four feet high. Their hair grows in little tufts or bunches all over their heads, and the men as well as the women let it grow all their lives.

The children are the funniest little things you ever saw. If you were to go near them they would huddle together like



THE KING AND QUEEN OF A NATIVE TRIBE GOING ON A VISIT.



A STREET SCENE IN CAIRO, EGYPT

This picture shows the wonderfully carved balconies and doorways and the costumes of the natives. On the right we can see the earthen water-jars and in the center the entrance to a store where camel's wool is sold.



THE SHIP OF THE DESERT—THE CAMEL

These wonderful animals will carry their masters swiftly over the dry, hot sands for days at a time without food or water. Their endurance is more remarkable than that of any other animal.

a pack of dogs and hide their heads. The mothers of these little pigmies look almost like babies themselves.

Although they are so small, they are full of daring and courage, and you will find it very wise to become friends with them at once.

Their houses are like bee-hives, for they gather small branches and bend them over into a curved roof, fastening the ends in the ground. The doorway is so low that one has to creep in on one's hands and knees. The question of clothing doesn't bother them very much, as their only garment is an apron made of palm leaves.

These queer little people have a very easy time of it, but I hardly think you would care to live as they do. They have no music or musical instruments, except striking a bow with an arrow to keep time while they dance, and they have no idea of tunes or songs. They have no bread, and sometimes do not even roast the meat which they kill. Having no matches, you may wonder how they light a fire. They hunt the ground until they find two pieces of flint and strike them together to get sparks, just as nearly all the primitive races had to do.

They are extremely honest. The little boys and girls would not touch any of your toys or playthings, even if they had an opportunity to run off with them.

The little boys and little girls, although so very, very small, are able to shoot their arrows straight to the mark, and can shoot one, two and three arrows in succession so rapidly that the third one leaves the bow before the first one drops to the ground. If they travel through the forest and a little boy sees a cluster of bananas hanging on a tree, but not yet ripe, he shoots his arrow into the center of the cluster as a sign that when it ripens it shall be picked by him alone.

These tiny children fish in a way that would make you ashamed to use a hook or a trolling-spoon. They tie pieces of meat to the ends of their lines and dangle them in the water. You would think it silly to expect to catch anything in such way as that, but they are so clever, and so skillful, and they give such quick pulls just at the right moment, that they land fish after fish in a very few minutes.

Malay Boys and Girls.

The houses in New Guinea are sometimes built near the water, and are raised on poles. The floors are made of boards, and the houses are covered with grass. In fact, they are very like our dove-cotes in appearance. The people climb up by means of a rough ladder. In most parts of New Guinea the houses are about nine feet from the ground.

The little children are carried in net-work bags upon their mothers' shoulders, by a kind of strap which is passed across the forehead. As soon as the children can walk they are made to carry loads and light burdens to or from the fields. There is a great deal of work done in some parts of New Guinea; in others hunting is the chief occupation. The children run about without any clothes until they are a year or two old, and even for some time after that they have not much dress, but they paint themselves and wear feathers. When the children are very young they are left hung up in their little net-cradles just as the Indian baby is in his cradle.

These New Guinea children are now taught by missionaries in places; but they have very little, if any, religion, and grow up almost wild. Quarrels are rare amongst them; and though we cannot call the people "civilized," they are not savages. The children are taught to work, to hunt, and fish. The men provide the food, which the women cook.

The boys and girls have no education but working, and no young man may marry until he can find a house, and is able to sustain his wife in it.

The inhabitants of Malacca are called Malays, and you will find that Malay children are very pretty. They are brought up in the Mohammedan religion, and they are taught to write in the Arabian character. You will be glad to hear that Malay children are very fond of pets. Their fathers and mothers wish them to become acquainted with animals, so you will find the young Malay with many pets, particularly birds, which the children catch with bird-lime, and tame. The animals are not afraid of them at all, for the children are kind, and seldom, if ever, tease and torment them, as more civilized children often do.

The young Malays generally keep a baboon as a pet, and when they want any cocoa-nuts Mr. Monkey is sent up to the top of the tree to pick and throw down the fruit. Villages, called "Kampings," are built in the woods, so the baboon has not far to go.

The children pass their lives very quietly, instructed, when practicable, like all Mussulman nations, and worship accordingly. They learn the Koran after the manner of the children of Turkistan—when they learn anything at all—and what little they are taught is in an almost unknown tongue.

The children are frequently full of fun, and good-tempered, but when they grow up they are very jealous, and one will sometimes get terribly angry, and stab at every one as he goes until he is killed.

But the young folk of Malacca are quiet and inoffensive, and though they have not many advantages, they are brought up to reverence their elders, to be kind to all dumb creatures, and to practice religion according to their lights

The children of Central Asia have very little time as children. When we tell you that a girl is at eighteen almost an old woman, and that the law permits marriage at nine years old, you will see that there is not much chance for play or childish amusement.

The people are Mussulmans, and their sacred rites we need not describe. When a child is born, if a boy, the father buries a mutton-bone under the floor. If the child be a girl, a rag doll is buried in a similar place opposite the door of the room in which the child is born. The little baby has no shirt on for four days, and when nine days have passed grandmamma brings a cradle in which the child is strapped on a "bed of barley." These are curious customs. The parents are congratulated, and friends come with birthday presents. Then the light which has been burning near the child to keep off evil spirits, or "evil eyes," is removed, and the child remains in its little cradle while the feasting proceeds, for there are two feasts in the case of a boy, and one when the child is a girl.

The child undergoes certain ceremonies which are common in the East; and when its hair is first cut the hair is put in a balance with gold and silver, and when the proper weight is reached, the sum of money is handed to the poor in charity. After forty days have passed the Turkistan baby is carried out in the streets, but never till the forty days have expired, for fear of evil happening.

At six years old, or earlier, the children are sent to their lessons at elementary schools, where they read aloud when they have learned the alphabet and the Koran by heart. At about the age of sixteen the father of a lad begins to think it is time he got married.

Italy.



LAND of music and song, of art and ruins, of gentle breezes and glorious skies; and more than all else, the land of beautiful children. In no other country are little boys and girls more free to roam in the sunshine or more tenderly loved. Let us begin this chapter then by describing the Italian nursery. And when we say "nursery" what a vision of cosy, pleasant, homelike rooms at once suggests itself to us, with their bright picture-papered walls, on which "Jack and the Giant," "Cinderella and her Sisters," "Hop-o'-my-thumb and the Ogre," "Little Red Riding Hood and the Wolf," all live side by side in peace. Nurseries with their cheerful fires and high brass fenders, their cushioned rocking-chairs and their low stools, their chintz curtains of odd patterns and bright colors, their great rocking-horses, their toys, and last, but not least, their baths!

It is true that not every child has a nursery even in our dear country. The cold cellar, the cheerless attic, the damp

steps under the arch by the river, the old broken-down hut, the still more broken-down shed, where the cold, and the wind, and the rain get in at will, are the only nurseries that many children know, the only recollection of childhood they will have in after years. For poverty is found in all countries and the children of the poor know little about comforts, though they are often as happy as those of the rich. But the nursery of the Italian child! What is it like? Has it pictured walls, its comforts, its toys, and its baths? Yes and no. Its ceiling is the deep blue sky, its walls are pictured by the white-blossoming almond tree, the olive, the mulberry, or the still, dark cypress; its toys are the butterflies, the birds, and the golden rose-beetles; its floor is a wondrous inlaid work of sunshine and warm soft shadows; or the child may be seated upon a portion of ruined wall, held by its parent, who has little else to do. Nature herself has prepared and decorated and warmed the nursery for her southern child, and it is just as well that she has done so, for Italy is poor, and we should have to look far and wide before we found anything like an American nursery in its small and dirty cottages.

Even the palaces are gloomy and dark, with thick walls and small windows; and the rich baby in its costly cradle of carved wood, with silken hangings, is no happier than the poor washerwoman's child, who, with a clothes-basket for a cradle, crows and laughs by the river-side, while its mother beats the linen before she dips it into the stream; or the fisherman's baby, who lies upon a heap of nets by the sea-shore; or the mountain-child, whose cradle is a wisp of straw, placed on the stone steps before the door of its father's hut; or the children in the market who sleep amid the noise and bustle.

Yes, Nature has done well to provide a very beautiful nursery for the child of Italy, one which all must use; and she has thought of water for baths as well, though few there think of bathing.

In the mountain villages the children grow up, unwashed and uncombed, among their playmates, the funny little black,



WATCHING THE ARTIST PAINT.

smooth-skinned, long-legged pigs, which, with the chickens and ducks, seem to think the house and its surroundings their own, and act as if they owned it.

A foreign gentleman was once wandering among the mountains in the early morning. A boy of about twelve, with bright black eyes and curly hair, came singing along the mountain path. All Italians sing—boys and girls, men and

women, well fed or hungry, happy or sad. The Italian proverb says:—

“ If I sing the whole day I’m without bread,
And if I don’t sing I’m without bread still.”

So what’s the use, thinks the Italian, of making matters that are bad worse? He sings in spite of his troubles.

This boy was tall and slender, and looked very picturesque in his faded brown jacket, his old knee-breeches, and dirty sandals. He swung a stick in his hand, and what remained of an ancient felt hat, bound by a red ribbon, was placed jauntily on his curly locks. The mountain breeze played with the open collar of his shirt, and blowing it aside left his neck and chest bare.

The gentleman watched the lad approach, and thought what a pretty picture he would make; but as he came nearer the shirt looked so dirty, and there was such a paste of grime on the boy’s face and breast that his opinion began to change. Nearer and nearer the boy came, and dirtier and dirtier he looked. At last the gentleman could keep silence no longer.

“Halla, my man,” cried he in Italian, “Did you ever wash yourself?”

The boy looked up in surprise, but not at all ashamed.

“Wash?” said he, as if the idea that one could wash occurred to him then for the first time; “*giammai, signore, giammai!*” (“never, sir, never!”)

When the hot summer months are over the inhabitants of the mountain villages come down to the towns, especially to Rome, to earn money by singing, or as models for artists.

Such is the child-life of a large class in Italy, a shade better, though, than the life of the bandit’s child.

He, poor little fellow, is perhaps the most to be pitied, for he has no chance at all in the wild, lawless life that the



By permission of American Bureau of Ethnology.

INDIAN WOMEN WEAVING BLANKETS

One of the chief sources of income of the Navajo Indians is blanket weaving. The wool used is from their own sheep and the colors and designs have made the work famous.



NATIONAL DANCE OF THE AFRICAN PYGMIES

The smallest of this group is just three feet high, and the largest, though full grown, only four feet tall. These strange little people marry at eight, at twelve they are in their prime, and at forty are old men and women.

brigands lead of learning anything good, or of escaping an outlaw's fate.

The brigand, however, is very fond of his children, and it is singular to see that, though he has no ties of religion and law with regard to himself, he desires them above everything else for his child.

Some years ago an old priest was traveling from one village to another. It was dusty and hot, and the way was long. The priest was glad on looking back to see that a peasant woman, seated in her donkey-cart, was coming that way. Of course the woman asked the priest to take a seat in her cart, and, of course, he very willingly consented. At a turn of the road three robbers sprang out of the thicket.

"The Madonna has sent you to us," said one of the rogues, in a pious tone of voice. "Do not fear, worthy father; come down and go with us."

"It was all very well to say 'Do not fear,'" but the poor priest did fear, and the peasant woman shivered in her sandals. Still there was nothing for it but to obey.

After three hours' wandering through woods and over mountain paths, they came to a small open space or plateau, where a group of bandits awaited them, one of whom held a little child in his arms.

"Worthy father," said he, approaching the priest and showing him the child, "this is my son, and I wish him to become a Christian. Christen him or you shall be hanged."

You may imagine that the worthy priest made what haste he could to christen the baby. It received a long row of high-sounding names, beginning with Michael Angelo and ending with Giuseppe.

When the ceremony was over, the bandit-father presented the priest with a purse of gold, the woman with a pair of

costly earrings, and then both were led back to the turn of the road, where the donkey was munching thistles by the wayside, not troubling itself about the delay so long as thistles were to be found.

Sometimes the bandits will even have their child christened in church.

On such occasions they descend in a body to one of the mountain villages, and force the priest to christen the child. The priest and the villagers are, as a rule, so frightened that they do all that they are told, but they have generally no cause to complain. The brigand is at such times a gentleman; he fires salutes in the village streets in honor of the event, throws money on all sides, and pays for barrels of wine, which priest and villagers drink without any scruples of conscience.

All Italians rejoice at a child's birth. First, because they love all young, soft, tender things. Besides there are a thousand superstitious reasons why every new-born baby (no matter into how crowded a cradle) gets a hearty welcome. They believe the end of the world to be near at hand, but that no children will be born within seven years of this great event, therefore, each birth means at least seven years more of life.

The christening ceremonies are entered into with the greatest pleasure by all who know the parents. After the baptism and sacraments are over, the baby is passed around for all to kiss and with each kiss a coin is tucked tightly into the folds of the baby's many swaddling clothes. The coins are not large, but are always gladly given. Best of all, no name goes with them, and because of them baby leaves the place a person of property.

The poor children at home do not have too much to eat,

but no doubt they enjoy what they get. *Polenta*, the favorite Italian dish, is very simple, and to our taste not very good. It is made in this way: A pan of water is placed on the fire, and a quantity of flour, with a little salt, is stirred into it for some time till it hardens to a yellow-looking mass, when it is turned out onto a board. The father of the family then takes a piece of twine, and by means of it measures the cake into equal portions, one for each member of the family. A very small piece of cheese made from sheep's milk is given to each child to eat with his *polenta*, and that is his principal meal. Now and then, if it be the patron saint's day of little Antonio, or Giuseppe, or Giulia, the mother fries a few slices of liver in lard, but it is seldom that such luxuries are indulged in. Macaroni is a favorite food with the Italians, and is familiar to us all.

So terribly poor are some of the fathers and mothers that they leave their little ones at a convent where foundlings are cared for. If the mother leaves with it any special mark, such as a ribbon, a broken coin, or a peculiar garment, that mark is carefully saved by the nuns. The years go by and if the parents find that they can now afford it, they claim the child, and prove their ownership by the other half of the coin or bit of ribbon. The parents never send their babies away in this manner unless, indeed, there is no room in the house for them, and the cake of *polenta* is all too small for the mouths it has to fill.

Such is the life of the children of the very poor, and they form in Italy by far the largest class. Then there are the children of the families which were noble and were rich once, but have become poor. They are much to be pitied. Too proud to work, too poor to study, they lead a lazy life, always wishing for the good turn of fortune which never comes.

Our little Italian cousins do not give or receive their Christmas presents until Twelfth night, nor do they have our kind of Christmas tree, but they have very good times you may be sure, just the same.

In Lent buns are eaten, which the children are very fond of, called *maritozze*, made of the kernels of the pine-cone mixed with oil and sugar. On St. Joseph's Day there are the doughnuts, made of flour and rice fried in oil or lard. At Easter there are eggs; in May a kind of mixed cake cut in rings, and ornamented with fine red tassels. At Christmas, when they hail the coming of the holy Christ-child, the Italian children eat *torone* and *pan giallo*. *Torone* is a hard candy made of honey and almonds, and covered with crystallized sugar. *Pan giallo* is a mass of plums, citron, almonds, sugar, pine-seeds, and pistachio, all made up into a tight, tough mass.

But the great festival of the year is the Carnival, when the streets are full of clowns, giants, and dwarfs with immense noses and laughing masks, and men with bear, dog, and donkey heads; when boys and girls may be as mischievous as they please, and play all kinds of tricks on any one they choose without anyone getting angry; when bouquets and bonbons, sometimes flour and eggs, are thrown from balcony to balcony; when the laughing and shouting have no end; when everyone is merry, no one is cross. Ah! then I think all children would like to be in Italy, if it were only to dress up in masked array and to join in the great fun.

Egypt and the Barbary States.



ONCE upon a time, O youth, when Rhodopis (the rosy-cheeked one) was bathing in the waters of our sacred Nile, a mighty eagle espied her little red slippers lying on the banks of the river, and he seized them with his beak, carried them to the palace, and laid them at the feet of the

king. And the wonder-gift found favor in the eyes of the monarch, who proclaimed it to be his sovereign will that the owner of the red slippers, and none other, should become his queen. And all the ladies of Egypt essayed to thrust their feet into the tiny red slippers, but they fitted none but Rhodopis, the rosy-cheeked one, and she became queen, and reigned in the land." Thus relates the old turbaned Egyptian, as, sitting cross-legged on his seat, with his jars around him, he awaits customers for the sweet, delicious waters of the Nile, and the little Egyptian boy who stands near, listens with just as deep interest as our little folks do when nurse relates to them the old, old fairy-tale of Cinderella, which had its origin in this old, old Egyptian legend.

The Egyptian child is fond of stories, of fairy tales, and of legends, but in this he is much like boys in every part of the world.

His land is the land of marvels in nature and marvels in art; of the wondrous Nile, to whose yearly rise and fall his people owe their food; of the desert, with its waste of sand and its fair oases; of the mirage, the wonderful picture of dome and castle and waving palm-groves which, with its phantom beauties, enchants and deceives the eye of the weary traveller in the vast wilderness; of the simoom, the hot scorching wind that, raising the fine grains of sand, forms the sand column, fatal in its terrible progress to man and beast: of the gigantic pyramids and the strange sphinx; of ancient tombs and wide-spreading ruins of palaces, towers, and mighty cities.

Yes, the land of Egypt is a land of wonders, a land of magicians and sorcerers, of boys and girls who grow up among these strange scenes, of veiled ladies and turbaned pashas, of beautiful mosques and palaces, mud huts and dirty hovels.



A CAMP IN THE DESERT.

As soon as an Egyptian child is born, the fears of his parents beset his path. The dread "evil eye" may fall on him, and so he is left unwashed and undressed, and rendered as unlovely as possible, in the hope that this "evil eye" may pass him over and fail to notice him.

Not content with leaving him unwashed, the mother blackens his forehead or his cheeks with soot or clay, or even covers him with a thick black veil in her anxiety to save him from imaginary ills; and friends and relations coming to visit him or his parents are careful to say: "What an ugly child! Why, he is a perfect fright!" To which strange compliments the smiling father and mother listen with pleasure, as they

know that this form of speech is adopted to deceive their enemy.

Poor deluded parents! Instead of saving their child from the "evil eye," they give it to him, for the saddest thing is that the poor children, so neglected and dirty, fall victims to the disease, very common in Egypt, called ophthalmia, and they often lose the sight of one eye, if they do not become, as in many cases, completely blind. The Egyptian woman anx-

iously waits for the day when her baby shall first see and notice a crocodile. All children are taught to gaze earnestly upon every crocodile they see by chance; for the Egyptians believe that to see



a crocodile brings luck, especially to the young. Many sick children are carried miles and miles that they may look upon one, since all Egypt knows that this will cure illness and sharpen the little one's appetite.

Not until the child of Moslem or Turk is one year old does he get his first washing; a Copt (ancient Egyptian) does not think it "lucky" to let a drop of water touch the baby until he is baptized. Then he is dipped in the water but this dipping has to last him a long time. Does it not seem strange to us?

The Copts of the Egyptian race are one of the most unique peoples on earth. They are the unmixed and unchanged descendants of the Egyptians, who lived when the Pyramids were built, thousands and thousands of years before the Christian era. They have their own church, avoid all other creeds, and never marry out of their own race and church, and so have preserved to a wonderful degree the look and manners of their ancestors. They look startlingly like the men and women carved upon the ancient tombs and temples. The children are queer looking little objects, with very thin arms and legs and we must say it, remarkably fat abdomens.

And what is the cradle of a little *fellah*?*

You would guess a long time before you found the right answer, and yet it is a very appropriate one, suiting its home to its surroundings, and its own dirty condition. In the summer-time it is the mud outside of the house, in the winter-time it is the mud inside of the house. The hut itself is built of mud; the roof is made of patches of mud plastered on rough beams, or of bundles of reeds; windows there are none, furniture there is none, beds there are none. Sometimes the baby is wrapped up in its mother's dirty *burko* (face-veil), and stowed away in a corner, but more frequently it has no clothing at all, or anything to serve as bed.

The kitchen is a flag or stone outside the house, with a pan or two for the preparation of the simple food, which is conveyed to the mouth by means of the thumb and two fingers of the left hand, as knives and forks are things unknown. The right hand has to serve as dinner-napkin.

Comfortless, indeed, would the life of a little *fellah* be if

* The *jellaheen* (plural of *fellah*) are the farmers, the cultivators of the soil, the keepers of the cattle—in short, those who in many countries are called the peasants.

the soft Egyptian air did not surround him, and the bright Egyptian sun look down upon him. They have no fear of rain in Egypt for it rarely or never falls.

The houses of the richer *fellaheen* are composed of two or more courts, or yards, with rooms open at the top, or only partially roofed in with beams or reeds. One of these courts is destined for the cattle, the other for the family.

All Egyptian children are kind to animals. The *fellah* boys and girls make pets, friends and playmates of the creatures which they take care of. There was in former times a festival held at Bubastis, in the eastern part of the country, to the goddess Bast, or Sekhet, who was represented by the head of a cat, and to Bubastis mummies of favorite cats were sent for preservation. Sometimes even a cat was called Bubastis, but now its familiar name is Mau, or Mie, showing that the language of Egyptian cats is not unlike that of our own domestic pets.



SMOKING A NARGHILE.

In Cairo there is to this day a home for destitute cats; and it is still a popular belief that twin children change into cats at night if they go hungry to bed, and while their bodies are lying apparently sleeping at home, their cat-spirits are wandering abroad in search of food. Therefore, to be cruel to a cat, which may be a hungry boy or girl in disguise, is not to be thought of, and puss must of necessity be cared for, loved and respected.



A CAMEL CARRYING TENTS, BAGGAGE AND CHILDREN.

The donkey-boys begin their daily work with much noise, shouting and quarreling. They generally pick up some foreign words and phrases, and think themselves very clever if they make use of them. The donkey bears a foreign name, to begin with. "Jack Sprat! hoo! good donkey! Take Jack Sprat!" "Ned Noggins! sare! fine donkey! Take Ned Noggins!"

Then when they have induced any "Franks" (Europeans) to hire them and their donkeys, they wave their clubs and whoop and laugh and shout, to advise all foot-passengers of the danger they are in of being run over.



MUMMIES.

"Take care!" they shout to a Frank, "Sakim!" to a Turk. "Ya khawageh! Ya bint!" ("You woman! you girl! out of the way!") "Ya sheik!" ("Mind, old man!") "Ye-meenek!" ("To the right!") "Shimalek!" ("To the left!") So they shout and screech to drown the voices of the small street vendors, their rivals in noise. "Honey! oh honey!" sings out one of these latter. "Oh oranges! oh grapes, consolers of the mournful!"

"Pips! oh pips!" (water melons) cries another. "Oh roses! blossoming from the sweat of the prophet! sycamore figs! oh odors of paradise! oh henna! for the lovely finger tips of the youthful, for the hair of the aged, for the beautifying of the tails of steeds? oh henna!"

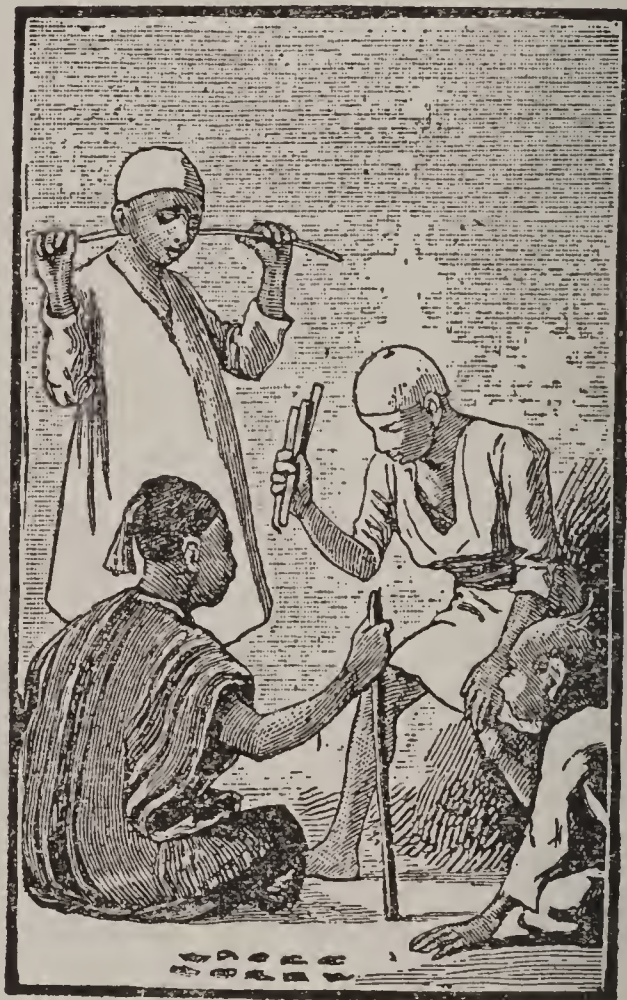
Watch with interest the group in the picture on the following page, where a number of Egyptian lads are playing at a game peculiar to the country. This game, called "Mankalah," is played with cowries, or shells. Another, the "Gered," re-

quires great bodily exertion. Throwing the ball, or two hoops, which are caught on ivory rods, has been a favorite pastime in all ages, and chess, draughts, and backgammon are common games. Then all are fond of singing as they work, and in the villages and on the banks of the Nile the sound of a rude kind of drum is often heard, and the reed pipes, both single and double, sound very prettily along the river's banks.

Girls are generally given names of pretty meaning, as "Gazelle," "Flower," or "Princess." Boys are frequently called "Gergas" (George), as St. George is the patron saint of the Copts. A strange custom is still kept up with regard to names. Three wax candles are lighted; to each a name is given, one belonging to a saint among them. The taper that burns the longest gives the child its name.

Little as Egyptian children learn, as a rule, they are taught two very important things—great

reverence for their parents and for the aged. This is much to be remarked alike in the country, where the *fellaheen* leave their little ones to grow up the best way they can, in the homes of the rich, in towns where the children are spoiled and pampered to their heart's content, where the girls are brought up in idleness, waited upon by numbers of slaves, and where the boys are thought wonderfully clever if they can read and write, recite the Koran, and work out an ordinary sum.



PLAYING AT "MANKALAH."

Children of Northern Africa.

Children of Northern Africa, in the Barbary States, are of eight distinct races, the Kadyles, Arabs, Moors, Jews, Turks, Kologious, Negroes and Mozabites. The Arabs, the Jews and the Turks keep the same customs and same habits and live the same lives that they do wherever we may find them.

The Mozabites lived for many years on the Sahara Desert, but are now to be found in all the states and towns along the southern shore of the Mediterranean. The children are taught to farm and take care of their many camels and sheep. They are taught to chase the lion, gazelle and ostrich, which is their principal amusement and almost their only amusement, all except for the few chances they have of seeing the puppet shows in the Algerian towns and cities. Mozabite women have more liberty than any other Mohammedan women and the children are free to go everywhere with their mothers. They sit with them in the long quiet evenings on the housetops where the family gathers to sing with their soft gentle voices or to listen with breathless interest to a professional story-teller. We have found in nearly every country in the south of Europe that these story-tellers are among the greatest delights the children have. We are sure that it would be nice to have them in this country, for it is more pleasant, we think, to have stories told to us than to read them for ourselves in a book.

Ramadan is the Mohammedan's Lent, and is celebrated just the same as in Turkey. The chief amusement for children, however, in Morocco and Algeria is the African Punch and Judy show. These shows are managed really very much like our own. The figures hit and kick each other, make love, and act in almost every way like our own.

The children laugh and cry, and enjoy it more than anything they see. The chief actor plays one part, but wears many costumes.

The children of this part of the world are taught that beautiful handwriting is of the greatest importance. Even the youngest boys can write and draw with wonderful ease and skill. Arithmetic is always taught though not more than the most simple figuring; but the little Moors take to it naturally for they are all born traders. A story is told of an old college professor who was spending a holiday in Algiers. He went into a native shop, and there a small ten-year old Moor, who had never gone, and who never would go beyond the Rule of Three, managed to cheat him out of at least ten cents, a big sum of money there. After his return to the hotel, it took the professor half an hour and a whole sheet of paper to figure it out. The Moorish boy finishes school when he is thirteen, but he seldom loses, or drops the friendship of his teacher. The boys and girls become very much attached to their schoolmasters, and it is



AN ALGERIAN WOMAN.

unusual to see a Moorish man or woman married without the old teacher being present. He rarely scolds or has need to. The little children love him, and they are glad to do what he wishes them to.

The schoolroom is small and quite open to the street, and though much is going on outside for the children to see and hear, they keep their minds upon their work and attend to nothing but their school and their lessons.

The Kadyles live in all the mountains along the coast, from Tripoli to Morocco. Many of them tattoo a small Greek cross on the foreheads of their children above the eyes. The reason they give for doing this is as follows: Many, many years ago (they say) a light colored, warlike people came from the northern kingdoms, plundering and killing. But those of the Mohammedans were spared who had painted a cross on their foreheads. To this day the custom still lives.

The Kadyles are very poor. Almost all that save anything hide it without telling anyone. Many of the children, when the parents die, are unable to find this little treasure, and are thrown upon the world and must make their way alone. They sleep in the open, go in rags, and in every possible way save until they can gather together a hundred Boojoos.* The boy with this sum can buy a musket and afford to get married, and when he has a wife and a gun he is well set up in life, and perfectly satisfied. The Kadyles boy, as a rule, has one accomplishment, the only one. He plays the strange, weird, mysterious melodies of his race upon a peculiar wooden whistle. The music is very beautiful, but very sad.

The boy, though dark when a baby, grows slightly darker in time; but the girl will never darken. In fact, the

*A small, native coin.

sun rarely touches her face, for she lives in shady gardens and darkened rooms and even when she does go into the street she is heavily veiled, as we have shown in the foregoing illustration, and it is an everyday affair (but a sight, of course, for feminine eyes alone) to see a Moorish grandmother with the brilliant, clear, pink and white skin of a twelve-year-old maiden.

The children of Barbary play well such games as chess and checkers, even when very young. On sunny afternoons you may see a group of eager-faced boys, brown-eyed Turks, soft-eyed Moors, strong-limbed Arabs and graceful Algerians gathered about a chess-board at which a Kadyles and negro boy are playing. All the tribes and nationalities forget their differences of religion, of habits and of life around a chess-board. Though they may not eat together, sleep together, walk or talk together on the streets, they do play chess together and praise each other's skill and victories with perfect impartiality.

Before we say good-by to these mixed races of the Barbary States we must notice a very peculiar custom of the soldiers. They all can and do knit. They knit as they walk about the streets, they knit on duty, they knit whenever they change guard. Why, we cannot understand, for none of them wear stockings.

The three things the Mohammedan is always taught to honor are his religion, his parents and lunatics. The harmless madmen are thought by them to be inspired by divine powers and the worst little boy in Morocco will stop playing at the approach of a lunatic and stand respectfully aside until the poor creature has gone past. Whatever he asks is given to him, and the poor little street Arab never dreams of refusing to do anything for him.

All the boys are trained in music and many of them make their own instruments. As for the girls! The girls of the upper class are taught nothing but to dress and eat and smile. When they are twelve or younger they are fattened, for strange as it may seem to us, they think this a girl's greatest attraction. Their lovely faces, however, are very beautiful. Their bodies are fat and tatooed, but their eyes and cheeks and lips are lovely beyond those, perhaps, of the girls of any other nation.

Turkey and Arabia.



LE salam aleikum" ("Peace be with you"), "friends!" We are on our way to Constantinople to visit Turkish boys and girls, and it is proper that we should greet each other in Oriental fashion.

Let us sail down the Danube and over the waters of the Black Sea, or through the charming Isles of Greece to far-famed Constantinople. As we draw near, the gently sloping shores are dotted with beautiful palaces and parks, villas and gardens, ruins and modern palaces, kiosks and vineyards; pine forests are at the back, and in front numberless graceful boats skim lightly over the water, or rest in small picturesque bays and creeks. As we pass one of these we see several Turkish children, with tasselled fez or cap, sitting cross-legged at the bottom of the boat, and lazily watching their negro servant as he angles for fish.

And now we come in sight of the first of the seven hills on which Constantinople, like Rome, is built; we can see the immense gilt crescent on the dome of the Mosque of San Sophia; we see hundreds of slender minarets or spires standing out against the blue sky; the domes and cupolas of mosques and monuments glisten in the sun's rays; groups of dark cypresses rise here and there in solemn height.

We see the city before us in all its beauty as we turn into the famous harbor of the Golden Horn, with its forest of masts.

A few moments more and we are in the Turkish capital, only to find that it like many other cities, places, and things,



YOUNG TURKISH LAD.

looks best when seen from a distance. Now we are in it, we find it far from beautiful. The streets are narrow; the windows that look into them are latticed and barred; great ugly

dogs lie stretched across the path, and do not dream of moving either at the kick of the Christian or the "Uscht!" ("Out of the way!") of the Turk.

There is a great deal of noise, and yet a general air of laziness. The water-bearer and the porter are the busiest; but their faces, like the faces of all we meet, are grave and have a strange lack of expression. Even the little pasha's child of seven looks as if he had the burden of fifty years on



LEARNING THE KORAN.

his young head, and answers the formal greetings made to him with a weary air.

But listen! Ah! here at last are the joyous voices of children! What a relief! We look round and see a merry troop of them coming. A number of boys are escorting one of their number, who is going for the first time to school. It

is his sixth birthday. The children are all wearing their very best clothes to do him honor. The little fellow is mounted on a horse or donkey, and as this is a very special occasion, his comrades drop their usual seriousness, and sing and shout as they lead him to the seat of learning. It is a day he has looked forward to for years, though he seems to get very little enjoyment from his school life after all.

The school house is, as a rule, built near a mosque. Inside it is very plain and simple. A blackboard hangs from the ceiling by means of strings made from the fibres of the palm tree, a board for books and slates, one for water-jugs, one for the master's pipe, a mat in the middle of the floor, or a divan or a couch at the side of the wall, perhaps a globe, and that is all. No school books are to be seen, and no desks with ink and paper, slate and pencil.

The master, dressed in a flowing white robe and green turban, sits cross-legged on the mat or divan; the children, cross-legged likewise, form a semicircle, and as they learn, sway their bodies backwards and forwards, as this movement is thought to assist the memory. All learn aloud and at once, so that the noise is heard at some distance.

The master has a long palm cane in his hand, to enable him to give a gentle reminder from time to time, without the trouble of rising, to all who are not paying attention.

The book that is used is the Koran, the holy book of the Turks, and the studious boy is expected to copy it out, and learn it off by heart. A little writing, less arithmetic, and still less geography, if any, complete the course of education.

"Never do to-day what you can put off till to-morrow," is a maxim with all Turks; and a Turkish father is, as a rule, too lazy himself to take much trouble about his child. "The child does not want to learn, what can I do?" he exclaims.

The walls of their houses are painted white, the ceilings red, yellow, or blue; the floors are inlaid; divans and couches supplied with any number of cushions, are ranged along the wall; a mat or two is laid on the floor; there are few mirrors, and no pictures or statues, for these are forbidden by the Koran.

As the boy enters, his mother comes to meet him.

"My life!" says she, "how glad I am to see you! Fatima! Jussuf! come! your brother is here. Take care of the baby, *kuzum*" (my lamb).

This last warning is necessary, for if the swaddled baby does not happen to be lying in its hammock near the open window, or sleeping in its curiously-shaped cradle, he looks like a bundle lying on the floor. He makes an odd picture. His head is encased in a cap of red silk, a tassel of seed pearls hang down at one side. Several charms are fastened to the tassel. He must feel very uncomfortable, for his arms and legs have been straightened out and bound tight with bandages. Over all his little body is generally spread a thin red veil, especially when strangers are in the house. Soon after he was born his father had taken him very tenderly in his arms and after a short prayer had whispered his name three times and that was all the christening he had ever received.

Fatima and Jussuf come. They are pretty children, with long black hair, arranged in plaits and intertwined with pearls. In rich families strings of pearls hang also from the crown of the fez; but rich families in Turkey are becoming scarce, and pearls are rarer than they once were. Many of the Turkish children are now dressed in European fashion, but Jussuf and Fatima still wear the Turkish dress.

The boy wears a long coat or caftan, trousers, and **fez**

or tasseled cap. The girl has very wide drawers, a long dress, caught up at the side by the belt, and pretty embroidered slippers.

And now that Fatima and Jussuf are welcoming their brother, and all three are admiring the baby, with its wreath of artificial flowers, its blue beads, and its other talismans, we will take the opportunity of describing some of the daily customs of the family.

All rise early, and after the washing of hands and face, repeat a short prayer. Then parents and children retire to rest again for a couple of hours, leaving servants and slaves to put the house in order and prepare the coffee. After coffee they wait again two hours for breakfast. Though it has been hours since she got up, the mother is still wearing her wadded night-dress. "It is so comfortable," she thinks, "why should I hurry to dress myself for the day?"

Before breakfast a queer basin is brought by a slave or servant. In the middle is a little stand holding a cake of soap, while beneath is a sort of well to hold the water as it runs out of the basin. The hands are held out while another servant slowly pours water over them. "Wash before eating and afterwards" is a law of the Koran, and no matter how much little boys and girls wish to hurry out to play, they must not leave their seats until their hands have been bathed. To them it would seem as wicked to neglect this rule as to tell a false story or to steal.

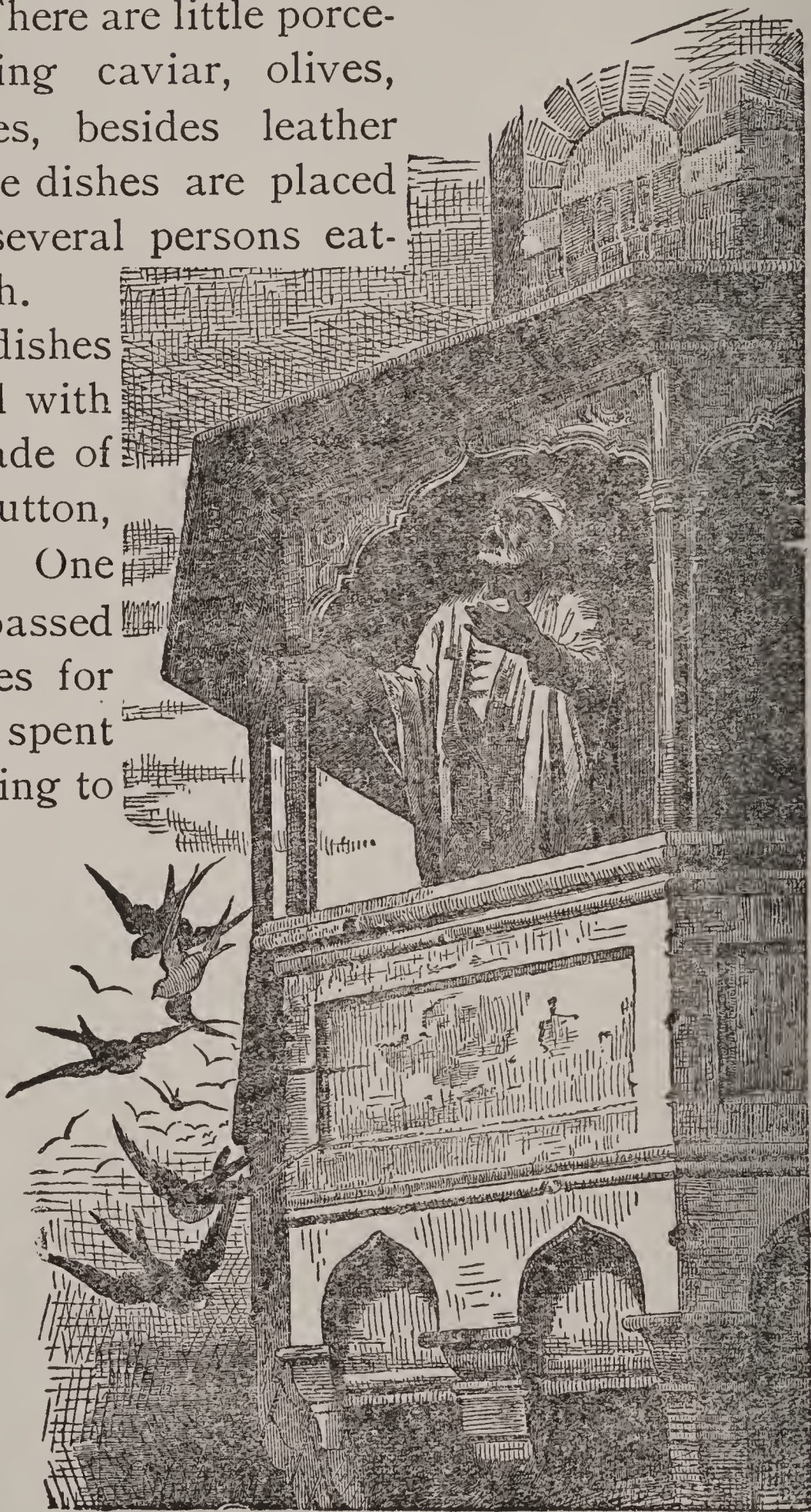
Soon after sunset they have evening prayer and the family takes dinner. If the father has friends he dines with them and his boys in the *selamlık*, the ladies and daughters having their dinner in the *haremlık*; but if there are no visitors the family dine together.

Dinner is served on a kind of table or stool, about a foot

high. Trays are placed on it, with bread, ivory spoons for food which cannot be picked up with the fingers, and horn spoons for fluids. There are little porcelain plates containing caviar, olives, cheese and preserves, besides leather saucers, on which the dishes are placed one after the other, several persons eating from the one dish.

The favorite dishes are *borok*, a pie filled with cheese, and *pilaf*, made of minced and spiced mutton, with pistachio nuts. One long dinner-napkin passed round the tray serves for all. The evening is spent in singing and listening to tales—a very favorite amusement; and at 10 o'clock the mattresses and coverlets are brought out of cupboards and presses, where they are kept during the day, and are spread on the floors of the rooms.

Five times in the day the *Muezzin*, from the balcony of the minaret, calls to prayer.



CALLING TO PRAYER.

“La Illah, ill Allah!” (“There is but one God, one God alone!”) he cries. Down on his knees goes every Turk, man and child, with his face turned toward the sacred city of Mecca, while he repeats a short prayer.

Besides these five special prayers, the Turkish boy is taught to make good use of his rosary.

This rosary is made of different woods, coral, agate, mother-of-pearl, or even of small pearls. Some are composed of pebbles which pilgrims have picked up by the wayside. It must have ninety-nine beads, divided into three sets; and children are taught to slip these beads through their fingers, saying to each one, “Allah!”

From his cradle the Turkish child sees signs of belief in magic and hidden evil. A mother lets no one see her baby before it is six weeks old, for fear anyone should give it the “evil eye.” This, the mother thinks, is sure to befall her child if the visitor who praises its good looks or its health does not mean what she says, or is not careful to add, “Marsh Allah!” (“May God preserve it!”)

All children wear talismans or charms to preserve them from danger; sickness, they think, is charmed away, and evil spirits are pacified by these.

They have few toys, and those of the simplest description, such as tops and marbles, with which they do many wonderful things. We look in vain for toys that help in teaching the child. There are no bricks, no garden tools, no toy machines. Games, fencing, swimming, gymnastic exercises are being introduced into the newer schools, but it will be a long time before the Turkish father makes his boy learn them. Altogether, the child is left to do pretty much what he likes. His mother is fond of him, but she has no education herself, and cannot see the use of it. His father is fond

of him; but as the child must always stand in his father's presence, and may not speak till he is spoken to, there is no trust and no childish chat or laughter.

Yet, in spite of all this, there is much natural affection among the Turks, which may lead to better things as time goes on; and it must be said that two virtues are impressed upon all children—honesty and temperance. Whether in the town or the country, the Turkish boy, however poor, does not steal, and the Turkish home, whatever it may fail to have, is never a drunken one.

And if we remember that the industry which they lack might not be ours if we lived in their climate, and were hemmed in with superstitious customs, we can part good friends with the children of Turkey.

Children of the Arabs.

Hospitality is the first law of the Arab tribe, and a woman must in her husband's absence entertain the guest who asks the shelter of her house, whether he is known to her or not, whether friend or foe. They have many pretty



customs of hospitality. The mistress of the house brings cool oil of roses to the stranger, in which to put his fingers; a little daughter brings a flat saucer of burning musk to perfume his hands and cheeks, the master of the house offers purple grapes.

Sometimes a tired traveler, claiming hospitality, will find a basin of perfumed snow waiting for him beside the softest cushion in the coolest corner of the tent. The snow had been gathered from some near mountain-slope and scented with rose petals.

They drink sour milk and love to eat ostrich eggs and red Birnee dates. Perhaps the two animals which the ordinary Arab child is most familiar with are the ostrich and the camel. But we must not forget the horse. Arabia is the land from which all horses came, in the beginning, and he is loved and cared for almost equally with the rest of the family.

Dates are to the Arabs what bananas are to the most of Africa; what bread, meat and fish are to Europe, and what rice is to India and China. An Arab, when traveling



THE ARAB AND HIS FAITHFUL HORSE.

in England, was asked how he liked that country. He shook his head kindly, but sadly, and said, "No dates grow there." Ostrich eggs, which the Arabs so love to eat, are very large. They weigh three pounds at least, and are very good. The Arabs are born with wonderful senses of sight, of smell, and of hearing. These natural gifts are carefully cultivated in all the boys, and among the Bedouins are found keener than among any other people.

Russia and Poland.

Come, oh, spring! oh, lovely spring!
Come with hope and come with treasure,
Come with waving flax, and bring
Corn abundant, dance and pleasure.—RUSSIAN SONG.



THUS sings the Russian mother as she swings the hammock-like cradle in which her baby is sleeping, and is happy that the long cold winter is past, and the beautiful summer is at hand.

The children are happy, too, and run out into the first rains of the season, and laugh and dance and sing songs in their praise, as American children do when the first snow-flakes fall. The little Russians are tired of the snow. But after the long, hard frosts of winter they are glad to see rain, for they know that it will bring the loveliest, though it be the shortest, season of the year.

In some parts the young girls collect on the banks of the rivers when the ice is breaking, and there join hands and move backwards and forwards in graceful measure, begging the spring not to delay its coming. On the first of May the children and their parents wander into the woods for a long

stroll, and when they return bring with them buds and green boughs and young flowers.

The Russian spring is short—so short, that in times gone by it was not classed among the seasons at all. It comes with a bound, and has scarcely time to bid the trees awake from their winter sleep, and the flowers spring up amid the meadow grass or by the banks of the brook, before it is away with another bound. But while it lasts it calls back the birds, the cuckoo, the lark, and the swallow. On certain days these birds appear one after the other, returning, as the legend says, from Paradise, and bringing its warmth with them.

Every season has its songs. When the children have sung in praise of spring, they welcome the summer, with its hot, long days, during which in northern Russia, for a short time at least, the sun scarcely sinks



RUSSIAN PEASANTS AT DINNER.

below the horizon. They sing also in autumn and winter, but the songs of autumn and winter are sad; the former grieving for the departure of the birds, the leaves, and the flowers; the latter telling of children lost in the snow, hugged to death by the shaggy bears, or eaten by the hungry wolves.

In no country in the world is the difference between the rich and poor, the noble and the peasant, so clearly marked and so hard to do away with. The parents of many of the little boys and girls of the poor were once serfs—a kind of slave—for they belonged either to the emperor or to some rich

nobleman. They could be bought and sold like animals. Though this state of affairs no longer exists, the poor peasant seems to grow poorer, and the rich classes richer. Russia needs sadly a middle class of sturdy, honest men and women such as are the great bulk of our own people. This class is our greatest strength, and the lack of it is Russia's greatest weakness. We shall see at once, therefore, the great difference in the lives of the children of the rich and of the poor.

The children of rich Russians are very much petted, and their homes are luxurious. The young nobles are seldom sent to school, but have tutors and governesses at home.

These are natives of France, Germany, and England, and as the children hear these languages spoken from their earliest years, and have great power of imitation, they find it easy to speak foreign languages, which they may know better than their own.

While very few of the peasant children can read or write even the Russian language, you will think it very strange when I tell you that there are more than forty different kinds of speech in this great big country of Russia. Even if you learned to speak Russian in one part of it, you might not be understood in a different part.

As long as they are small, the little nobles look very pretty, especially the boys, who are dressed in many nice looking costumes. Their coats or dresses of embroidered Persian silk or of velvet, of Circassian goat or camel-hair fabrics, are bound around the waist with bright colored sashes, in which little three-hilted dirks are placed.

Caps and turbans of all descriptions and colors cover their curly little heads, and boots of scarlet, yellow or black, topped with red or white, and furnished with small gilt spurs, adorn their feet. The little girls in the towns are dressed after the

Paris fashions, but at their country seats they also take to the pretty national costumes.

Children do not stay children long in Russia. They soon become little gentlemen and ladies; the boys are put into grand uniforms, and enter the military schools or become

pages at the palaces of the Emperor, where the principal study of a great many of them consists in bowing with grace, dressing splendidly, and spending money; while the girls have only to help their mothers entertain guests, and lounge about the handsome drawing-

rooms.



THE GREATEST BELL IN THE WORLD, IN MOSCOW. WE CAN ALSO SEE PECULIAR RUSSIAN SLEIGH AND HARNESS FOR THE HORSE.

St. Petersburg has been called the "City of Bells," and at no other time is this more noticeable than at Easter morning. All who can possibly go are in the cathedrals and churches. At last a great bell strikes twelve. At the last

stroke, the priest comes through the doors of the sanctuary chanting "Christ is risen! Christ is risen!" Then such a clamor of bells you have never heard. Big, deep-toned bells, little, high tinkling bells, and all the sizes between are clanging and sounding together, pealing forth the glad news. Cannons are fired off; rockets flash in the sky, the cathedral suddenly becomes ablaze with lights and all the people move around kissing each other; relations and friends first, and then everybody one happens to meet. Old women kiss, old men kiss each other, children kiss. The Emperor kisses all his household. The kissing lasts all night and during the next day, for this is Easter time, and it is their way of showing their good will toward all human beings, rich and poor alike.

In our days the little Ivan (the common name given to little Russians) is born in freedom, and has a good chance of becoming something better than his poor father and grandfather, who had no life of their own to speak of, but were kicked and beaten at the will of their master.

Ivan's father has not a pretty little hut; it does not remind us in the least of an American cottage.

The father builds it himself, and his only tool is his axe. His hut is made of logs of wood; the crevices are filled up with weeds and soil; the floor is nothing but earth mixed with manure, and great heaps of soil are piled up round the walls outside to keep the cold out. There is one great stove which heats the only room by day, and serves for a bed for the older people at night. The little children's hammocks are slung to the rafters around the stove, and there is a kind of rough bench by the wall, which serves as bed for the older children, if there are many at home. At dinner time the family seat themselves around the table, eating out of a common dish placed in the centre.

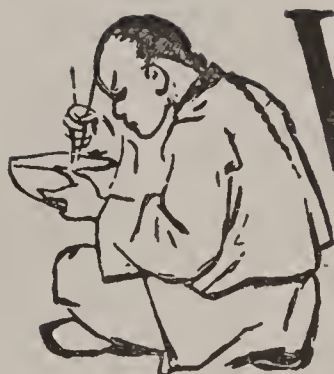
Ivan's life is generally a very hard one. In the early winter he leads the sleigh-horse which his father takes out with him to gather wood for the stove; and sometimes the poor little lad has to go alone into the depths of the forest for the wood. The girls in the harvest-time go with their mothers to the fields, where they work hard, leaving the smaller children to amuse themselves by wreathing wild flowers into a garland, until it is time to come home. There is very little "petting" amongst the Russian peasantry; they lead hard lives. Little Ivan is not "coddled."

Little Ivan's bath would be a trying thing for an American child. First he is steamed till he is half smothered in a hole under the stove, or in one of the vapor-baths so common in all Russian villages. Then he crawls out, and his mother half drowns him with pailfuls of hot water. Then she pours ice-cold water over him, or sends him out to have a roll in the snow; after which he dresses with pride.

To shorten the long winter evenings, the young village girls and children meet in the largest house to spin, and sing songs, and tell tales.

Later on the boys and young men come too, and they all have a dance to the sound of the Russian lute. The songs they sing are all mournful, but they are full of poetry and deep feeling. These songs have a peculiar effect upon the people. Music for them has a strong charm. The native songs and ballads have a quaint and curious ring of mystery and sadness. Fancy is blended with fact, and with every-day doings in a way that affects the feelings and is warmly felt by every listener.

China.



CHOPSTICKS.

WHEN we come to China we find a people full of foolish fancies about ghosts and demons and witches and the like, and much care is taken to save the little ones from these evil beings. When little babies are only three days old they are solemnly washed, and often have their wrists tied up with a red cotton cord, and to this a charm is attached so as to keep off evil spirits from the baby. The head is shaved when the child is a month old, the hairdresser then having to wear red, this being considered a "lucky" color. Presents of cakes and other things are sent to the baby, and when it is four months old there is a ceremony to thank "Mother," the patron goddess of Chinese children, for sending the little child, and to pray to her to make it good, prosperous and happy.

Ming or some other child name, is given to little boy babies, in addition to their surnames; but although they must always call themselves by this name, after they are twenty they must never be addressed by it, but by the *tsa* or manly name, which is bestowed upon them at that age. Boys at school also have some name by which their schoolmasters and schoolfellows call them. This is much like boys at our schools, who are apt to have their nicknames.

Instead of having a baby name given to them, girls are called No. 1, No. 2, and so on, as if they were not worth a name of their own.

Boys are thought much more of in China than their sisters, because they can earn more money when they grow up, and help to support their parents. They can also worship their ancestors, it is thought, with more effect.

A dreadful practice exists in China of putting little girls to death when there are too many in a family. The father



CHINESE CHILDREN.

does this terrible thing, but the Chinese do not look upon it as wrong, for they care little for their girls. Where an American parent would say he had two children, a girl and a boy, a Chinese would say, "only one child," as if the girl was not worth speaking of.

When a baby is four months old he learns, for the first time, to sit in a chair, and then his mother's mother has to send him, besides a great many other presents, some

soft sugar-candy, which is made to stick to the chair upon which the baby is seated.

The first birthday is a great day of rejoicing, when once more a thank-offering is presented to "Mother," and the baby is put upon the table in front of a number of things, such as ink, books, gold or tools, and the one he first touches is to decide what is to be his future employment. As soon as he is old enough to do so, the little child is taught to worship his patron goddess, and other gods and goddesses, of which the Chinese have a great many.

Very much is thought of education in China, and if a poor boy shows himself a good scholar and passes a hard examination he can fill as high a position as though he were a boy of rank. All boys, especially in the south of China,

are expected to go to school, but besides the schools of the Missionaries or Christian teachers, there are not very many for girls.

A tutor has not only to teach boys how to read and to write, but politeness forms the basis of



CHINESE SCHOOL.



Chinese education, and the many ceremonies used in public and private life have to be learnt at school.

Like the boys of Japan, the young Chinese learn their lessons out loud, and sometimes make a great clatter in the schoolroom while doing so. But boys may not talk together in school, and to prevent their doing this the desks are set at a distance apart.

When a lesson is known the boy takes his book to the master, bows, turns his back, and repeats it. This is called *pey-chou*, or "backing the book," and is to prevent the boy



BEATING LINEN.

from reading the lesson, which the large characters would make it very easy for him to do.

The way that the Chinese are taught is on a very different system from our own. They learn by heart first, and then have explained to them the meaning of what they have learnt. Their first lesson is on filial piety, and throughout life the Chinese boy, and girl, and man, and woman are noted for their love for their parents. This we find in all parts of China and Japan, and a lovely virtue it is, one which ought to be taught more in our own country.

They study a sacred book which tells them about the nature of man, modes of education, social duties, and many other things. Next come the four classical, and then the five sacred books; so when Chinese boys go to school they have plenty to study of a certain kind. They become so proud of their learning that they do not think they have anything left to learn from other nations.

At the mission school for girls the children are taught to read and write in the morning, and in the afternoon to make their own clothes. A Chinese girl's dress consists of a long loose jacket, and a pair of loose trousers, both made of bright colors. They also make their own shoes, which are beautifully embroidered. All little girls wear shoes, which they have to remove before they go into a room. Most of the better class of girls have very small feet, made so by being cruelly bandaged when of tender age.

The Chinese have two principal meals in the day, the one in the morning, the other in the evening, and a few cakes and some tea between morning and afternoon school, a pot of the tea being kept in the mission schools. They eat with "chopsticks."

Battledore and shuttlecock is a very common game amongst Chinese boys and girls, which they play sometimes in circles, often using their elbows and feet instead of battledores. Unlike their little neighbors in Japan, we do not think that Chinese girls care for dolls; but they are fond of playing at a round game similar to our "mulberry-bush."

They also skip; the boys play at horses, and fly the wonderful kites for which the Chinese are famous, and which their fathers and grandfathers often fly with them. These kites are of curious shapes, fashioned like birds of various kinds. A great many peep-shows are about the streets, which delight the children very much.

Their homes have generally no second floor. The Chinese in their superstition think it "unlucky" to live high above ground; but some houses in the cities have two stories.



CHINESE MOTHER AND CHILD.

The better dwellings all have stone walls around them. In their rooms are very pretty cabinets and screens, and also many ornaments and fans. Silk or satin curtains hang on the walls, on which good advice is written, and pretty lanterns are hung from the ceilings. Many houses have beautiful gardens and large verandahs; even the poor people love

and carefully tend, their good-sized pieces of ground.

The Chinese, as you may know, do most things in the opposite way to which we do them. Their mourning is white, not black, as with us; they turn their relatives out of doors to die; no one will have in the house a person who is ill if he can help it. A Chinese will *shake his own hand* instead of his guest's; he will put his hat on to salute you as we take the hat off! They write up and down the page; we write across it. Their chamber "maids" are all men, so are their washer "women," as an Irishman may say; and their river boat "men" are women and girls.



CAUGHT IN A SHOWER.

These boat-girls are pretty. They wear no shoes or stockings, but their feet and ankles are beautiful. They learn to manage boats when babies, and in these whole families live and die. "The water-baby," says an observer, "opens its eyes upon the *sampen* (boat) passes its watery youth there, is damply married there, and not unfrequently goes to a watery grave. For all that water does not appear to hurt the children, for they are on it and in it continually, and are not often drowned."

These people seldom go on land. They live in boats on the Canton river and other waters, sometimes at anchor or moored in the same spot all their lives. Their shops are floating like themselves, and the boats may have been dwelt in by generations. The boat-girls carry passengers and merchandise, and are lovely, bright girls, with short hair in front on the forehead, though it is knotted at the back under the wide hat. In Canton alone nearly a million of people live on the water.

In the matter of obedience, of which we have already spoken, the Chinese child is very strictly brought up. While he lives, a son must obey his parents; he does not become "his own master," but is subject to his parents in *all* things. The girl, after marriage, is ruled by her husband and his parents. After her husband's death she must obey her son when he arrives at mature age. So we see that the Chinese children have not nearly so much liberty as Western boys and girls have.

You have, many of you, heard the old song beginning—

"Ching-a-ring-a-ring-ting, Feast of Lanterns,
What a lot of chopsticks, prongs, and gongs."

Well, at the eve of the New Year, which is on the 8th of February of our reckoning, the Chinese hang out beautifully-

decorated lanterns from their doors and balconies; and when midnight comes, fireworks are let off, drums are beaten, music of the usual "ching-ching" style is played, so as to drive away evil spirits. For the same purpose the houses on these occasions are decorated with red cloth, and children's hair is tied up with red silk, so as to prevent any evil coming upon the houses or the children who live in them. At the end of the year all accounts are settled, new clothes are purchased, presents are given—a gift of a pair of shoes for the New Year is a favorite and welcome present—and the Chinese wish each other "A Happy New Year" in crabbed characters, like the wanderings of a fly which has been dipped in the ink-bottle and put on the paper to dry!

India.



INDIA

THE little ones of India do not lead such merry lives as those born in other countries. They seem to take life from their earliest years as a very solemn business. There is a look of old age on their little faces which is not natural, and though, of course, they have their childish plays, somehow even their amusements partake of the gravity which seems part and parcel of their nature. They take their pleasures sadly, and bursts of joyous merriment are rarely, if ever, heard amongst them in their play-hours. They are what we should call "old-fashioned."

The English in India seem to know very little about the native children who swarm about their houses and grounds. They, of course, see their servants' children running about in scanty garments, if they have any on at all, and running off, in an excess of shyness, on their approach to a place of shelter, and that is very often all they know about them. Pretty little things many of them are, either with shocks of black hair, or else with shaved heads, chubby faces, large, black, bead-like eyes, and beautifully white teeth. But if their faces are pretty, their forms

are not graceful, for Indian children are either too fat or too thin; and they go about in the fruit season, as a well-known writer has said, like “pots of green preserves, ‘chow chow’ undeveloped,” and their round little bodies give them an almost laughable appearance, taking away from their good looks.

We are writing now of quite poor native children. They have one great virtue which children of other countries would do well to imitate—they are very polite, and when



A HOUSE IN INDIA.

you pass them, they rise and make a graceful bow before they scamper away into hiding. If you give them a kind word, a few sweets, or, what they love more

than aught else, a few small coppers, they get over their shyness, and you have a chance to observe their ways a little.

It may be as well to give an account of Indian children from their earliest years.

Babies in India are not troubled with much clothing; they are not swathed up, for example, as are the German babies, nor even as are our own infants. They go through a

curious process which we should think very disagreeable; their little bodies are rubbed all over with oil, and lamp-black is put on their eyelids and below their eyes, there being an idea among the women that this is good for their eyesight.

The children have generally a quantity of black hair, but often, especially if it be very hot weather, this is all



LITTLE HINDOOS PLAYING FOOTBALL

shaved off so as to keep the head cool. In the case of boys, however, one lock is always left on the top of the head, and the hair is kept together by wax. With Hindoos this sacred lock, as it is called, is never cut off. Some parents make a vow not to cut a boy's hair until he is twelve years old, and boys are at times taken to be girls, from their long plaits of hair. When the lock is finally shaved off, a great feast is given

presents are made to the Brahmins, or priests, the child is dressed in new clothes, and a variety of ceremonies are gone through.

Very soon after the birth of a child of well-to-do parents, the astrologer is sent for to cast the infant's nativity. He comes with his different instruments and asks a great many questions. He then consults the stars and pretends to tell from them the events of the child's future life. The parents treasure up this record, and look at it as often as good or evil happens to their child. Poor people who cannot afford to go to the expense of an astrologer's visit, content themselves with merely entering down the day on which their child was born.

The giving of a name to the baby is another very ceremonious affair, and generally takes place when the child is about twelve days old. The names of gods or goddesses are generally chosen, or perhaps that of a flower, but never the name of either father or mother. The choice is usually the mother's business, but the father sometimes wishes for another name than that chosen by the mother, and then the matter is decided by a lamp being placed over each name, and the one over which it burns the more steadily and brightly is chosen.

Little Indian girls are covered with jewels very soon after they are born. Quite tiny babies wear silver nose-rings, ear-rings, bangles, anklets, and necklaces, seeming, poor little mites, quite weighed down with them.

Mohammedan children generally wear charms tied round their necks and arms, which consist of verses from their sacred book—the Koran—written on small slips of paper, and then put into small locketts of silver. A Hindoo child wears other charms, perhaps a tiger's claw or tooth;

sometimes acorns, shells or coins. The mothers do not like to tell what they have put round their children's necks.

As they get a little out of babyhood the children have their pets, like our own young folks. Pigeons, parrots and starlings are favorite birds in Indian houses; sometimes partridges and tame squirrels may be seen; and dogs are also made pets of, both in Mohammedan and Hindoo families.

Their toys are usually made of baked mud or wood, and gaily colored. They are mostly the figures of animals. The shapes of the animals are very curious—horses of queer form, well-striped tigers, elephants, and so on. An English doll to a native child gives the greatest delight. They especially like those with blue eyes and flaxen hair as the greatest contrast to their own brown little faces, often made still more dingy by the curious custom some mothers have of rubbing a smudge of black on their children's foreheads to prevent—as they think—wicked spirits taking a fancy to them on account of their good looks.

At a certain season the little girls throw their dolls into the water, following the fashion of their parents, who put their dead into the Ganges, which is considered a sacred river. The little dolls are made only of clay, painted and dressed, but they are, for all that, precious to the children.

On the Dassivah Festival, the girls dress up in their best and brightest costumes, and go down to the nearest water-tank or stream, and solemnly cast their dolls into it. The festival lasts nine days, and on the tenth day the boys also destroy their toys. They hollow out gourds, too, and put lighted candles in them, as farmers' boys here do with turnips. After the girls have thrown away their dolls they get no others for three months; then at the next Dassivah Feast they do the same as before.

Kite-flying and swinging are at certain seasons of the year their favorite amusements; they are also fond of a game of foot-ball, and are experts at "cup and ball." The annual fair held to celebrate the return of Rama (one of the old gods) is the great day for native children. Their parents, however poor, strive to scrape a few coins together to give their little ones a treat then, and take them, decked out in as much finery as possible, to share in the fun; to swing in the gaily-painted red and gold cars; to have a turn in the merry-go-rounds, drawn, perhaps, by an elephant or a camel; and last, but by no means least, to buy some of the baked-earth toys and curious-looking sweetmeats.

The older children play at various games; like all children, they are fond of pretending. They pretend to cook, or write in the dust, or read. They also make a species of "mud pie." We wonder if anywhere in the known world "mud pie-making" is not a game with children. But the "mud pies" Indian children make take the form of graves, decorated with flowers and leaves, after the fashion in which their elders ornament the tombs of their relatives. A solemn sort of amusement this, but keeping quite in with their natures, and most gravely conducted.

But there are other and rougher games—the game of ball and the mimic battle with short swords, which latter is played as warily as the German fort-taking game of which you have already read. Indian children are generally very clever in arithmetic, saying their tables up to a very large number; but they cannot bear to be severely tested in them. Ordinary slates are now used for sums; formerly palm-leaves and green plaintain-leaves were given to the scholars to write on, and a reed or iron stylus to write with.

Hindoo schools are of two kinds, called *tols* and *patha-*

salas. The latter are primary schools for reading, writing, and arithmetic—and are conducted by a village schoolmaster. The former are of a higher class, in which the course of grammar occupies from seven to twelve years, law about ten, and logic from thirteen to twenty-two years. The two kinds of schools are in no way connected, pupils not passing from the inferior to the superior, as one might naturally suppose would be the case. Very few, indeed, take these higher courses of study.

Perhaps you will like to know what Indian children have for food and when they take their meals. The hours vary according to the time of the year, and the time that the schools are open. If from six to ten, the children get a piece of cold bread before going out in the morning to school, and return, if Hindoos, to a meal of *dal*,* and *chapatis*, the latter being thin cakes made of flour and water, with sometimes a little spice. If Mohammedans, they are given meat. Then they get another meal at about six in the evening. Between whiles they eat a good deal of fruit, and are quite as fond of sweets as any child. In a Hindoo house, the father and sons have their meals alone, waited on by the mother and sisters, who afterwards take their food anyhow, partaking of whatever scraps are left, as they are looked on as quite inferior to the male members of the family. In this the Indians are like the Chinese.

Some people who know little of India have an idea that the natives are by no means a clean race. This is quite a mistake, for they wash much more frequently, as a rule, than do people of other nations. Both Mohammedans and Hindoos wash not only before and after meals, which of course is necessary, as they eat with their fingers, but also at vari-

*A sort of pea, called in England pigeon-pea ; it is boiled and eaten with rice:

ous other times in the day. The old natives seem to be always washing at every leisure moment, when they are not indulging in the peaceful charms of the "hubble-bubble" or pipe.

You may have heard that in India early marriages are the custom. Among the Sudras, boys are frequently married at the age of five or six; but the Brahmins often delay the marriage until the boy is fifteen or sixteen; but then the wife must not exceed the age of four or five. All married women in India wear on their necks a small ornament of gold which is a sign that they are married; this ornament is removed with great formality when they become widows. The nose ring is also put in on marriage, and this is likewise removed if the child-wife becomes a widow.

These infant marriages are the source of much misery in India and child-widows lead very unhappy lives. Very often they have never even seen the faces of the husbands they are compelled to mourn for; but they have to give up all, even the most innocent pleasures, eat the coarsest food, wear the coarsest cloth for clothes and be deprived of all their ornaments, as no widows are allowed to wear any jewels.

It is to be hoped that in time the English government will do away with this miserable custom. Many bad practices have been put down, and we hope that infant marriages may also be, for they cause a great deal of grief and misery both to girls and boys. The time may soon come when all these old foolish customs are done away with and when we will see the little ones of India become like the happy, merry children of other countries.

Japan and Korea.



BUBBLE-BLOWERS.

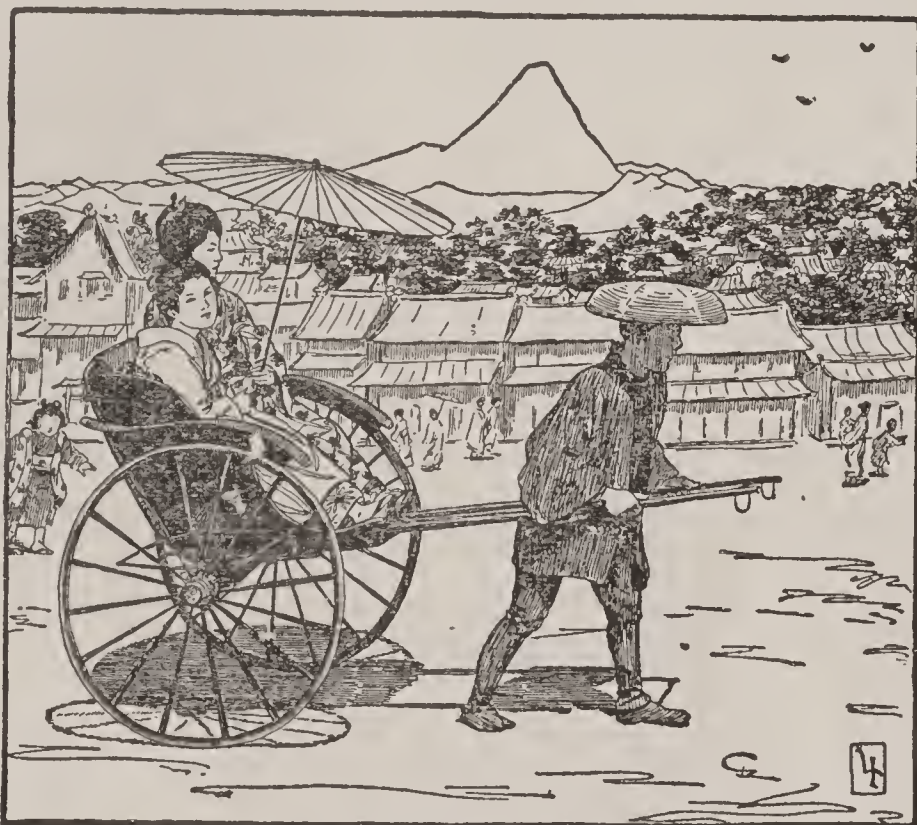
THE land of the Rising Sun," is the pretty name which the people of Japan give their country, and it is a very beautiful one. It is all made up of islands; four large, and more than 3,000 small ones in the great Pacific Ocean, not far from the coast of Asia.

In this island country the boys and girls know how to make themselves happy at all seasons of the year, and this is no wonder, for, as we shall see presently, they have no end of toys, and amusements; and one thing that would, no doubt, make them happier than anything else is that they are most loving and obedient children to very fond parents, who never punish them. Never being punished would not, however, make them so happy if it were not that they really do not seem to need punishment, for a word softly spoken to Japanese boys and girls seems quite enough to make them behave well.

The people of Japan are very eager to gain knowledge; and to see the little black eyes of the brown-faced babies roaming about as if seeking something, at two or three weeks of age, one would fancy that they had inherited a thirst for knowledge.

We wonder whether they admire their strange-looking mothers when they are first old enough to notice them, with their brown faces powdered white, and their teeth painted black. It used to be the custom for Japanese girls to do all this to their faces when they married; but I believe the custom of painting their teeth black is now passing away.

Mothers carry their babies slung in front of them, and when they are tired the fathers may be seen carrying them in the same way. The children next mount their parents pick-a-back fashion, and not only do fathers and mothers thus give them repeated rides, but elder brothers and sisters do the same for the younger ones, when the bearer is very often but little taller than the one to be seen perched upon his or her back.

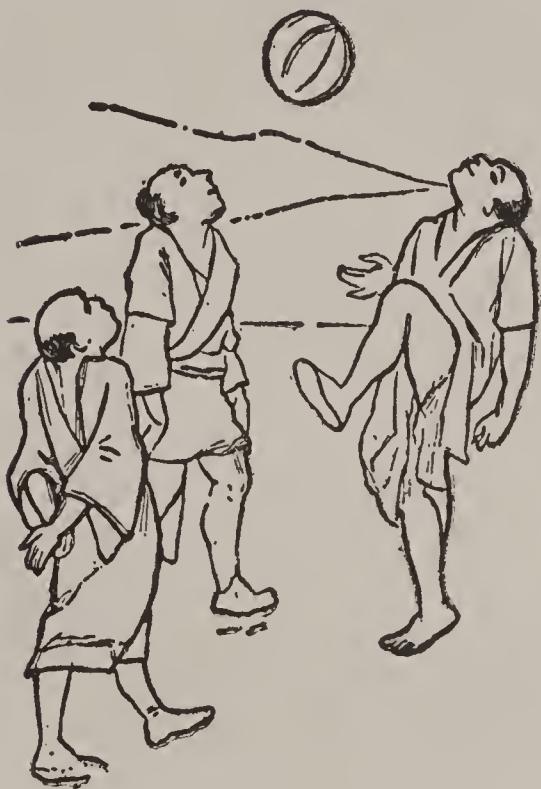


JAPANESE RICKSHAW.

The Japanese are a very clean people, and think so much of the bath, that, although there are bath-rooms in all the large houses, there are many public bathing-houses known by a dark banner hanging over their doorway, and these are generally crowded. But besides the baths, Japanese mothers would tell you that they teach their little children to be hardy by ducking them in cold rivers, and plunging them into snow.

Education is a great thing in Japan, and schools may be seen on all sides. Both boys and girls of all ranks and classes are expected, not only to learn to read and write, but

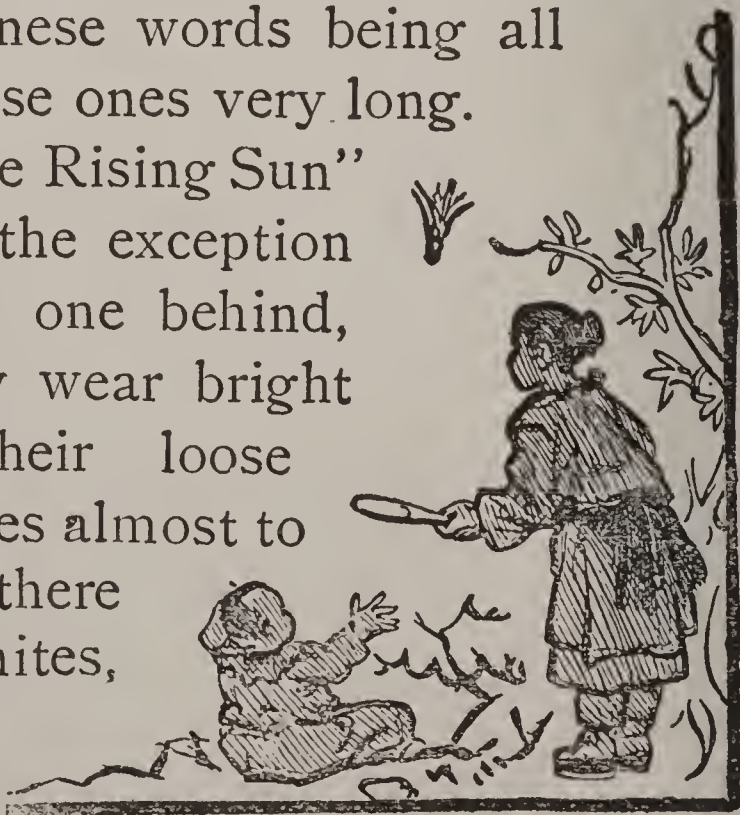
to know something about the written history of their own country. They are very proud of their country, and perhaps justly, as they think it to be the most ancient sovereignty in



the world; one family of emperors having ruled for over fourteen hundred years. Most Japanese children are therefore sent to school, and may be seen on their way thither learning their lessons out loud.

The Japanese are a reading people, and a great many book-stalls are to be found in their streets, and on these may be found many picture-books for the little ones. In the same way that children learn their lessons out loud, their elders have a habit of reading aloud to themselves. Although Japanese children have to learn to write their letters in columns, from the top to the bottom of the page, beginning at the right-hand side, as the Chinese do, the characters are not at all the same, and the two languages also differ very much, the Chinese words being all short, and many of the Japanese ones very long.

Children of "The Land of the Rising Sun" have their heads shaved, with the exception of four little tufts, one before, one behind, and one on either side. They wear bright and many-colored clothes, their loose jackets having very long sleeves almost to the ground, in each of which there is a pocket. They are odd little mites, sometimes going about in clogs, with their little shorn bare heads.



Some wear stockings, but all do not. Those worn are made like a baby's glove, with one division for the big toe, round which the sandals of the wooden clog are fastened. The children like to have these clogs too large for them, because they are then so much easier to throw off, and they have always to be removed before the children go into a room. Sometimes they take them off to use as balls.



Besides the pockets in the long sleeves many boys wear a pouch, in which they carry a purse and materials for writing. Their money, which has a hole in it, is often strung together in the purse for fear it should be lost. A man always wears, hanging to a string round his waist, a small portable inkstand, a brush to write with, and a good deal of paper.

Japanese children are taught to keep strictly all festivals in honor of their gods, and on a festival morning boys will go off very early to the barber to be shaved (the time in Japan for getting up is sunrise, and the time for going to bed sunset). Then they will put on their best clothes, paint and powder their faces, and start away for a temple. Outside they may find some bronze dogs. If they do they will first touch one of these all over, and then themselves in the same way, which is the same as praying to be well and strong. When they cannot go into a temple they ring a bell to call the god's attention to what they have to say, drop some money, which they have carried with them, into a box, and ask the god to bless them.



Coming along they have most likely bought two rice cakes, which they give to a boy belonging to the temple, in exchange for which he gives them one that has been blessed. We would think he had the better of the bargain.

The dog is quite venerated in Japan, and nobody is allowed to kill one. On their way to school children meet a great many dogs. Those that have owners they will know by their wearing a wooden label; the others look in very good condition, and as though they knew how to take care of themselves. Should there be time, a child will stop and give one of these dogs a combing, but some of them look too fierce to be meddled with. The stray ones all go off to some stable or yard at night, and in the same way that we have policemen to protect us, the dogs of Japan have guardians to take care of them, and there are hospitals for those that are ill.

So much is done in Japan to make children happy that it would be impossible to describe it all; wherever they walk they find stalls in the streets, on which toys or cakes and sweets are sold, but perhaps what would interest American girls more than anything else would be to hear about a feast kept on the 3d of March, called "The Feast of Dolls." The name would lead us to believe that it is the grandest and happiest day in the whole year for girls, and so it is.

Their dolls are on this day all displayed, and many a new one has been bought from the shops for the occasion. The dolls are mostly made of wood, or enameled clay, and are very prettily dressed; and as girls play with their dolls until they are grown up, and then save them for their children, they collect until a great many are owned by one family. No doubt many little fans are hung upon the dolls, for we know that Japan, like China, is noted for its fans and pretty nicknacks.

There is on the 5th of May also a special festival for boys called "The Feast of Flags." The toys then consist of effigies of great generals and heroes, and all kinds of weapons that are used in war, with many flags. In the same way that dolls were bought, two months before, for the girls, these toys are now bought for their brothers.

Japanese children are very good mimics, and are fond of acting. The boys also like athletic sports (of which we give illustrations), especially wrestling, and they play football, fly kites (beautiful ones made of tough paper, and representing a variety of things, even children). Then they



walk very much on stilts. Girls are very fond of battledore and shuttlecock, the shuttlecock being sometimes in the shape and form of a bird, and the battledore consisting of a flat piece of wood without any vellum. And blowing bubbles is

a very favorite amusement of Japanese children.

Japanese toys are too numerous to describe, but so many of them have now come to America that they are becoming familiar to us all.

The Japanese are very clever acrobats and conjurors; they can do all kinds of marvelous tricks with paper butterflies and fans. By moving the fan gently the conjuror will make the "butterfly" move and dip and fly quite like a live one. They also perform wonderful tumbling feats, and by

putting on curious head pieces with masks they can apparently twist and turn their bodies in a hideous and fantastic way.

One thing we have forgotten to mention with regard to a stall in the streets which delights little purchasers very much. A man sells all the materials necessary to make a cake, and then allows his little customers to manufacture it themselves, and to cook it on his stove.

So you see that both within and without of doors people do all they can to make the children happy, and how glad they must be in return to know that they are doing all in their power to give pleasure, by trying to be very loving, truthful and obedient! Besides loving and honoring their parents, Japanese children are also taught to honor all their ancestors.



MALAY NATIVES FISHING WITH BOWS AND ARROWS

The picture shows the long pole, fastened lengthwise several feet from the boat, which keeps it from upsetting. In the clear water, the Malays see the fish and rarely miss them with their arrows.



A MARKET BOY IN MANILA

This kind of enterprising huckster marches up and down the streets and alleys of Philippine cities, crying out what he has for sale, stopping at the doorways to which he may be called.

The Philippines and Hawaii.

SAILING south from Japan we come in time to a great group of islands belonging to the United States, and go ashore in the large city of Manila. But let us get away from the cities and towns. There are too many foreigners in Manila and we cannot see the real home life of the natives here.



PHILIPPINES

The Philippines, as you know, are composed of many islands, and upon them live many tribes of people, all belonging to the brown race, which is one of the great divisions of the human family, but very different in their ways of life. Some who live up in the mountains are so savage and wild that we cannot visit them in safety, but we shall find much of interest in the people of the island of Luzon and others near it.

Early one morning we see a native standing on the roof of his bamboo hut waving a bolo, or kind of sword, in his hand, and shouting: "Go away, spirits; if you come near here you will get your throats cut. Don't try to get inside to hurt my little one" We wonder what

this is all about until we follow him into the hut and see him tip-toe gently into a darkened room and kneel over a funny little bundle of babyhood.

Whenever the Filipinos hear the wind shrieking through the woods they think it is the cry of the soul of some poor child, stolen by these wicked spirits before the baby is baptized. We notice that the happy father is rubbing his nose and cheek all over his tiny son. But this is his way of kissing, and we do not doubt that it shows as much love as our own method. The baby's nose is so flat that you could hardly tell there was any, except for the broad nostrils. His big black eyes roam over the room continually, curious to see what kind of world it is that he has entered.

Olo, as the little brown baby is called, finds himself lying on a mat of woven palm leaves, which are very sweet and fresh. The floor is made of split bamboo, flattened, and fastened close together, as are also the walls of his tiny room. There is something in Olo's home that should make him feel very lucky indeed to have been born in this place, for whenever he turns his eyes toward the window he finds the light very soft and restful. The inner shells of a certain kind of oyster have been fitted into the window, and the sunshine, which is so brilliant in his land, shines through them with all the colors of the rainbow, for the shell breaks up the light into its many colors.

The Filipino child is given his first party very much sooner than you were, since, when he is scarcely six days old, all the neighbors and relatives from a great distance come to call on him. They come quietly to the door-way and listen for a long time to find out if he and his mother are awake, for they would not disturb them for anything. They believe that when a person is asleep his soul goes wandering around

the woods, and that if he were to be awakened suddenly his soul might not have time to get back again where it belonged.

So the Tagals, for that is the name of these people, do not hurry into the room. In fact, they rarely hurry at all, and do not believe in doing anything suddenly. They could not appreciate our "surprise parties." But they do know how to make very fine speeches, and make the mother very proud as they praise her tiny little boy.



EATING POI

We wonder at the number in the family who live here, including grandparents, cousins and a helpless old man, but as we are asked so cordially to enter and become one of them, we see for the first time that they are a very kind-hearted people. They never turn anyone from their homes, as they feel that a visitor brings good luck.

Soon the time has come for a great feast, and we hardly know whether or not to eat what is put before us, for it looks so peculiar.—Nuts, cut in slices and wrapped in leaves, roasted

buffalo and wild boar's meat, a salad, made from the young green tops of the bamboo, stewed iguana, papaws, tamarind sauce, guavus and bananas, and plenty of cocoa wine and tuba. What is this placed before us with much ceremony as a great dainty? Birds' nests! The Chinese and the Filipinos are very fond of the nests which a certain kind of bird builds high up on the sides of steep cliffs, jutting out over the ocean. The twigs are fastened together with a kind of gum, which to them is delicious. It is very dangerous hunting for these on the steep sides of the rocks, for a single misstep, or the rolling of a stone underneath the foot, will hurl the risky hunter down upon the sharp rocks below. There are many Chinese in the Philippines, and they get along very well with our cousins here.

We say "Good-bye" to our entertainers, and, after riding a little further, we think for a moment that we have traveled in a circle and come back again, for here is a hut exactly like the one we left. But we notice that this cannot be so, as a stream runs past and a strange little boy ten years old is riding around on a buffalo. In a moment three of his brothers and sisters come running out and climb up on the broad back of the carabou, as the Philippine water-buffalo is called. This animal is their greatest friend, and most loved by them after their own father and mother. He is gentle and kind, and does everything our little friends wish him to do. The rein is fastened to a piece of split rattan drawn through his nose, and it seems as though every motion of the children on his back is understood.

He cannot work in the way our horses do, for after a few hours' work he must stop to rest. But more than anything else he loves to take a bath. Sometimes the children ride on his back when he goes into the river, and they are

not frightened if he holds his head under water for even two minutes at a time while searching for food. Wherever he bathes, several white herons follow him as he ploughs about in the mud, for his heavy feet stir up worms and insects which give these birds their breakfast. This carabou has lived in the family since he was caught wild when a little baby, and is the friend and pet of the entire household.

You would be surprised if you could see the little babies, having just learned to walk, swimming in the water with the greatest ease. Every Filipino child swims like a fish, and feels nearly as much at home in the water as if he were on land. They do not have to bother about dressing and undressing, for in the country the children rarely wear any clothes at all. The weather is so warm that there is no need for clothes throughout the year, and there is scarcely any change of temperature during the four seasons.

The little boys and girls learn when very young to be obedient to their parents and respectful to those who are older. They always treat strangers with the greatest politeness. This is the case all through the East, in China, Japan and India, and is a very good way to bring up children.

We like to see how early in life our little cousins help their father. When not old enough to work in the field, they watch for the monkeys who often destroy the rice crops, and chase them away when they come near. Sometimes they catch a very young one and tame it.

Throughout the country we find enormous cocoanut trees. To get the sap from these, from which they make tuba, a drink which is greatly liked, only the young boys can be of service; their fathers are too heavy. It is dangerous work, but the boys seem to love danger, and we are

glad to be able to watch Tonda, the oldest of this family, as he climbs the tree,

When he first starts upward he cuts notches for his feet, and, when he has reached the top, fully sixty feet above the ground, he has still found no branches to help him in climbing—for the cocoanut tree does not have any. Tonda returns for bamboo pitchers, and with long, graceful steps climbs quickly to the top. From a deep cut in the trunk, directly under the great tuft of leaves at the top, the sap flows out into these queer-looking pitchers. But how does he get to the next tree? You say, of course, climb up in the same way, but Tondo likes to save himself that trouble. His father hands him up two long bamboo rods. He takes the first and stretches it across to the next tree. Over this he must walk. The second bamboo stick is stretched across for a hand-rail with which to steady himself. It would be a terrible fall should his slight bridge break in the middle, but he does not seem to mind the danger. We are glad, however, when he has safely crossed over to the next tree.

Another way in which Tonda can be very useful to his father is in gathering hemp and separating the fibers from the pulp, to be thrashed out and dried before they are packed. You have all heard of Manila Hemp; it is sent all over the world. It is our brown cousins, away off here in the Philippines, whom we have to thank for the delicate dress goods, carpets, hammocks and ropes which we use so much.

Some cocoanut trees are saved for the nuts which grow upon them three times a year; but it is easy work for Tonda to reach up, with a knife fastened to the end of a long pole, and cut them off. How could the Filipinos get along without this tree? It is useful in so many ways, that we cannot even mention them all. Oil for lamps is obtained from the

nut; parts of it are used for medicine; canoes and furniture are made from its trunks. Ropes, brooms, brushes, bedding, baskets and mats are all made from parts of this wonderful tree, and the fresh cocoanut milk is the favorite drink in these islands.

We are surprised one day to see everyone running around in the wildest manner, collecting cocoanuts, tin pans, red flags, bamboo clappers, and anything that can make a noise. We find them all running out to the fields of sugar-cane, and we follow in haste to see what is the matter. A great black cloud is coming rapidly toward us, and, as it gets closer, the buzzing noise which reaches our ears tells us that millions and millions of locusts form the cloud. Waving the flags, and making greater noise than you and I have ever heard on our glorious "Fourth of July," the natives are trying to scare them away, for if they should light in the sugar-cane the leaves would be entirely destroyed in a very few minutes. But the locusts do not like a noise, and we are very thankful when they have passed over our heads.

Many feast days are kept in the Philippine Islands, but, strange to say, there is none which is recognized by all of them. Each village has its own feast days; but we hope, before long, that they will all join with us in celebrating our Christmas and our other holidays with as much spirit as we do ourselves.

Hawaii.

On our way back to America, let us stop off for a short visit to the Hawaiian or Sandwich Islanders.

You have learned in school, no doubt, that some time ago these people—another branch of the great brown family—became displeased with their rulers and asked for our

protection. We gave it to them and they became our adopted children. Under the rule of this country, nearly all their old customs and habits of living have been changed. The children all go to school during the week and to church on Sunday ; but they are peculiar and different from us in many ways. Out in the country we still find them living in houses made entirely of grass. Their hut is a perfect bower, very beautiful among trees and flowers which, in America, we see only in hot houses. The only floor in these huts consists of the ground paved with stones ; the only furniture, if we can call it such, is a great number of mats, woven from grass, piled in the corner. These serve for beds, screens and couches. The roofs are made of a peculiarly bladed grass, carefully thatched and twisted so that no water can enter.

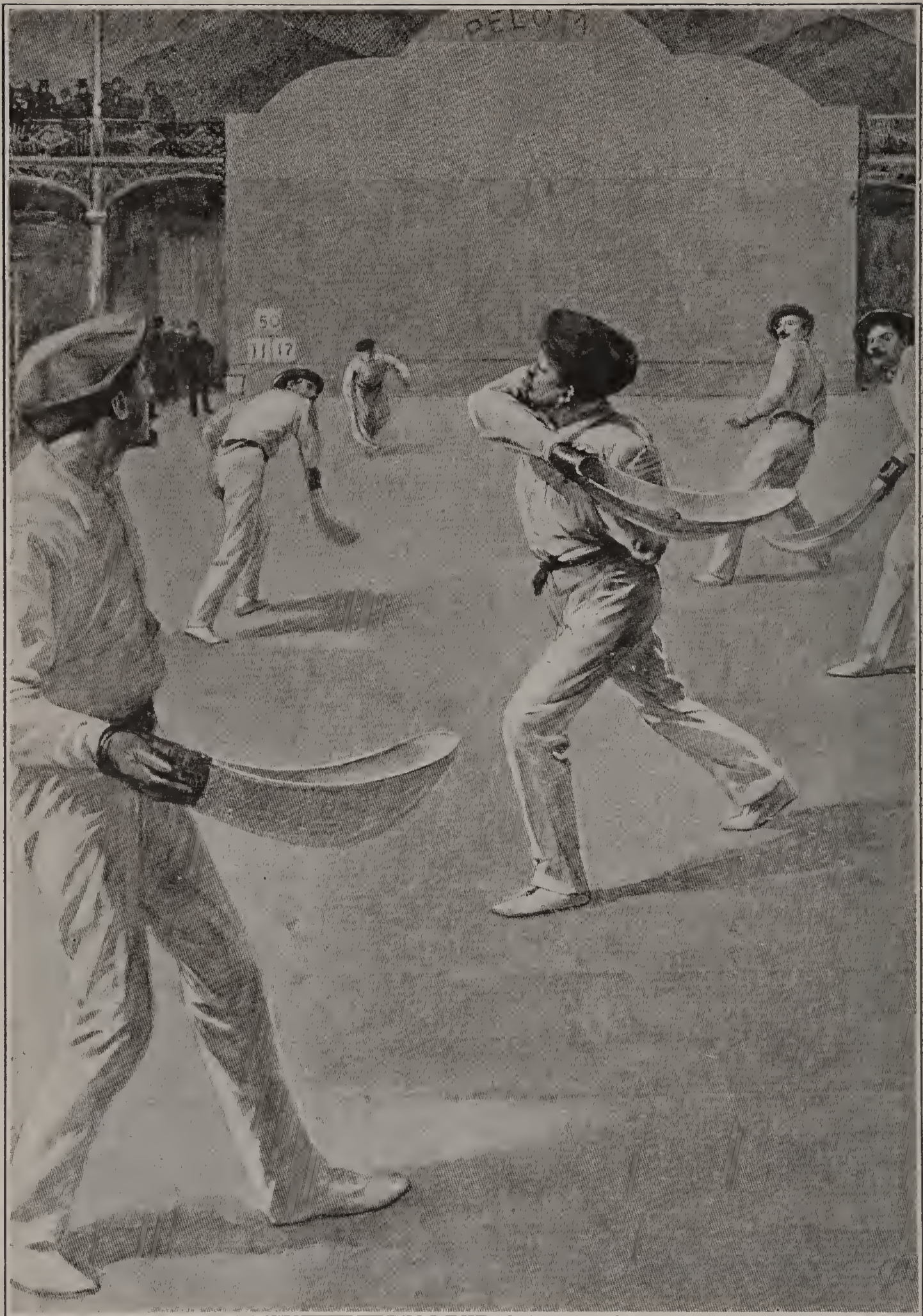
The weather is like that of the Philippines, so warm all the year round that the natives live out of doors all day long. Their food is cooked out of doors, and they eat their meals sitting around in the shade. They still cling to their favorite food—a big bowl or caldron of steaming poi. The children dip their fingers in like so many “Jack Horners.” This poi is made from kalo, a root which grows in water, and is very carefully cultivated. The root is baked and then beaten out. The preparation of this food takes some time, as the beaten mass is very sticky and when “pulped” must be left to ferment. They roll this sticky paste very skilfully around their fingers and never drop any of it, as we have shown in our illustration on a previous page. Besides this, they have forty kinds of fruit within easy reach, so they are **not** likely to starve.

The little boys and girls are wonderful swimmers. They carry into the ocean a long piece of board about two



THE KAJA, OR CARRIAGE OF PERSIA

This is the common method of traveling in Persia. The cushions in these little rooms fastened on a donkey's back make very comfortable riding places.



PELOTA, THE NATIONAL GAME OF SPAIN

The players, with their sickle-shaped baskets, hurl the ball swiftly against the top of the wall. A player on the other side must return it on the volley or first rebound, and never let it strike below the three-foot line on the wall.

feet wide. With this they swim out beyond the heavy surf which breaks upon their white coast. It is wonderful how they balance themselves on this. Waiting for a very large wave they swim hard and fly in to shore upon it like the wind. Some of them are able to kneel on this board, and even stand upon it, keeping their balance on a single wave as it dashes on.

The children in Hawaii are more cheerful and playful than almost any others, and are generally laughing. Most of them can speak English, and are adopting our own games. The native "wild" children are few, and do nothing except idle away their time and run about when they are not attending school.

We might sum up their whole life by saying that they care for nothing, and take no trouble except in amusing themselves. They are good-looking, and are all extremely fond of flowers, liking to deck themselves with many colored wreaths. They wear bright dresses, and are very sunny and pleasant in one of the sunniest and pleasantest climes in the world—a perfect paradise for children.

Alaska and the Eskimos.



WE shall now take a visit to one of the most interesting people in the world, the little Eskimos of Northern Alaska. We know that their land is covered with snow for nearly all the year, and it is so bitterly cold there that few of you could live in the way that they do. But the little Eskimo baby, strapped to his mother's back, thinks there is a great deal to see as for the first time he is allowed to look around on the wide stretches of snow and ice. There is not a sign anywhere of anything like a house. His mother does not allow him to stay out long in the cold, for soon she crawls into what looks like a hole in the snow, and going along a dark tunnel, finally climbs up through a trap-door into the room where the family live.

The walls are of snow, the roof is of snow, and a bench of snow around half of the room serves as the beds, for several families live together in this snow mansion. These houses, if we may call them by that name, are out of reach of the bitter wind. The only lamp consists of a hole dug out

with great labor in a stone. This lamp is a stove also, for it heats the room. The oil is obtained from the seal.

When the baby enters this room his skin cap is not taken off, for he must keep this on day and night for a year at least, as it is tightly fitted to his head so as to make his forehead taper upward, which is looked upon as a great mark of beauty among the Eskimos.

Baby Etu, as his mother calls him, must be taught to get used to the hardships and the cold that will be his through life, and very soon he is rolled in the snow for this purpose. When he was born there was a small dark spot on his back. In time this grew and spread over the boy's entire body, making him yellow; but if we were to visit him to-day, we would see that a great deal of the yellow could be removed by the simple magic of soap and water, for he never takes a bath.

You might think he was a rather unpleasant boy to know, but it is so cold that he really needs all the covering he can get, even if it is a cloak of grease and dirt. His first clothes are very different from ours. It takes his mother many weeks of constant work to make him his little suit. In the first place, he has long stockings of reindeer skin, the furry side next his body; then socks with the downy skin from eider-ducks; stout boots of seal-skin, with soles of thick whale-hide, are drawn up over his hips in exactly the same way as his father's and mother's are also.

The jacket is reindeer skin with a warm hood, which he draws over his head. He has no trouble with buttons, for there are none on his clothes and no pins, either. We wonder how he could get into his coat, but it is slipped on over his head. It seems strange to us that Etu's boots could be water-tight, but his mother is such a wonderful seamstress

that, with threads of deer sinews, she can sew them so tight that no drop of water can possibly enter. This is not easy to do and she has to use her teeth chewing the seams to keep them soft while she works. In that way in time her teeth are all worn out.

The father and big brothers are out all day hunting seal and bear or reindeer to supply the family with food, and Etu, as he grows up, longs for the time when he can do his share. In the meantime, however, he has his indoor games, which please him just as much as your favorite toys please you. He



DRIVING HIS TEAM OF DOGS.

has a round ball made of sealskin which he, according to their rules, is to keep in the air by kicking it without using his hands, and how he does laugh! You would think that he had little to laugh at, yet travelers have said that the Eskimos seem always "on the grin." The dogs would come to the opening into their home and he would never tire of trying to hit them with his little toys carved out of ivory, but they were always too quick for him.

When he grows older he enjoys being tossed up to the ceiling in a blanket, in this way learning to keep his feet and stand erect as he shoots up and down in the air. Though the thermometer stands at sixty or seventy degrees below zero, he and his companions sometimes roll in the snow until they look like a ball of fur, and down the hill over and over they go to the bottom, and jumping up, shake off the dry snow, and laugh till they are out of breath.

When he gets older still he plays another game. He has made for himself his first bow and arrows, and with a big cake of ice for a sled, and little targets placed in the snow on the way down the hill, he and his companions will start off, and, of course, the one who can hit the greatest number as he skims past wins the game.

When only nine years old, little Etu starts off with his father fishing and shooting, but of course, only on quiet days, for it will be several years yet before he can manage his own boat. Long before he is able to do this, he begins to collect driftwood with which to make the framework, but when the time has come to build it he would be helpless without his mother. She takes the skins of seals and cuts away all the blubber and flesh from within, and then scrapes off the hair. The skin must be stretched, for Etu's first boat must be without a wrinkle.

After being sewed by his wonderful mother so that they are entirely waterproof, they are drawn tightly over the framework and across the top of his long, sharp-pointed boat, making the entire boat look like a big cigar, except that a small, round hole is left in the middle into which he can fit himself. He must have a special coat of fur which will entirely fill this opening, so that not a drop of water can get in. In this little kayak, as the Eskimo boat is called,

he has to go out in waves and storms that would frighten us in a big boat, and the water is often dashed completely over him. So there must be no danger of its getting inside. He has made his own strong paddle with two blades, and is already very skilful though only twelve years of age.

A big hunt for seal has been arranged by his father and his friends, and Etu is to go along with them. His harpoon, a spear of wood pointed with bone or iron, is fastened to



A GROUP OF WALRUS.

a long cord of seal hide. If he should succeed in hitting a seal with this, and should hold on to the end of the cord, he might be dragged completely under water, so a buoy is fastened to the end, made, as everything else seems to be in this land, of sealskin.

For a long time our party paddle without seeing a sign of any game, but at last Etu's father succeeds in capturing

the first seal, then another long paddle is made without a find. At last Etu sees a brown head rising into view, he sits quite still; but as soon as it has sunk out of sight he paddles with all his might and main to that spot waiting for the head to rise again. The moment he does so, our little friend hurls his harpoon and buries it deep in the seal's body.

Quick as a flash the buoy is thrown overboard and Etu hastily paddles away from the enraged seal, which is splashing, around in the water in a very dangerous mood. Finally, as the seal's motions grow less violent, Etu draws near and mercifully ends its struggles with his spear. How proud he is! His father's words of praise are the sweetest music he has ever heard. He asks permission to treat all of the party, which he does with much laughter. Several other seals are captured, and when they return home they find their wives and sisters waiting for them and glad to learn of Etu's skill and success.

At least once each year they are in danger of starving. The weather may become so terrible, and the wind so fierce, and the snow storms so blinding, that even the strongest men do not dare to go out in search of food, and the little supply which they have hid away may have been smelled by a prowling pack of wolves and stolen. In such times the poor Eskimos have even to chew on the skins of the seals in order to live.

As soon as the snow storm comes to an end, Etu takes his favorite dog and goes on a hunt by himself; but the dog is not merely for company. With his keen nose he may smell a long way off the tiny opening into the home of the mother seal and its little baby. Etu is filled with joy when his dog with a yelp dashes straight for a little mound of

snow which Etu had not noticed at all. Inside this home is a little room. The floor is of ice. In the middle is a hole into the water where the mother goes in search of food for her baby. Stealing up quietly he listens, and as soon as the splashing below is heard, he drives his spear through the roof, and a sharp tug at the cord which is fastened to it shows him that he has succeeded. After a short struggle he breaks into the little hut, and with a cry of delight hauls his victim out on the ice. He hurries home, not minding his frosted nose, thinking only of the happiness which his news will mean when he arrives.

But Etu has yet to prove himself a man. A boy after ten years of age is not allowed to have anything to do with his little girl friends until he has killed a bear, and that is now his greatest wish.

The polar bear, when he feels the cold winter weather coming, eats all he can get for weeks at a time, and then buries himself in a bank of snow to sleep through the long months of frost and snow. The mound of snow in which the bear sleeps is much larger than that of the seal, and when Etu first sees what he believes to be the home of a bear, he hurries away after his dogs, for without them, he could not hope to kill one of these huge animals.

The dogs are as fearless as their young master. They tear through the roof and soon the bear is out, with all the dogs snapping at his heels, trying to keep his attention from Etu, who hastens to thrust his spear as deep as his strength will allow in the big furry body. Etu has brought several spears with him, and he has to be very active, for one blow from the huge paws would knock him senseless. Many times it would seem that he could not escape those fearful jaws; but the spear wounds are beginning to take effect, and at last the big creature falls dead.



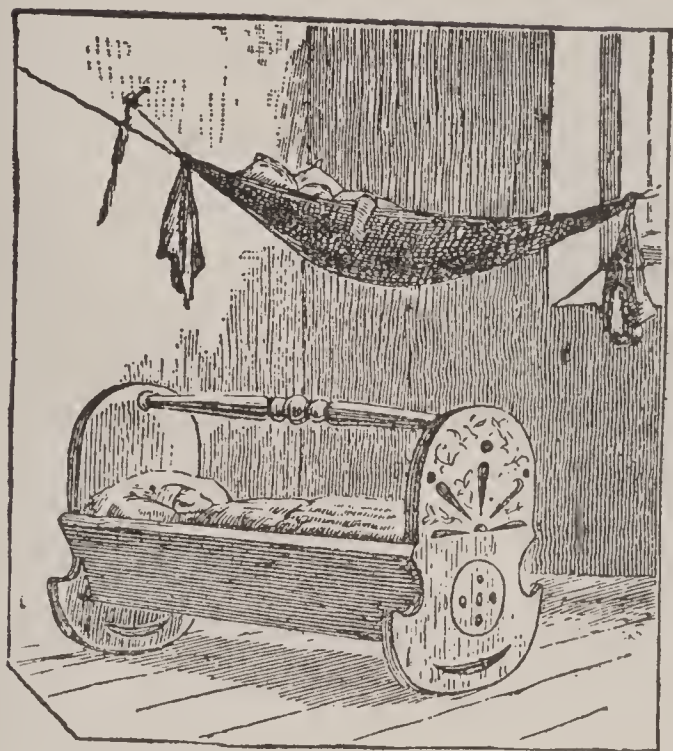
AN ESKIMO FEEDING HIS DOGS.

Now, indeed, little Etu is a hero. He is made much of by his mother, but cares a great deal more for the simple praises of his father and big brothers, who have been heroes before him.

As the weather gets warmer the family journey southward. They leave their ice huts and live in tents made from seal skin. Well supplied with furs of all kinds, with seal oil and ivory tusks of the walrus, the Eskimos collect at the "stations" where traders come in their boats to exchange for these things the much needed copper kettles and tobacco. At these "stations" they stay for two or three weeks, and when not busy buying and selling, they spend their time dancing, singing, and story telling both day and night.

If any stray books should be left by the traders, we fear that Etu and his brothers and sisters could not read them, for they have never been taught to read any language. It has been thought more necessary to teach the little girl how to help her mother, and the little boy how to hunt and fish in order that he may do his share in supplying the family with the food which is so hard to get. And thus it is that little Etu's life is passed. It is very different, as you may see, from your lives, but the young Eskimo boys and girls have their hours of fun and frolic, and as for the cold which would make us all shiver, they grow so used to it that they mind it no more than we do the autumn winds. People can be happy anywhere, if they have warm hearts and healthy bodies.

Cuba and Porto Rico.



NOT far south of the United States lies the beautiful West India island of Cuba, in which, not many years ago, a war was fought between our soldiers and those of Spain. It was the cruel way in which the Spaniards treated the Cubans that brought on this war. When it ended, the Cubans were a free nation.

Cuba, as you know, is in the tropical zone, and you should know that all peoples who live in hot climates have very much in common. Anywhere in the island we can find the tall, beautiful palms, the ebony and mahogany trees, and underneath them the creeping vines and bushes. We find our little neighbors are dark and sunburned, with dark hair and soft, black eyes. They are very fond of the beautiful flowers which grow there so richly, and love their charming island.

They still speak the Spanish language, but English is now being taught in the schools, to which many of the little Cubans are going for the first time, so it will not be long before they will be speaking our own language.

If we had visited Cuba before the war we would have found many big sugar plantations, some more than a square mile in extent. Sugar-making was stopped by the war, but it is now busily going on again. The owners of these big places live in houses which are very large and low. We ask what they are made of, for we have seen nothing like them in our own country. It is neither brick, nor stone, nor wood, but is called "*adobe*." This "*adobe*" is a mixture of clay and sand dried by the sun, which soon becomes hard, and is of a yellow color.

We can see no glass in the windows, for it is so warm that glass would keep out too much air, so instead they have iron bars across the casements, and we must say that they seem like prisons to those who are not accustomed to them.

In the long rooms within, chairs are not arranged in our home-like manner, but in two long rows opposite each other against the walls.

We are fortunate to arrive at the time for cutting the sugar cane, for we are sure to find it very interesting. Over a hundred black men and women are working day and night chopping down the tall sugar canes with broad bladed swords called machetes. How high the canes are, reaching way up over our heads! Their leaves hang down from the stalks, and far up on each plant is a feathery white plume. When the stalk becomes yellow it is the sign that the cane is full of sap. The stalks are then cut down, loaded on wagons, and drawn to the mill by small oxen. Nearly all of sugar-making in this age is done by machinery. The canes are crushed between big rollers, and the sap runs down into big buckets.

As we watch the machinery the little negro who is car-

rying the buckets gives us a stalk of cane to suck, for it is very sweet, and all of the Cubans, both old and young, like it as much as we do our sticks of candy.

Sunday afternoon is a holiday for the busy workers, and we visit the "quarters," as the servants' homes are called. Here we find a long row of huts, which we might call sheds, with roofs of thatched palm leaves. Chickens are running around everywhere, and there seem to be as many pigpens, with their grunting occupants, as there are huts.

On this Sunday afternoon the negroes are decked in their best clothes and brightest colors. All the cheap jewelry which they have been able to buy is worn, and the girls are very proud as they strut around, reminding us of the peacock, that vain, silly bird, which is dressed so gorgeously in its many colors.

Boys are playing ball, but their game is one that we do not understand. We cannot call it baseball, for it is nothing like it. A man is beating wildly on a drum, and one pair of dancers after another are keeping perfect time to his music. Faster and faster they whirl round until exhausted.

We notice two little children playing dominoes, and seeing how handsome these are we wonder how they could have afforded to buy them; but they were made by the little pickaninny, with his own hands, from the wood of an ebony tree. The little white points set in the dominoes have been carefully cut from alligators' teeth.

The little blacks cannot read and write, and do not care at all for any kind of learning. Why should they want learning, they argue, when they have plantations to satisfy their hunger and (we must say it) plenty of cigars to smoke, and hammocks to swing in.



A CUBAN FAMILY.

All the blacks were slaves not very long ago, and the little boy who was playing dominoes has heard how his grandfather, when living happily in Africa hunting the elephant and panther, and scaring away the monkeys from the cornfields, was captured one day with all his friends by some white men who took them in chains into a big boat, and carried them after a long and dreadful voyage to Cuba, where they were sold as slaves.

A few of these slaves in Cuba worked so hard and faithfully that they were able to buy their liberty; but they were not all freed until many years after their black brothers in this country.

Let us now visit another of these West India islands and see our little brothers and sisters of Porto Rico, and be



PORTO RICO.

sure to make them know how glad we are to meet them, for the Porto Ricans have now come among us as part of our own people. As we sail toward this beautiful island over clear, blue water, we may see a shoal of flying fish darting over the water pursued by a beautiful object. We are told that this is a dolphin, and as it glides rapidly through the water, its black sides like burnished gold change into many shades and

tints of color in the sunlight. But the dolphin is hungry, and chases the flying fish for food, and when he reaches them he leaps upward and snaps them up one after another in his great jaws.

Night comes suddenly in this climate and the sun disappears all at once. There is no long twilight such as we have.

The stars come out with wonderful brilliancy, and the fireflies make it seem like fairyland to us. The sound of mandolins and singing comes from the servants' quarters, and we walk over to look at them. The dancing is very wild and exciting and makes one dizzy just to watch it.

If we could understand Spanish, we would be greatly interested by the stories which they tell as they gather round in a big circle. They have many tales of animals who could think and talk like human beings, and they never tire of repeating legends of their race in their old home in Africa before they were stolen to be sold as slaves. When the last story is ended, an old negro starts a song which he has not learned from books, but which has been handed down to him through centuries. It is a song about a beautiful star that has always seemed to be the friend and companion of these poor ignorant people.

Although the warm climate of these islands brings beautiful flowers and trees, there are many things which come also with them which we would not like. We must certainly look under the bed at night, but not for burglars. There are scorpions and centipedes which creep into the house unseen, sometimes even into the beds. Their sting, though not fatal, causes great pain and suffering. Mosquitoes and fleas are always plentiful, and almost any night you might wake with an attack from hundreds of cruel little ants.

But, curiously enough, there are no poisonous snakes in Porto Rico. In nearly all of the other West Indies the most deadly snake of the western world is found. It is called the fer-de-lance, and came to these islands on logs which drifted over from South America.

We could not be persuaded to stay in Porto Rico during the summer months, for the most terrible torna-

does then may sweep over the islands, tearing down houses, and causing the greatest damage. No one is safe unless he takes refuge in a cave in the rocks, and this reminds us that in this island there are many very wonderful caverns. The largest are up on the mountain slopes, and we enter through black openings in the rocks, and travel along a damp passage way. There are spiders in here and an army of bats fly over our heads, alarmed at our entrance.

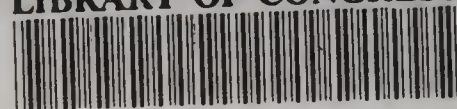
Once inside, we find ourselves in a vast fairy-like hall as beautiful as Aladdin's palace. From the high roof hundreds of sparkling white pendants hang down within reach of our hands. They shine like the finest marble, and some are beautifully tinted in blue and green. Along the walls white columns rise from the floor to the dome, with delicate patterns worked on them by the dropping of water from above. These pendants or stalactites, are made by the water trickling through the rocks above and leaving particles of lime, which slowly makes its way downward. We can travel at least a mile underground, and here and there large holes seem to sink down into nothingness. If we were fastened to a rope and lowered into one of these, the wonderful stalactite formations would be all around us just the same. Underground rivers often dash through these caverns.

We are now near the end of our round-the-world talk. We have been in all the lands where men and women live and looked upon their boys and girls at work and play, and have seen the many ways they have of passing their lives. And we have seen much of what the older folks, their fathers and mothers, do. It is not all fun and frolic; they have many troubles to meet and hardships to endure, but there is some share of happiness for them all.

And so let us, with a smile and a word of good-bye, shake hands and part company, trusting that we may meet again in the pages of some other book, and be as good friends and comrades in the future as we have tried to be in the past.



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS



00020889068